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POEMS WE ALL SHOULD KNOW

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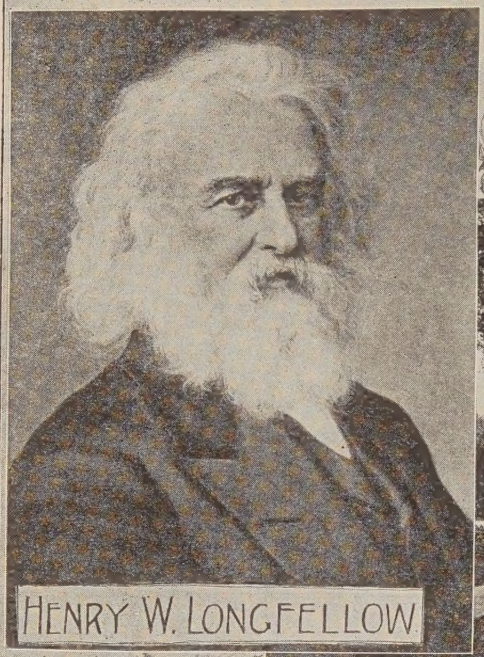

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW'S HOME
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WAYSIDE INN
MADE FAMOUS BY
LONGFELLOW

AMERICA'S BEST LOVED POET

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LIBRARY

OF

The World's Best POETRY

POEMS WE ALL SHOULD KNOW

Selections from the Works of the World's Best Authors, embracing
Infancy, Childhood, Manhood, Old Age, Home and Fireside,
Friendship, Love and Matrimony, Parting and
Absence, Sorrow and Death, Religion, Nature,
the Sea, Patriotism and Freedom,
Labor, Temperance,
Humorous, Etc.

WITH PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF AUTHORS

EDITED BY M. M. BROWNING

Illustrated by Half-tone Engravings

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BY
L. G. STAHL

INTRODUCTION.

In the harvesting of this collection of poems, I have aimed especially to gather and garner poems on mother, home, and Heaven. I have sought also, far and wide, in our own language and in other languages, for poems which express man's dearest thoughts and the sentiments which touch his heart at so many different points.

The collecting of these poems has been a labor of love. The home and fireside has indeed grown richer and dearer, from seeing in so many phases the beautiful ideas which prompted the writing. I feel sure that the volume will prove to thousands of readers, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and all loved ones, over our land—as it has to me—a treasury of precious sentiments, to pore over, to smile over and possibly to cry over.

It will warm the heart whenever one turns to its pages and make the wanderer again prize the neglected home-love. It will give the young man and young woman a desire to possess a good home and to hold it as the dearest place this side of Heaven. It will make each reader, in short, feel as if he would make his own home harmonious and songful in all its detail.

The Home is the great life and strength of its people. "The Republic is at the firesides," said a Roman statesman. "Mothers are the great need of France," said Napoleon. "For God and Home and Native Land," is the steady watchword of America's noble and loving women. If a million of our homes should welcome these poems, that never die, to their center table, and a million of families, inspired by their sentiments, as it is taken up and read from time to time, should grow more and more to feel the importance and dearness of their theme, who can tell what good might be accomplished in enriching the quality of our citizenship, in adding to the gladness and glory of our social life, and even in assuring greater stability to our national institutions, and character to our public men? In a word, who knows or who can tell how far it will go toward making the American homes of the twentieth century akin to the Heavenly homes taught us in the inspired word? "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you, if it were not so I would have told you."

Nearly one hundred illustrations are added so as to enhance the value of the work. To look into the eye of an author and to catch his outward expression is often as good as reading his poem and grasping the meaning of his soul. The two go hand in hand. The face and the hand are the index of the character.

May you read well the faces of all herein portrayed and may their lives and sayings be an inspiration to you to mount higher each day the ladder that leads not to fame, but to immortality, is the sincere wish of

THE COMPILER.

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POET—NOVELIST—HISTORIAN

THE GREATEST ENGLISH NOVELIST

It was a Song My Mother Sang

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, Oh, my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide—
Oh receive my soul at last!

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
—Alfred Tennyson (In Memoriam).

THE FIRST RENOWNED AMERICAN AUTHOR

The two upper pictures are perfect photographs of Washington Irving and his home at Tarrytown, N. Y The two lower are leading scenes in his famous novel "The Conquest of Granada."

POEMS OF LIFE.

The New-Born Babe.

NAKED on parents' knees, a new-born child,
Weeping, thou sat'st, when all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking to thy long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

INTO our home one blessed day
A wee sweet babe had found its way,

While through the mist of tears and pain
Sunlight fell on our hearts again!

There it lay in its tender grace,—
The wee babe in its resting-place.

The father's eye with pride and joy
Beamed as it rested on his boy!

He saw, as the years roll swift away,
And time had blanched his locks to gray,

A strong young figure guide his feet
On until life and death should meet,

And when his days on earth should close,
The loved one lay him to repose!

But what the voice within *her* ear,
The mother,—in whose eye a tear

Glistens and falls upon the brow
Of the babe resting by her now?

She lifts her heart and simply says,
"O God! I thank thee, give thee praise!"

She hears a voice within her ear
That breathes this lesson, low, but clear:

"Mother! to thee this day is given
A soul to keep and fit for heaven.

"Oh, watch and lead the little feet
Through the day's toil and pain and heat

"Lest from the path they go astray,
And wander from God's fold away!

"And guide the hands that they may know
No other will than His below.

"And train the heart so pure, so mild,
Into the likeness of the Child

"Who came into a world of sin
And gave his life our souls to win!

"Heed well the charge! nor hope to plead
Thou couldst not know, thou didst not heed!"

The mother bowed her head in thought,
And then for guidance meekly sought.

Then from her lips arose this prayer:
"Do thou, O Lord, my soul prepare

"To do thy will, and yield to thee
This child, at last, all stainlessly!"

—*Marian Longfellow.*

The Baby.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—*George MacDonald.*

Cradle Song.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.
Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

Little Feet.

TWO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet, along the doubtful future,
Must bear a mother's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the harder road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair,—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways:
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend,—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens,
Will guide the baby's feet.

—*Anonymous.*

To My Infant Son.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents;—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,—
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that ring off with another shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I'll tell you what, my love,
(I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

—*Thomas Hood.*

Benny.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
With a dainty drink brimmed over,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth
Sat, by way of entertainment
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely,
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit";
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me, and on the doo

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Caus, come down de chinney,
Make my moder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,

And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer.
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister,"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

—*Annie C. Ketchum.*

A Thought Over a Cradle.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
Child of my love! I tremble to believe
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
The shadow of my heart will always pass;—
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth
Are visited by every air that stirs,
And drink in sweetness only, while the child
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.

I have wept
With gladness at the gift of this fair child:
My life is bound up in her. But, oh God!
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burden; and if thou hast given
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,
Take Thou its love, I pray Thee! Give it light—
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—
But by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
Shining about her, draw me to my child!
And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

—*N. P. Willis.*

The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

OH! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here, and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak—
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-head from No man's-land."

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend me there.
The while they worshiped with bended knee
The ruthless wretch with the missing hair,
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For Peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.
I'll take the tyrant under my care:
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.
The veriest humbug that ever was planned,
Is this same bald-head from No-man's-land.

Charley's Opinion of the Baby.

MUZZER'S bought a baby,
Ittle bit's of zing;
Zink I mos could put him
Froo my rubber ring.

Ain't he uwful ugly?
Ain't he awful pink?
Jus come down from Heaven,
Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor told anozzer
Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joyent,
Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him!
No, I won't! so zere;
Nassy, crying baby,
Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz Biddy
Every single day;
'Be a good boy, Charlie,
Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses,
Dot my place in bed;
Mean to take my drumstick
And beat him on ze head.

—Anonymous.

The Lost Doll.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for *old times' sake*, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

C. Kingsley.

Harry Ashland, One of My Lovers.

I HAVE a lover, a little lover, he rolls on the grass and plays in the clover;
He builds block-houses and digs clay wells, and makes sand-pies in his hat.
On Sundays he swings in the little porch, or has a clean collar and goes to church,
And asks me to marry him, when he grows up, and live in a house "like that."
He wears a great apron like a sack,—it's hard they don't put him in trousers and jackets;
But his soul is far above buttons, and his hope for the future o'ershoots them,
For Harry, like larger lovers, will court, without any visible means of support,
And ask you to give him your heart and hand, when he doesn't know where to put them.

All day he's tumbling, and leaping and jumping,—running and calling, hammering and thumping,
Playing "bo-peep" with the blue eyed babe, or chasing the cows in the lane;
But at twilight around my chair he lingers, clasping my hand in his dimpled fingers, [spire again.
And I wonder if love so pure and fresh I shall ever in-
The men that kneel and declaim their passion,—the men that "annex" you in stately fashion,—
There is not so much of truth and warmth in all the hearts of a score.—

And I look in the honest eyes of this baby, and wonder what would have happened, maybe,
If Heaven had not made me be twenty now, while Harry is only four.

I have a little rival named Ada, she clings to a promise that Harry made her,
"To build her a house all full of doors, and live with her there some day;"
But Ada is growing lank and thin,—they say she will have a peaked chin,
And I think had nearly outgrown her "first love" before I came in the way.
She wears short skirts, and a pink-trimmed Shaker, the nicest aprons her mother can make her,
And a Sunday hat with feathers; but it doesn't matter how she is dressed,
For Harry—sweetest of earthly lispers—has said in my ear, in loudest whispers,
With his dear short arms around my neck, that he "likes the *grown-up* bonnets best."

He says he shall learn to be a lawyer, but his private preference is a sawyer,
And counselors, not less than carpenters, live by "sawdust" and by *bores*.
It's easier to saw a plank in two than to bore a judicial blockhead through,
And if panels of jurors fail to yield, he can always panel doors.
It's a question of enterprise *versus* wood, and if his hammer and will be good,
If his energetic little brown hand be as steady and busy then,
Though chisel or pen be the weapon he's needing, whether his business is planing or pleading,
Harry will cut his way through the ranks, and stand at the head of you men!
I say to him sometimes, "My dearest Harry, we haven't money enough to marry;"
He has sixty cents in his little tin "bank," and a keepsake in his drawer;
But he always promises, "I'll get plenty—I'll find where they make it, when I'm twenty;
I'll go down town where the other men do, and bring it out of the store."
And then he describes such wonderful dresses, and gives me such gallant hugs and caresses,
With items of courtship from Mother Goose, silk cushions and rings of gold,
And I think what a fond, true breast to dream on, what a dear, brave heart for a woman to lean on,
What a king and kingdom are saving up for some baby a twelvemonth old!

Twenty years hence, when I am forty, and Harry a young man, gay and naughty,
Flirting and dancing, and shooting guns, driving fast horses and cracking whips,
The handsomest fellow!—Heaven bless him!—setting the girls all wild to possess him,—
With his dark mustache and hazel eyes, and cigars in those pretty lips!
O, do you think he will *quite* forget me,—do you believe he will ever regret me? [an idle myth,
Will he wish the twenty years back again, or deem this
While I shall sometimes push up my glasses, and sigh as my baby lover passes
And wonder if Heaven sets this world right, as I look at Mr. Smith!

—*Anonymous.*

Papa's Letter.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."

"No, no, mamma; me wite letter,
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him.
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

Good-Night and Good-Morning.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets courtesied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—*Richard Monckton Milnes.* (*Lord Houghton.*)

Paying Her Way.

WHAT has my darling been doing to-day,
To pay for her washing and mending?
How can she manage to keep out of debt
For so much caressing and tending?
How can I wait till the years shall have flown,
And the hands have grown larger and stronger.
Who will be able the interest to pay
If the debt runs many years longer?

Dear little feet! how they fly to my side!
White arms my neck are caressing,
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek,
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.
Nothing at all from my darling is due,
From evil may angels defend her—
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made,
For love is a legal tender!

—*Kate Woodland.*

A Little Mother.

WITH such a sober face
Pretty little mamma Grace
Came to meet me at the gate yester-morn,
That I felt inclined to cry,
As I asked the reason why
My darling looked so anxious and forlorn.

Half between a sob and sigh
Gracie managed to reply:—
"O, I'th dot a world o' t'ouble, Nantie dear;
For Lily 'th b'oke her head,
And Bertie 'th thick in bed,
An I don't know what to do with Jennie Vere.

"I'th af'aid the 'th *dieded* now,
For she fell—I don' know how—
And mathed herself all open in the kneeth;
I'th done the betht I tould,
But it don't do any dood—
O, tome up quick to thee her, Nantie, pleath!"

And with such a sober face
Pretty little mamma Grace
Softly led me where her suffering darlings lay,
Lily with her broken head,
Baby Bertie sick in bed,
And Jennie Vere—her wounds tied up with hay.

Mamma Gracie stooped and sighed:
"O, Nantie dear," she cried,
"Don't 'ou think 'ou tan *well* 'em if 'ou trieth?"
And she watched me with a smile,
Growing brighter all the while,
As I pursed my lips and tried to look so "withe."

Then with putty and with thread
I mended Lily's head,
And sewed up Jennie Vere in the "kneeth;"
To Bertie's aching chest,
Some Daisy's ointment pressed,
Saying: "Now I'll take my fee, if 'ou pleathe."

And with sunny, beaming face
My little mamma Grace
Her soft arms around me tightly curled,
And whispered o'er and o'er,
Every time with one kiss more,
"O, 'ou ith the betheth Nantie in the world!"

—*Rose Graham.*

The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Baby's Day.

THE reason I call it "Baby's Day"
Is funny enough to tell;
The first thing she did was give "syrup of squills"
To dolly to make her well;
And then when I told her how wrong it was,
She said, with a quivering sigh,
"I'm sorry I made her so sticky, mamma,
But I couldn't let dolly die."

Then comforted wholly she went away,
And was just as still as a mouse,
And I thought to be sure I should find her at once
In the nursery playing "house;"
But lo! on the way as I started to look,
A queer little piece I found,
Just like a center of snowy lawn
That the scissors had scolloped round.

I cried, "O, baby! what have you done?
You have been to somebody's drawer,
And taken from out of the handkerchief pile
The most beautiful one that you saw!"
And then the dear little head went down
Pathetic as it could be,
While she sobbed, "There was nothing for me to cut,
And I thought I'd take two or three!"

It was only a little later on,
That the water began to splash,
And I jumped and found she was rubbing away
On her sister's holiday sash;
But, catching a look of utter dismay
As she lifted her innocent eyes,
She whispered: "Don't worry, I'll wash it all *clean*,
And hang it up till it dries."

But the funny mishaps of that wonderful day
I could not begin to relate;
The boxes of buttons and pins she spilled,
Like a cherub pursued by fate!
And still, all the while, the dear little dove
Was fluttering 'round her nest,
And the only thing I really *could* do
Was to smooth out her wings on my breast.

But the day drifted on till it came to an end,
And the great moon rose in sight,
And the dear soft lids o'er the dear soft eyes
Dropped tenderly their good-night
And I thought, as I looked on her lying asleep,
I was glad (for once in a way),
That my beautiful child was human enough
For a mischievous "Baby Day."

—*Mrs. L. C. Whiton.*

May and Her Pussy.

MAY.

NOW Pussy Gray,
Come here, I pray;
Listen to what I have to say.
Sit on the cushion at my side,
And have your ribbon neatly tied.
You must not scratch, nor growl, nor bite,
And you must never steal nor fight;
But clear the house of rats and mice,
And keep your fur and whiskers nice.
The things that other pussies do
Would not be right at all for you;
You are my cat,
Remember that.

PUSSY.

O! Mistress May,
Your Pussy Gray
Has quite as much as you to say;
You should not scold, nor pinch, nor strike
Nor feed me only when you like;
Nor shut me out to freeze at night,
When you are tucked up warm and tight;
But treat me always in the way
You'd like if you were Pussy Gray.
The things that other people do
Are none the nearer right for you.
I am your cat,
Remember that!

A Baby Show.

A DROLL conversation I once overheard—
Two children, a cat, a cow, and a bird.
The names of the children were Eddie and Jane;
The names of the others I did not hear plain.
How came I to hear them? I think I won't tell:
You may guess, if you please; and if you guess well
You'll guess that I heard it as many a man hears—
With his fancy alone, and not with his ears.

The children were drawing with caution and care,
Their sweet baby-sister, to give her the air,
In a dainty straw wagon with wheels of bright red,
And a top of white muslin which shaded her head.
She was only one year and a few months old:
Her eyes were bright blue, and her hair was like gold;
She laughed all the time from morning till night,
Till Eddie and Jane were quite wild with delight.

Such a wonderful plaything never was known!
Like a real live dolly, and all for their own!
Two happier children could nowhere be found,
No, not if you traveled the whole world around.
They had drawn her this morning where daisies grew—
White daisies, all shining and dripping with dew,
Long wreaths of the daisies, and chains, they had made;
In the baby's lap these wreaths they had laid,

And were laughing to watch her fat little hands
Untwisting and twisting the stems and the strands.

Just then, of a sudden, a lark flew by
And sang at the top of his voice in the sky;
"Ho! ho! Mr. Lark," shouted Jane, "come down here!
We're not cruel children. You may come without fear.
We've something to show you. In all your life maybe,
You'll never see anything sweet as our baby!"

'Twas an odd thing, now, for a lark to do—
I hope you won't think my story's untrue—
But this is the thing that I saw and I heard:
That lark flew right down like a sociable bird
As soon as they called him, and perched on a tree,
And winked with his eye at the children and me,
And laughed out as much as a bird ever can,
As he cried, "Ha! ha! Little woman and man!

"You'll be quite surprised and astonished, maybe,
To hear that I do not think much of your baby.
Why, out in the field here I've got in my nest,
All cuddled up snug 'neath my wife's warm breast,
Four little babies—two sisters, two brothers—
And all with bright eyes, as bright as their mother's;
Your baby's at least ten times older than they,
But they are all ready to fly to-day.

"They'll take care of themselves in another week,
Before your poor baby can walk, or can speak.
It has often surprised me to see what poor things

All babies are that are born without wings;
And but one at a time! Dear me, my wife
Would be quite ashamed of so idle a life!"
And the lark looked as scornful as a lark knows how,
As he swung up and down on a slender bough.

A cat had been eyeing him there for a while,
And sprang at him now from top of a stile.
But she missed her aim—he was quite too high;
And oh, how he laughed as he soared in the sky!
Then the cat scrambled up, disappointed and cross;
She looked all about her, and felt at a loss
What next she should do. So she took up the thread
Of the lark's discourse, and ill-naturedly said:

"Yes, indeed, little master and miss, I declare,
It's enough to make any mother-cat stare,
To see what a time you do make, to be sure,
Over one small creature, so helpless and poor
As your babies are! Why, I've six of my own:
When they were two weeks old they could run alone;
They're never afraid of dogs or of rats—
In a few weeks more they'll be full-grown cats;

"Their fur is as fine and as soft as silk—
Two gray, and three black, and one white as new milk.
A fair fight for a mouse in my family
Is as pretty a sight as you'll ever see.
It is all very well to brag of your baby—
One of these years it will be something, maybe!"
And without even looking at the baby's face,
The cat walked away at a sleepy pace.

"Moo, Moo!" said a cow, coming up. "Moo, Moo!
Young people, you're making a great to-do
About your baby. And the lark and the cat,
They're nothing but braggers—I wouldn't give that,"
(And the cow snapped her tail as you'd snap your thumb)
"For all the babies, and kittens, and birds, that come
In the course of a year! It does make me laugh
To look at them all, by the side of a calf!

"Why, my little Brindle as soon as 'twas born
Stood up on its legs, and sniffed at the corn;
Before it had been in the world an hour
It began to gambol, and canter, and scour
All over the fields. See its great shining eyes
And its comely red hair that so glossy lies
And thick! he has never felt cold in his life;
But the wind cuts your baby's skin like a knife.

"Poor shivering things! I have pitied them oft,
All muffled and smothered in flannel soft.
Ha! ha! I am sure the stupidest gaby
Can see that a calf's ahead of a baby!"
And the cow called her calf, and tossed up her head
Like a person quite sure of all she has said.
Then Jane looked at Eddie, and Eddie at Jane;
Said Eddie, "How mean! I declare, they're too vain

"To live—preposterous things! They don't know
What they're talking about! I'd like them to show
A bird, or a kitten, or a learned calf,
That can kiss like our baby, or smile, or laugh."
"Yes, indeed, so should I!" said Jane in a rage;
"The poor little thing! She's advanced for her age,
For the minister said so the other day—
She's worth a hundred kittens or calves to play.

"And as for young birds—they're pitiful things!
I saw a whole nest once, all mouths and bare wings,
And they looked as if they'd been picked by the cook
To broil for breakfast. I'm sure that they shook
With cold if their mother got off for a minute—
I'm glad we have flannel, and wrap babies in it!"
So the children went grumbling one to the other,
And when they reached home, they told their mother.

The dear baby, asleep, in its crib she laid,
And laughed as she kissed the children, and said:
"Do you think I believe that the sun can shine
On a boy or a girl half so sweet as mine?
The lark and the cat, and the cow were all right—
Each baby seems best in its own mother's sight."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

An Unfinished Prayer.

NOW I lay me"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep—to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low,
"I pray thee Lord," I gently added,—
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of that child-heart!—Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my humblest cry!

A Word for the Mother.

SEND the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
And maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again;
The motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night!

Nursery Prayers.

IN the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest:
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow;)
"Take our souls:" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war:
Pray to Him, the God of Battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then far down the purple distance
All the noise of battle dies.
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

"NOW I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee Lord my soul to keep"—
So the baby learned her prayer
Kneeling by her mother's chair;
In her little bed-gown white,
Said it over every night;
Learning, in her childish way,
How a little child could pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
Said the child, a maiden grown:
Thinking, with a backward glance,
How the happy past had flown,
Since, beside her mother's knee,
With a child's humility,
She had said her simple prayer,
Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray thee Lord my soul to keep—"
Yet the words were careless said:
Lightly had the hand of Time
Laid his fingers on her head;
On life's golden afternoon
Gay the bells, and sweet the tune,
And upon her wedding day
She had half forgot to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
How the words came back again,
With a measure that was born
Half of pleasure, half of pain:
Kneeling by a cradle bed,
With a hand upon each head,
Rose the old prayer, soft and slow,
As a brooklet in its flow.

All alone with bended head,
She has nothiug but her dead;
Yet with heart so full of care,
Still her lips repeat the prayer;
Rest at last! oh, storm-tossed soul!
Safe beyond the breakers' roll:
He, the Lord, her soul shall keep,
Now she lays her down to sleep!

Going to Bed.

OUR Fannie Angelina
Didn't want to go to bed,—
Her reasons would you know? then
Let me tell you what she said
At eight o'clock precisely,
At the close of yesterday,
Her mamma in the trundle bed
Had tucked her snug away.
"It isn't time to go to bed,
The clock goes round too quick;
It hurts my back to lie in bed,
And almost makes me sick:
I want to show my Uncle George
My pretty birthday ring;
And sing him, 'Jesus loves me,
For he likes to hear me sing;
My dolly, 'Haddynewya,'
Her yellow dress is thin,
And she's sitting on the horse-block,
I forgot to bring her in;
I want to go and get her,
She'll catch a cold and die;
I want to get my nankachick,
I guess I've got to cry.
I said I'd wait till papa comes,
I wonder what he'll think;
There's something hurts me in my throat,
I want to get a drink.
I guess I'd rather get it in
My little silver cup—
What makes me have to go to bed
When you are staying up?"
So Fannie Angelina
Was determined not to do it.
Yet she drifted off to Nod land,
Poor child, before she knew it.
The queen who reigns in Nod land
Shut her willful eyes so tight,
They quite forgot to open
Till the sun was shining bright.

Babies and Their Rights.

A BABY has a right, too frequently denied it, to be let alone. It ought to be a rule in the nursery never to disturb the infant when it is happy and quiet. Older children, too, two, three and four years of age, who are amusing themselves in a peaceful, contented way, ought not to be wantonly interfered with. I have often seen a little creature lying in its crib cooing, laughing, crooning to itself in the sweetest baby fashion, without a care in the world to vex its composure, when in would come mamma or nurse, seize it, cover it with endearments, and effectually break up its tranquility. Then, the next time, when these thoughtless people wanted it to be quiet, they were surprised that it refused to be so. It is habit and training which make little children restless and fretful, rather than natural disposition, in a multitude of cases. A healthy babe, coolly and loosely dressed, judiciously fed, and frequently bathed, will be good and comfortable if it have not too much attention. But when it is liable, a dozen times a day to be caught wildly up, bounced and jumped about, smothered with kisses, poked by facetious fingers, and petted till it is thoroughly out of sorts, what can be expected of it? How would fathers and mothers endure the martyrdom to which they allow the babies to be subjected?

Another right which every baby has, is to its own mother's care and supervision. The mother may not be strong enough to hold her child and carry it about, to go with it on its outings, and to personally attend to all its wants Very often it is really better for both mother and child that the strong arms of an able-bodied woman should bear it through its months of helplessness. Still, no matter how apparently worthy of trust a nurse or servant may be, unless she has been tried and proved by long and faithful service and friendship, a babe is too precious to be given unreservedly to her care. The mother herself, or an elder sister or auntie, should hover protectingly near the tiny creature, whose lifelong happiness may depend on the way its babyhood is passed. Who has not seen in the city parks the beautifully dressed infants, darlings evidently of homes of wealth and refinement, left to bear the beams of the sun and stings of gnats and flies, while the nurses gossiped together, oblivious of the flight of time? Mothers are often quick to resent stories of the neglect or cruelty of their employes, and cannot be made to believe that their own children are sufferers. And the children are too young to speak.

The lover of little ones can almost always see the subtle difference which exists between the babies whom mothers care for, and the babies who are left to hirelings. The former have a sweeter, shyer, gladder look than the latter. Perhaps the babies who are born, so to speak, with silver spoons in their mouths, are better off than those who came to the heritage of a gold spoon. The gold spooners have lovely cradles and vassinets. They wear Valenciennes lace and embroidery, and fashion dictates the cut of their bibs, and the length of their flowing robes. They are waited upon by bonnes in picturesque aprons and caps, and the doctor is sent for whenever they have the colic. The little silver-spooners, on the other hand, are arrayed in simple slips, which the mother made herself in dear, delicious hours, the sweetest in their mystic joy which happy womanhood knows. They lie on the sofa, or on two chairs with a pillow placed carefully to hold them, while she sings at her work, spreads the snowy linen on the grass, moulds the bread, and shells the peas. The mother's hands

wash and dress them, the father rocks them to sleep, the proud brothers and sisters carry them to walk, or wheel their little wagons along the pavement. Fortunate babies of the silver spoon!

Alas and alack! for the babies who have never a spoon at all, not even a horn or a leaden one. Their poor parents love them, amid the squalid circumstances which hem them in, but they can do little for their well being, and they die by hundreds in garrets and cellars, and close tenement rooms. When the rich and charitable shall devise some way to care for the babies of the poor, when New York shall imitate Paris in founding an institution akin to La Creche, we shall have taken a long step forward in the direction of social and moral elevation.

—M. E. Sangster.

A Description of Two Babies.

FIRST. One of those little carved representations that one sometimes sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone!

Second. A weazen little baby, with a heavy head that it couldn't hold up, and two weak, staring eyes, with which it seemed to be always wondering why it had ever been born.

—Charles Dickens.

The Usual Way.

THERE was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,
For he said "I'll go a-fishing in the neighboring brook,"
And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,
And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two went by,
But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;
"I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all the day!"
And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand, and threw the line about,
But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;
And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you," but she said she could not stay,
But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little sigh
As they watched the silver ripples, like the moments running by;
"We must say good-bye," she whispered, by the alders old and gray,
And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream they wandered to and fro,
And day by day the fishes swam securely down below;
Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,
Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and coo;
Do they never fret and quarrel like other couples do?
Does he cherish her and love her? Does she honor and obey?
Well—they—do—in the usual way.

DR. SAMUEL F. SMITH.

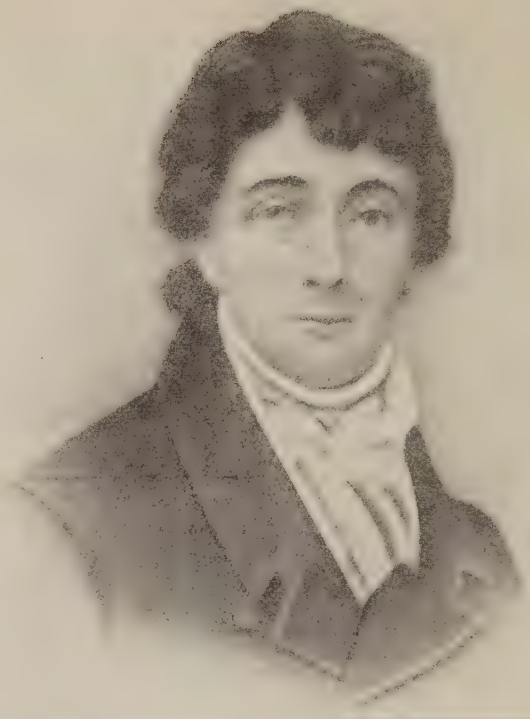
AMERICA.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

STORY OF THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

In the War of 1812, when an attack was being made upon Fort Henry, Mr. Key, who was on board an American vessel just in sight of the British fleet and the flag of Fort Henry, held all through the night his breath at every shell that went careering over among his countrymen in the fort. As he walked the deck in the darkness and suspense he wrote the words of the "Star Spangled Banner." It was caught up in the United States camps, sung around bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets. When peace was declared and the people scattered to their homes it was sung around thousands of firesides.

Good-Night.

DOWN the dark stairs unduly,
Two little nightgowns creep;
To see if Dollies truly
Are safe and sound asleep.
One kiss to each, one only,
Then back on tiptoe light,
"Dear Dollies, don't be lonely,
Sleep sweet till morning bright."

And up the stairs at midnight
Mamma will softly creep;
To see if *her* two Dollies
Are also sound asleep.
She'll bend to kiss them sleeping,
One little pray'r she'll say,
"God bless them thro' the darkness,
God bless them all the day."

Dolly's Prayers.

DOLLY, Dolly, Nursie's here,
I must leave you now, I fear,
Let me only brush your hair,
Kiss me then, and say your prayer.

Put your hands together, so,
Say the words in whispers low,
Pray that you may sleep alway,
Safe and sound till break of day.

Pray that never goblin come
To frighten you with fi-fo-fum,
Never rat or bat or mouse
Come a-near your beddy-house.

Pray that when you wake again
I may never cause you pain,
Never beat you, never scold
When I find you growing old.

Pray that brother Alec too
Will not want to play with you,
Will not prick you with a pin
When he tries to look within.

I must leave you, Dolly dear,
Nursie's getting cross I fear,
There! and now your prayer you've said,
I must really go to bed.

Don't be frightened, dear, at all,
If you want me, Dolly, call;
And I'll come to comfort you,
Go to sleep then, Dolly do.

The Ode of Youth.

NOW upon the tree of life there rise
Before our wondering eyes
Two strange, new flowers of varied hue.
The tree is grown,
The flowers are blown,
There is nought wanting to its early sweetness;
But with a full completeness,
The purple bloom and white
Fill the entranced, admiring sight.
The tree is grown, the tree is strong;
Lo, dear to art and song,
Fair time of flowers, within whose chalice sweet
Lurks Youth with rosy feet,
And Love with purple folded wing,
And bird-like thoughts that sing.

EARLY MANHOOD.

And first, oh youth, I see thee with the plume
Of thy thick locks upon thy forehead set,
And thy frank eyes kindling with fire or din.
With soaring thoughts of heaven, or wet
With kindly dews of pity; the straight limb,
And the strong arm, and force that never tires;
The cheek and lip touched with early down

Of manhood's fullest crown;
The heart, which hardly thought of passion fires;
The mind, which opens like a flower in spring
To all the wanton airs the seasons bring;—
The young existence self-contained no longer,
But pressing outward hour by hour,
Fired with a thirst continually stronger,
For some supreme white flower
Whatever be the prize—
Whether upon the difficult heights of Thought,
Or 'midst the white laborious dust of Duty,
Or on the peaks of Power, the bloom be sought,
Or in the flush and thrill of the new Beauty
Born of a maiden's eyes.
Oh, happiest age of all!
When hope is without measure,
And life a thrill of pleasure,
And health is high, and force unspent,
Nor Disappointment yet, nor sordid Care,
Nor yet Satiety, nor the cold chill
Which creeps upon the world-worn heart to kill
All higher hope, and leaves us to despair.
No doubt of God or men can touch, but all
The garden ground of Life is opened wide;
And lo! on every side
The flowers of spring are blooming, and the air
Is scented, and sweet song is everywhere,
And young eyes read from an enchanted book,
With rapt entranced look,
Love's legend and the dream of days to be,
And fables fair of Life's mythology,
Rapt hour by hour till dewy twilight fall.
Whatever be the page—
Whether on metaphysical riddles faint,
Or the rapt visions of some far-off seer,
The burning thoughts of saint,
Or maxims of the sage—
Thou comest, oh youth, with thought as sure,
With mind severe and pure;
Thou takest afresh, with each returning year,
The fair thin dreams, the philosophic lore
Of the great names of yore—
Plato the wise, Confucius, Socrates,
The blest Gautama—all are thine—
Upon thee year by year the words divine
Of our great Master, falling like the dew,
Fill thee, to hate the wrong, to love the true;
For thee the fair poetic page is spread
Of the great living and the greater dead;
For thee the glorious gains of Science lie
Stretched open to thine eye;
And to thy fresh and undimmed brain,
The mysteries of Nature and of Space
Seem easy to explain;
Thou lookest with clear gaze upon the long
Confusions of the Race, the Paradox of Wrong;
And dost not fear to trace,
With youth's strong fiery faith that knows no chill,
The secret of Transgression, the prime source
Of Good and Evil, and the unfailing course
Of the Ineffable Will.
And sometimes life, glowing with too fierce fire,
O'er sea and land in rapid chase,
Snatches thee with tumultuous will,
And careless, breathless pace.
Sometimes a subtle flame
Comes on thee, as a shadow of night,
Marring thy young life's white,
And some strange thrill thou knowest without a name,
And at thy side shame fast Desire
Stands unreproved, and guides thy bashful feet
To where, girt by dim depths of solitude,
Sits Fancy, disarrayed, in a deep wood;
And oh, but thy youth runs swift and pleasure is sweet!
And sometimes, too, looking with too bold eye
Upon the unclouded sky,
Sudden the heavens are hidden, and the great sun
Sinks as if day were done,
And the brain reels, and all the life grows faint,
Smitten by too much light; or a thick haze
Born out of sense doth overcloud
The soul, and leaves it blind and in amaze,
And the young heart is dull, and the young brain
Dark till God shine again.

Oh, fairest age of all!
Whate'er thy race or clime,
To-day ten thousand cities on thee call,
Broad plain and palm-fringed isle
Thine is the swelling life, the eager glance and smile,
Oh, precious fruit of Life and Time!
Oh, worker of the world! to whose young arm
The brute earth yields, and wrong, as to a charm;
Young seaman, soldier, student, toiler at the plow,
Or loom, or forge, or mine, a kingly growth art thou!
Where'er thou art, though earthly oft and coarse,
Thou bearest with thee hidden springs of force.
Creative power, the flower, the fruitful strife,
The germ, the potency of Life,

Which draws all things to thee unwittingly
The Future lies within thy loins, and all the Days to be,
To thee time giveth to beget,
The Thought that shall redeem and lift man higher yet.

Maidenhood.

BUT lo! another form appears
Upon the glass. Oh, pure and white:
Oh, delicate and bright!
Oh, primal growth of time!
Sweet maidenhood! that to a silvery chime
Of music, and chaste fancies undefiled,
And modest grace and mild,
Comest, best gift of God to men,
As fair to-day as when
The first man waking from his deep
And fancy haunted sleep,
Found his strength spent, and at his side
His fair dream glorified;
High-soaring note, keeping the eternal song
Through secular discords long.
Oh, lily of life's garden! fair of hue
And sweet of scent, watered with heaven's own dew,
Fair being, that holdest hidden motherhood
And undeveloped good
Implicit in thee, even as white blooms hold
Their fragrant globes of gold.
Men know no praise they can withhold from thee,
Oh, sweet virginity!
Since Artemis first trod the youngling earth
Thou glorious and surpassing birth!
The vestal fires were thine, the convents cold
Are thine as those of old.
To thee, when strong sweet flowers of Life and Sense,
Scent gross we turn, oh, white and gracious innocence!
Yea, still, while life grows fast and free
To thee we turn a world worn eye.
Throbbing delights are youth's and pulses high;
Yet sometimes these will pall, and then to thee
We turn, oh fair pale lily, clothed with purity!

For sure it is indeed
Two streams through life's ground flow, and both are good—
The one whose goal is gracious motherhood,
The other in the cloister pale and dim
Finding sufficient meed
In pure observance, rite, and soaring hymn.
We may not blame nor hold them wrong
Who through their lives their liturgies prolong,
Even though the prize of motherhood be great,
But always thine, oh blest estate!
Thine it is, even in youth's hot sun to keep
Celestial snows and pure abysses deep.
I see thy fair expanding mind,
A precious blossom parcel-blown,
Not with the young man's ardent rage,
But with a gentler radiance all thy own,
Fixed now on history's fabled page,
Now on the bard's diviner thought,
And now by some deep music stirred
Deeper than any spoken word,
Or sweet love-story soft as southern wind.

Dear flower, and fair to mortal eye,
Whatever be thy age, thy clime, thy race,
Whether the gentle curve of thy young breast
Be hidden in white lawn or stand confest
In innocent brown nakedness and grace,
Thou art the high and unattained prize
Of all the generations that have been;
Upon life's throne thou sittest as a Queen,
And at thy gracious feet
The ages kneel to thy eternal Truth,
Thy pure and spotless innocence,
And free from stain of Time and Sense,
Thy undefiled youth.

White flower of Life's tree
Love like a wanton bee,
Shall fly to thee, and from thy deep cold cells
Rifle the honey. Tranquil stream,
That from the chill heart of the untrodden snow
So calm and clear dost flow;
Spring wakes beneath the gleam
Of a new sun which swells
A warm and rapid torrent strong,
Soon in the sunny, balmy weather,
To break its banks and bear together
Your mingled streams along.

Ardor of Youth.

WHO shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?
For bravest and brightest that ever was sung
May be—and shall be—the lot of the young.

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,
Shines in the blaze of my morning sun—
Conquering Hope, with golden ray,
Blessing my landscape far away.

All my meadows and hills are green,
And rippling waters glance between—
All my skies are rosy bright,
Laughing in triumph at yesternight.

My heart, my heart within me swells,
Panting and stirring its hundred wells;
For youth is a noble seed that springs
Into the flower of heroes and kings!

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,
I yearn for the future, vague and vast;
And lo, what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings?

Pleasures are there like dropping balms,
And glory and honor with chaplets and palms,
And mind well at ease, and gladness and health,
A river of peace, and a mine of wealth!

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not,
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot;
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,
How knowest thou what I may be?

A CHEERFUL sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face;
A modest blush he wears, not formed by art,
Free from deceit his eye, and full as free his heart.

—*Congreve.*

Nothing.

I ASKED a lad what he was doing;
"Nothing, good sir," said he to me.
"By nothing well and long pursuing,
Nothing," said I, "you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking;
"Nothing," quoth he, "I do declare."
"Many," said I, "in taverns drinking
By idle minds were carried there."

There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,
Which idle hands and minds supply;
Those who all thought and toil despise
Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather
When in a sum they all are brought;
A thousand idle lads together
Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,
And sometimes pompous seem, and haughty;
But still 'tis ever plain to most
That *nothing boys* are mostly *naughty*.

Calling a Boy in the Morning.

THE Connecticut editor who wrote the following evidently knew what he was talking about: Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother that is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys.

And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

What's a Boy Like?

LIKE a wasp, like a sprite,
Like a goose, like an eel,
Like a top, like a kite,
Like an owl, like a wheel,
Like the wind, like a snail,
Like a knife, like a crow,
Like a thorn, like a flail,
Like a hawk, like a doe.

Like the sea, like a weed,
Like a watch, like the sun,
Like a cloud, like a seed,
Like a book, like a gun,
Like a smile, like a tree,
Like a lamb, like the moon,
Like a bud, like a bee,
Like a burr, like a tune.

Like a colt, like a whip,
Like a mouse, like a mill
Like a bell, like a ship,
Like a jay, like a rill.
Like a shower, like a cat,
Like a frog, like a toy,
Like a ball, like a bat,
Most of all—like a boy.

—*George Cooper*

The Barefoot Boy.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace—
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man,
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bees' morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole digs his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade,
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—John G. Whittier.

The School Boy.

WE bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee,
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
And the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour
As we drove back through the town.

The American Boy.

LOOK up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

A hallow'd land thou claim'st my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide, aye, wide as thought!

What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine,
The *laurel* lives upon our soil,
The laurel, boy, is thine.

And though on "Cressy's distant field,"
Thy gaze may not be cast,
While through long centuries of blood
Rise spectres of the *past*,—

The future wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note mayst claim—
Aspirings which in after times
Shall swell the trump of fame.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
The name of Washington.

—*Caroline Gilman.*

Teaching Public School.

FORTY little urchins,
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you keep the rule?—
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching public school!

Forty little pilgrims
On the road to fame;
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations—
Birds of every feather—
On a common level
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief,
Skilled in all its arts.
That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are rattling,
And in a corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling:
Others cutting didos—
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association!

Anxious parent drops in,
Merely to inquire
Why his olive branches
Do not shoot up higher;
Says he wants his children
To mind their *p's* and *q's*,
And hopes their brilliant talents
Will not be abused.

Spelling, reading, writing,
Putting up the young ones;
Fuming, scolding, fighting,
Spurring on the dumb ones;

Gymnasts, vocal music—
How the heart rejoices
When the singer comes to
Cultivate the voices!

Institute attending,
Making out reports,
Giving object lessons,
Class drills of all sorts;
Reading dissertations,
Feeling like a fool—
Oh, the untold blessing
Of the public school!

Early Days.

OH! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!

—*Robert Burns.*

Maidenhood.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose looks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing, with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still, that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in the vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian!

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumber'd
Birds and blossoms many-number'd;
Age, that bow with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a life in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine's dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

—*H. W. Longfellow*

Youth, That Pursuest.

YOUTH, that pursuest, with such eager pace,
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race;
Then stay! oh stay!

Pause and luxuriate on thy sunny plain;
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know;
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last.

—*Richard Monckton Milnes.*

Interpretation of The Term "Gentleman."

TWO great errors, coloring, or, rather, discoloring, severally, the minds, of the higher and lower classes, have sown wide dissension and wider misfortune through the society of modern days. These errors are in our modes of interpreting the word "gentleman."

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is, "a man of pure race," well bred, in the sense that a horse or dog is well bred.

The so-called higher classes, being generally of purer race than the lower, have retained the idea and the convictions associated with it, but are afraid to speak it out, and equivocate about it in public; this equivocation mainly proceeding from their desire to connect another meaning with it, and a false one,—that of "a man living in idleness on other people's labor," —with which idea the term has nothing whatever to do.

The lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, the notion that a gentleman means an idler, and rightly feeling that the more any one works the more of a gentleman he becomes and is likely to become, have nevertheless got little of the good they otherwise might from the truth, because with it they wanted to hold a falsehood—namely, that race was of no consequence; it being precisely of as much consequence in man as in any other animal.

The nation cannot truly prosper till both these errors are finally got quit of. Gentlemen

have to learn that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's toil. They have to learn that there is no degradation in the hardest manual or the humblest servile labor when it is honest; but that there is degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy or a day laborer, but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief; and knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage, or accompanied by failure in undertaken duty. It is an incomparably less guilty form of robbery to cut a purse out of a man's pocket, than to take it out of his hand on the understanding you are to steer his ship up the channel when you do not know the soundings.

On the other hand, the lower orders, and all orders, have to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent; and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or, by recklessness of birth, degraded, until there shall be as much difference between the well bred and ill bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a wolf hound and the vilest mongrel cur. And the knowledge of this great fact ought to regulate the education of our youth and the entire conduct of the nation.—*Ruskin.*

Ode To Manhood.

NOW flower and perfect fruit
Together dress the tree,
High midsummer has come, midsummer mute
Of song, but rich to scent and sight.
The sun is high in heaven, the skies are bright
And full of blessedness,
High hope and wild endeavor
Have fled or sunk forever;
Only the swifter seasons onward press,
And every day that goes
Is a full scented, full-blown garden rose,
Orbed, complete.

And every hour brings its own burden sweet
Of daily duty, precious care;
Wherefrom the visible landscape calm and clear
Shows finer, far, and the high heaven more near,
Than ever morning skies of sunrise were.
I miss the unbounded hope of old,
The freshness and the glow of youth;
I miss the fever and the fret,
The luminous haze of gold.
I see a mind clearer and calmer yet,
A more unselfish love, a more undoubted truth;
Such gain I take, and this
More gracious shows and fair, than that I miss.

Nature's Gentleman.

WHOM do we dub as gentlemen?—the knave, the fool, the brute,—
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a costly suit! [knee,
The parchment scroll of titled line—the ribbon at the
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:

But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly born, [scorn;
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine, [mine?"
And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace and light upon the brain and heart;
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom;
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings round;
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by Nature's gentleman,—the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home where sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell;
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love;
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above:
The orphan child,—the friendless one,—the luckless or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind—his country all the globe,—
An honest name his jeweled star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control;
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul;
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene or heed the brawling strife.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honey'd tongue;
He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour,—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech:
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and Mercy form his code,—he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere, as virtue's polar star;
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark;
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide.
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.

—*Eliza Cook.*

Not All Alone.

OH! say not thou art all alone
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth.
Sigh not o'er joys forever flown—
The vacant chair, the silent hearth.

Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude?

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love its tears and truth
No longer in thy heart have place;
Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine—
The fadeless love, all pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone! for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems of price untold
From many a pure unsullied page—
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's love are still thine own;
For while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh! how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth—the lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone! the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies—
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify;
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
To say, thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful eye
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall;
A saving hand is ever nigh
A gracious Power attends thy call,
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft his tenderest mercy shown;
Seek then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!

—Alaric A. Watts.

Middle Age.

FAIR time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelrie on life's long road,
In which to rest and readjust our load!
High tableland, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only Spring-tide, our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping Age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now these trophies ours, we recognize
Only a voice faint rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step as marks of eld.
None are so far but some are on before;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of Summer on the matted bough!
The languid Autumn mellows round us now;
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

—James Hedderwick.

Man---Woman.

MAN'S love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange.
Men have all these resources, we but one,—
To love again, and be again undone.

—Lord Byron.

Man.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine
Dim miniature of greatness absolute?
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O, what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! What joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

—*Edward Young.*

Man---Woman.

MAN'S *home is everywhere.* On ocean's flood,
Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether
Doth link in stormy brotherhood
Earth's utmost zones together,
Where'er the red gold glows, the spice trees wave,
Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame
Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth rove;
He, with short pang and slight,
Doth turn him from the checkered light
Of the fair moon through his own forests dancing,
Where music, joy and love
Were his young hours entrancing;
And where ambition's thunder claim
Points out his lot.
Or fitful wealth allures to roam,
There doth he make his home,
Repining not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls,
Though ruinous and lone,
Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing mother's tone;
The home with humble walls,
Where breathed a parent's prayer around her bed;
The valley where, with playmates true,
She culled the strawberry, bright with dew;
The bower where Love her timid footsteps led;
The hearthstone where her children grew;
The damp soil where she cast
The flower seeds of her hope, and saw them bide the blast,—
Affection with unfading tint recalls,
Lingering round the ivied walls,
Where every rose hath in its cup a bee,
Making fresh honey of remembered things,—
Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of stings.

—*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

Man and Woman.

AS the man beholdst the woman,
As the woman sees the man,
Curiously they note each other,
As each other only can.

Never can the man divest her
Of that wondrous charm of sex,
Ever must she dreaming of him,
The same mystic charm annex.

Strange inborn, profound attraction,
Not the poet's range of soul
Learning, science, sexless virtue,
Can the gazer's thought control.

But through every nerve and fancy
Which the inmost heart reveals,
Twined, ingrained, the sense of difference
Like the subtle serpent steals.

—*Anonymous.*

Woman.

SPEAK lovely of woman; speak well, or silence keep.
Look oft'ner at her virtues, and o'er her failings weep,
Clothe her with love's wide mantle and hide the faulty specks,
Ah, do not judge her harshly, nor with rude tauntings vex.

She is the weaker vessel, more liable to fall,
But man of sterner nature, does he not sin at all?
Yes, and what is more too, he woman tempts to err;
His crimes are only winked at, but 'tis not so with her

How lovely are Earth's daughters, all have that truth confest;
The wisest man among us is he who loves them best.
And he who would a woman scorn
Forgets he had a mother, or was of woman born.

—*A. C.*

Lucy.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insentient things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,

Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!

She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Castara.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no ruder eye betrayed;
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,—
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts nor understands.
Women's feet run still astray
If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft virtue splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Virtue safely cannot sit
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O'er that darkness whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While her wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly;
All her vows religious be,
And she vows her love to me.

—*William Habington.*

Days of Our Youth.

OH! talk not to me of a name great in stor;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two and twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled,
'Tis but as dead flowers with May-dew besprinkled:
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee:
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

—*Lord Byron.*

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

—*Thomas Hood*

Belinda.

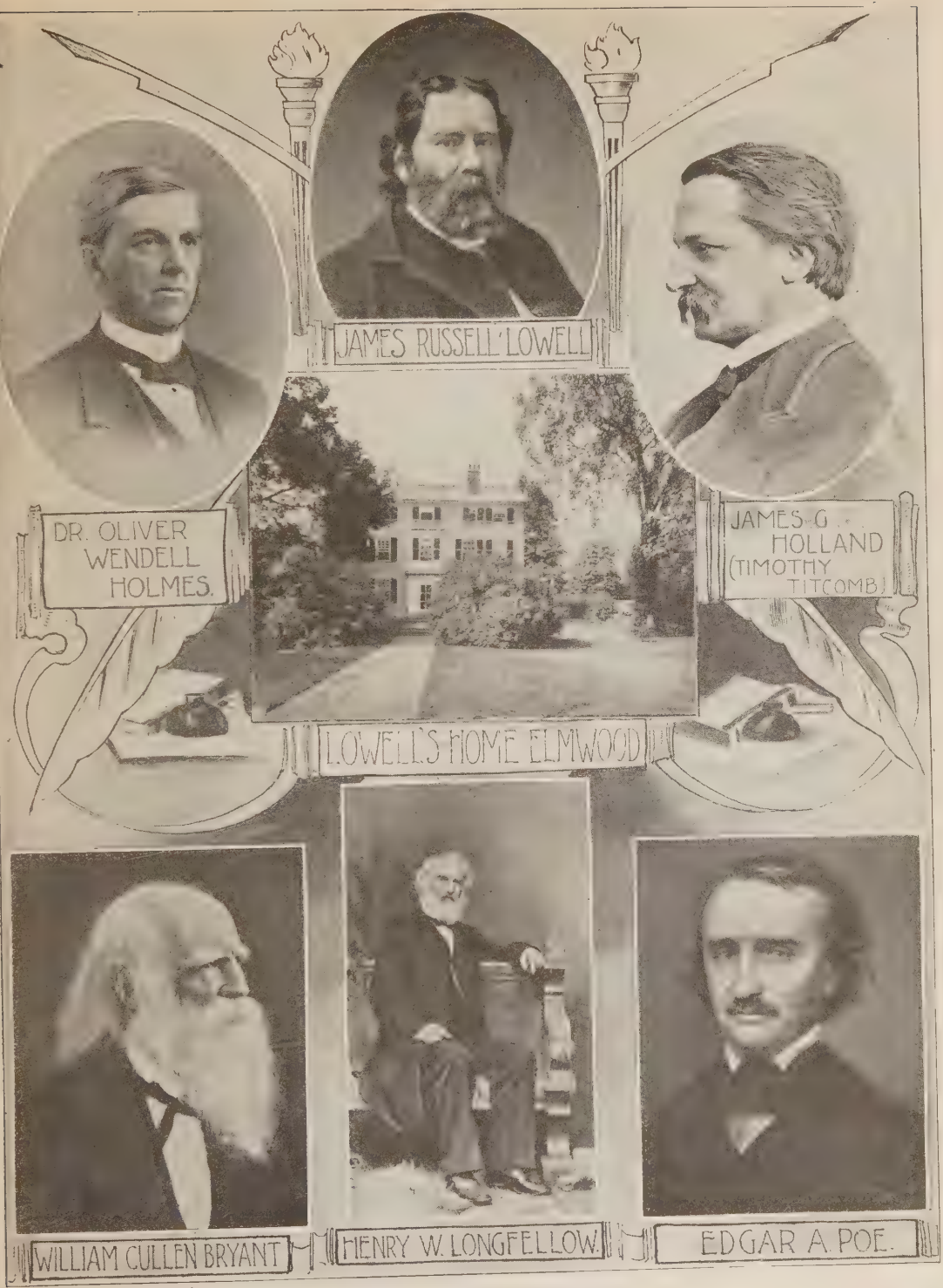
ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends:
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide,
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

—*Alexander Pope.*

Evangeline on the Prairie.

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went on its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies.
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers,



GREAT AMERICAN POETS

ALEXANDER POPE
EDMUND SPENCER
BEN JONSON
CHAUCER
MILTON
THE GREAT POETS OF ENGLAND

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded "To-morrow!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

A Portrait.

"One Name is Elizabeth."—*Ben Jonson.*

I WILL paint her as I see her,
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—
Though too calm, you think, and tender
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient,—waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,—
Taking love for her chief pleasure,

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly,—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks,—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
"'Tis my angel with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Soften, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure HE DOTH.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Beautiful All Golden Youth.

OH, beautifnl all golden, gentle youth,
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dreamed

Breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in.
Oh, for one gale from thine exulting morning
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dewdrops from his glancing hair.

-E. L. Bulwer.

Old Folks at Home.

MORE pleasant seem their own surroundings,
Though quaint and old,
Than newer homes, with their aboundings
Of marble, silk and gold.
For 't is the heart inspires home feelings,
In hut or hall,
Where memory, with its fond revealings,
Sheds a tender light o'er all.

They love the wonted call to meet,
By their old bell;
They love the old familiar greeting
From friends who know them well.
Their homesick hearts are always yearning,
When they're away,
And ever in their memory turning
To scenes where they used to stay.

—*Lydia M. Child.*

The Mistress.

IF he's capricious, she'll be so;
But if his duties constant are,
She lets her loving favor glow
As steady as a tropic star.
Appears there naught for which to weep,
She'll weep for naught for his dear sake;
She clasps her sister in her sleep;
Her love in dreams is most awake.
Her soul, that once with pleasure shook
Did any eyes her beauty own,
Now wonders how they dare to look
On what belongs to him alone.
The indignity of taking gifts
Exhilarates her loving breast;
A rapture of submission lifts
Her life into celestial rest.

There's nothing left of what she was,—
Back to the babe the woman dies;
And all the wisdom that she has
Is to love him for being wise.
She's confident because she fears;
And, though discreet when he's away,
If none but her dear despot hears,
She'll prattle like a child at play.
Perchance, when all her praise is said,
He tells the news—a battle won—
On either side ten thousand dead,—
Describing how the whole was done:
She thinks, "He's looking on my face!
I am his joy; whate'er I do,
He sees such time-contenting grace
In that, he'd always have me so!"

And, evermore, for either's sake,
To the sweet folly of the dove
She joins the cunning of the snake,
To rivet and exalt his love.
Her mode of candor is deceit;
And what she thinks from what she'll say
(Although I'll never call her cheat)
Lies far as Scotland from Cathay.
Without his knowledge he was won,
Against his nature kept devout;
She'll never tell him how 'twas done,
And he will never find it out.
If, sudden, he suspects her wiles,
And hears her forging chain and trap,
And looks—she sits in simple smiles,
Her two hands lying in her lap!
Her secret (privilege of the bard,
Whose fancy is of either sex)
Is mine; but let the darkness guard
Mysteries that light would more perplex.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

Thirty-Five.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five,
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five.
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five.
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Should not delay at thirty-five.

—*Johnson.*

Advice to Young Men.

TASTE not of fish that have black tails; that is, converse not with men that are smutted with vicious qualities. Stride not over the beam of the scales; wherein is taught us the regard we ought to have for justice, so as not to go beyond its measures. Sit not on a chœnix; wherein sloth is forbidden, and we are required to take care to provide ourselves with the necessaries of life. Do not strike hands with every man; this means we ought not to be over-hasty to make acquaintance or friendship with others. Wear not a tight ring; that is, we are to labor after a free and independent way of living, and to submit to no fetters. Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares. Abstain from beans, that is, keep out of public offices, for anciently the choice of the officers of state was made by beans.—*Plutarch.*

The Amusements of Youth.

IF those who are the enemies of innocent amusement had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth,—the former from the year, the latter from human life.—*Balzac.*

My Life.

MY life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!
My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade—
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me?

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

—*Richard Henry Wilde.*

Counsel to the Young.

MIGHT I give counsel to my young hearer, I would say, Try to frequent the company of your betters; in books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly—the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great specially admire; they admire great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

—*Thackeray*

The Duties and Joys of Woman.

ADAM. * * Henceforward, rise, aspire
To all the calms and magnanimities,
The lofty uses and the noble ends,
The sanctified devotion and full work,
To which thou art elect forevermore,
First woman, wife and mother.
EVE. * * * And first in sin.
ADAM. * And also the bearer of the seed
Whereby sin dieth. Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with level eyelids the To Come,
And all the dark o' the world. Rise, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill,—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee,
And by sin, death,—the ransom-righteousness,
The heavenly light and compensative rest,
Shall come by means of thee. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood,
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin,—
Some pang paid down for each new human life,
Some weariness in guarding such a life,
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason; feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without,
And pressures of an alien tyranny
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But, go to! Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. * *
EVE. * * * I accept
For me and for my daughters this high part
Which lowly shall be counted. Noble work
Shall hold me in the place of garden rest,
And in the place of Eden's lost delight
Worthy endurance of permitted pain;
While on my longest patience there shall wait
Death's speechless angel, smiling in the east
Whence cometh the cold wind.

—*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

The Woman of To-day.

WITH Hebrew, Greek and Latin
She's acquainted more or less;
And she's obviously pat in
All the modern languages,
She has read her Herbert Spencer,
Her Kant, and Schopenhauer,
And in logic she's a fencer
Of unquestionable power.
She is full of keen suggestion,
Be the subject what it may,
And on every social question
She has something apt to say.
You may see her quick eye kindle
With a bright and vivid flame
At the mention of a Tyndal
Or a Huxley's potent name.
Scraps of learning she will dish up
With a skill that makes them live,
She will argue with a Bishop,
Say on Church Prerogative.
With her own sex she will chance
In the proper time and place,
On some trivial household matter
With quaint and lively grace.
She instructs the untrained servant,
To perform his task with ease;
And if called on will wax fervent
Over infantile disease.
She can cook and wash and mangle,
(Though perhaps she'd rather not),
Play tennis, ride, and angle,
And is quite a champion shot.
From the public platform you will
Find her talking fact or myth,
With the vigor of a Whewell,
Or the wit of Sydney Smith.
'Mongst mere minnows she's a Triton
Who will always have her way;
She's an Admirable Crichton,
Is the woman of to day.

—*St. James Gazette.*

The Changefulness of Woman.

YE watchful sprites, who make e'en man your care,
And sure more gladly hover o'er the fair,
Who 'grave on adamant all changeless things,
The smiles of courtiers and the frowns of kings!
Say to what softer texture ye impart
The quick resolves of woman's trusting heart;
Joys of a moment, wishes of an hour,
The short eternity of Passion's power,
Breathed in vain oaths that pledge with generous zeal
E'en more of fondness than they e'er shall feel,
Light fleeting vows that never reach above,
And all the guileless changefulness of love!
Is summer's leaf the record? Does it last
Till withering autumn blot it with his blast?
Or, frailer still, to fade ere ocean's ebb,
'Graved on some filmy insect's thinnest web,
Some day-fly's wing that dies and ne'er has slept
Lives the light vow scarce longer than 'tis kept?
Ah, call not perfidy her fickle choice!
Ah, find not falsehood in an angel's voice!
True to one word, and constant to one aim,
Let man's hard soul be stubborn as his frame;
But leave sweet woman's form and mind at will
To bend and vary, and be graceful still.

The Minstrel Girl.

AGAIN 'twas evening—Agnes knelt,
Pale, passionless—a sainted one:
On wasted cheek and pale brow dwelt
The last beams of the setting sun.
Alone—the damp and cloistered wall
Was round her like a sepulcher;
And at the vesper's mournful call
Was bending every worshiper.
She knelt—her knee upon the stone,
Her thin hand veiled her tearful eye,
As it were sin to gaze upon
The changes of the changeful sky.
It seemed as if a sudden thought
Of her enthusiast moments came
With the bland eve—and she had sought
To stifle in her heart the flame
Of its awakened memory:
She felt she might not cherish, then,
The raptures of a spirit, free
And passionate as hers had been,
When its sole worship was, to look
With a delighted eye abroad;
And read, as from an open book,
The written languages of God.
How changed she kneels!—the vile, gray hood,
Where spring flowers twined with raven hair.
And where the jeweled silk hath flowed,
Coarse veil and gloomy scapulaire
And wherefore thus? Was hers a soul,
Which, all unfit for nature's gladness,
Could grasp the bigot's poisoned bowl,
And drain with joy its draughts of madness?
Read ye the secret, who have nursed
In your own hearts intenser feelings.
Which stole upon ye, at the first,
Like bland and musical revealings
From some untrodden paradise,
Until her very soul was theirs;
And from their maddening ecstacies
Ye woke to mournfulness and prayers.
To weave a garland, will not let it wither—
Wondering, I listen to the strain sublime,
That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,
Wafted in grand simplicity along,
The undying breath, the very soul of song.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

The Female Convict.

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude.
Her eye sought the ground as it could not brook
For innermost shame, on another's to look,
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear:—
She still was young, and she had been fair;
But weather stains, hunger, toil and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colors of youth depart
From the sallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea foam,
Far from her country, far from her home;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep!
And her future held forth but the felon's lot—
To live forsaken, to die forgot!
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping place,
A strange, wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!—
"I had last night the loveliest dream:
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain,
There stood on the hills the green pine tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.

A long and a weary way I had come;
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet home;
I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,
With a pale, thin face, and snow white hair!
The Bible lay open upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one of my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead,
—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by memory's pall!
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him."

Next day
Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept o'er the surge;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
The convict had found in the green sea a grave.

—*Letitia Elizabeth Landon.*

The Lost Babies.

COME, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on your book;
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother let us look;
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night,—
Jack you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled, the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ gladly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar at his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three.
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the county
Chose your baby for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming.
And the form reclining there—
Would you think that brilliant lady
Could be our own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother,
Ah! I see your trembling lip;
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That's the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand!

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
Now transformed to these great people,
Stately men and women grown.
Seldom do we ever see them;
Yes, a bitter teardrop starts,
And we sit here in the firelight,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives seem full without us;
They'll stop long enough one day
Just to lay us in the churchyard—
Then they'll each go on their way.

—*Anonymous.*

The Maiden Sat at Her Busy Wheel.

THE maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee:
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor love
Should conquer a heart so light:
But she thought not of the future days of woe,
While she caroled in tones so gay—
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more;
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Oh, well I knew what had dimmed her eye
And made her cheek so pale;
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away—
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

—*Emma C. Embury.*

Ability and Opportunity.

THESE are the conditions of success. Give a man power and a field in which to use it and he must accomplish something. He may not do and become all that he desires and dreams of, but his life cannot be a failure. I never hear men complaining of the want of ability. The most unsuccessful think that they could do great things if they only had the chance. Somehow or other something or somebody has always been in the way. Providence has hedged them in so that they could not carry out their plans. They knew just how to get rich, but they lacked opportunity.

Sit down by one who thus complains, and ask him to tell you the story of his life. Before he gets half through he will give you occasion to ask him, "Why didn't you do so at that time? Why didn't you stick to that piece of land and improve it, or to that business and develop it? Is not the present owner of that property rich? Is not the man who took up the business you abandoned successful?" He will probably reply: "Yes, that was an opportunity; but I did not think so then. I saw it when it was too late." In telling his story he will probably say, of his own accord, half a dozen times: "If I had known how things were going to turn I might have done as well as Mr. A. That farm of his was offered to me. I knew that it was a good one, and cheap, but I knew that it would require a great deal of hard work to get it cleared and fenced, to plant trees, vines, etc., and to secure water for irrigation. I did not like to undertake it. I am sorry now that I didn't. It was one of my opportunities."

The truth is, God gives to all of us ability and opportunities enough to enable us to be moderately successful. If we fail, in ninety-five cases out of a hundred it is our own fault. We neglect to improve the talents with which our Creator endowed us, or we failed to enter

the door that he opened for us. A man cannot expect that his whole life shall be made up of opportunities, that they will meet him at regular intervals as he goes on, like milestones by the roadside. Usually he has one or two, and if he neglects them he is like a man who takes the wrong road where several meet. The further he goes the worse he fares.

A man's opportunity usually has some relation to his ability. It is an opening for a man of his talents and means. It is an opening for him to use what he has, faithfully and to the utmost. It requires toil, self-denial and faith. If he says: "I want a better opportunity than that; I am worthy of a higher position than it offers;" or if he says, "I wont work as hard and economize as closely as that opportunity demands," he may, in after years, see the folly of his pride and indolence.

There are young men all over the land who want to get rich. They want to begin, not at the bottom of the ladder, but half way up. They want somebody to give them a lift, or carry them up in a balloon, so that they can avoid the early and arduous struggles of the majority of those who have been successful. No wonder that such men fail, and then complain of Providence. Grumbling is usually a miserable expedient that people resort to to drown the reproaches of conscience. They know that they have been foolish, but they try to persuade themselves that they have been unfortunate.

The Ode of Age.

THERE is a sweetness in autumnal days,
Which many a lip doth praise;
When the earth, tired a little and grown mute
Of song, and having borne its fruit,
Rests for a little space ere winter come.
It is not sad to turn the face toward home,
Even though it shows the journey nearly done;
It is not sad to mark the westering sun,
Even though we know the night doth come.
Silence there is, indeed for song,
Twilight for noon;
But for the steadfast soul and strong
Life's autumn is as June;

As June itself, but clearer, calmer far.
Here come no passion gusts to mar,
No thunder clouds or rains to beat
To earth the blossoms and the wheat,
No high tumultuous noise
Of youth's self-seeking joys,
But a cold radiance white
As the moon shining on a frosty night.

To-morrow is as yesterday, scant change,
Little of new or strange,
No glamour of false hope to daze,
Nor glory to amaze,
Even the old passionate love of wife or child
A temperate affection mild,
And ever the recurring thought
Returning, though unsought:
How strange the scheme of things, how brief a span
The little life of man,
And ever we mark them fleeter and more fleet
The days and months and years, gliding with winged feet.

And ever as the hair grows gray,
And the eyes dim,
And the lithe form which toiled the livelong day,
The stalwart limb,
Begin to stiffen and grow slow,
A higher joy they know:
To spend the season of the waning year,
Ere comes the deadly chill,
In works of mercy, and to cheer
The feet which toil against life's rugged hill;
To have known the trouble and the fret,
To have known it and to cease
In a pervading peace,

Too calm to suffer pain, too loving to forget,
And reaching down a succoring hand
To where the sufferers are,
To lift them to the tranquil heights afar
Whereon Time's conquerors stand.
And when the precious hours are done,
How sweet at set of sun
To gather up the fair laborious day!
To have struck some blow for right
With tongue or pen;
To have smoothed the path to light
For wandering men;
To have chased some fiend of Ill away;
A little backward to have thrust
The instant powers of Drink and Lust;
To have borne down Giant Despair;
To have dealt a blow at Care!
How sweet to light again the glow
Of warmer fires than youth's, tho' all the blood runs slow!

Oh! is there any joy,
Of all that come to girl or boy
Or manhood's calmer weal and ease,
To vie with these?
Here is some fitting profit day by day,
Which none can render less;
Some glorious gain Fate cannot take away,
Nor Time depress.
Oh, brother, fainting on your road!
Poor sister, whom the righteous shun!
There comes for you, ere life and strength be done,
An arm to bear your load.
A feeble body, maybe bent, and old,
But bearing 'midst the chills of age
A deeper glow than youth's; a nobler rage;
A calm heart, yet not cold.
A man or woman, withered perhaps, or bent,
To whom pursuit of gold or fame
Is as a fire grown cold, an empty name,
Whom thoughts of Love no more allure,
Who in a self-made nunnery dwell,
A cloister calm and pure,
A beatific peace greater than tongue can tell.

And sweet it is to take,
With something of the eager haste of youth
Some fainter glimpse of Truth
For its own sake;
To observe the ways of bee, or plant, or bird;
To trace in Nature the ineffable Word,
Which by the gradual wear of secular time,
Has worked its work sublime;
To have touched, with infinite gropings dim,
Nature's extremest outward rim;
To have found some weed or shell unknown before;
To advance Thought's infinite march a foot pace more;
To make or to declare laws just and sage;
These are the joys of Age.

Or by the evening hearth, in the old chair,
With children's children at our knees,
So like, yet so unlike the little ones of old—
Some little lad with curls of gold,
Some little maid demurely fair,
To sit, girt round with ease,
And feel how sweet it is to live,
Careless what fate may give;
To think, with gentle yearning mind,
Of dear souls who have crossed the Infinite Sea;
To muse with cheerful hope of what shall be
For those we leave behind
When the night comes which knows no earthly morn;
Yet mingled with the young in hopes and fears,
And bringing from the treasure-house of years,
Some fair-set counsel long-time worn;
To let the riper days of life,
The tumult and the strife,
Go by, and in their stead
Dwell with the living past,
So living, yet so dead.
The mother's kiss upon the sleeper's brow,
The little fish caught from the brook,
The dead child-sister's gentle voice and look,
The school days and the father's parting hand;
The days so far removed, yet oh! so near,
So full of precious memories dear;
The wonder of flying Time, so hard to understand!

Not in clear eye or ear
Dwells our chief profit here.
We are not as the brutes, who fade, and make no sign;
We are sustained where'er we go,
In happiness and woe,
By some indwelling faculty divine,
Which lifts us from the deep
Of failing senses, aye, and duller brain,
And wafts us back to youth again;
And as a vision fair dividing sleep,
Pierces the vasts behind, the voids before,
And opens to us an invisible gate,
And sets our winged footsteps, scorning Time and Fate
At the celestial door.

How to Grow Old.

FAR from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight:
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that are adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that lured thee, unwilling,
Far from thy course to the land of the blest:
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between:
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive!"
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory,
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story,
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow:
Growing old graciously,
Christian-like grow.

The Last Leaf.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn,
As he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Old Man Dreams.

O FOR one hour of joyful youth!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of fame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and flame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womanhood!
Without *thee* what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream when morning broke
To please the gray-haired boys.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

An Old Man's Idyl.

COME to the faithful arms,
Longing for thee!
What are more youthful charms,
Darling, to me?
Dearer the lines of care
On thy pure brow;
Wife with the snow-white hair,
Come to me now!

Kiss, dear, the cheek that lies
Close, close to thine;
Raise, love, thy patient eyes
Fondly to mine—
Eyes that have shone so bright
Forty long years—
Now is their tender light
Faded with tears.

Sing to me sweet and low,
With thy dear voice;
Here in the fire's warm glow
Let us rejoice,
As when thou first didst come,
Brightening my life—
Angel of heart and home,
Fond little wife!

Now that their wings have grown,
Far from our nest
All the young birds have flown—
Dearest and best;
Counting the lonely hours
We two remain—
They have their crowns of flowers,
We loss and pain.

Weep out thy sacred grief
  Here on my heart;
Sweet was their stay, but brief,
  Soon to depart;
Still with the joy of old
  Breathe each loved name—
They have but left the fold,
  We did the same.

E'en though they all are gone,
  Smile, darling, smile!
Think how each treasured one
  Lingered awhile;
Look up, dear wife, and say
  Softly with me,
"They have but flown away,
  Birds must be free!"

Human Life.

ALL the world's a stage,
  And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.

—*Shakespeare.*

Beauty of Old Age.

THE scathed and leafless tree may seem
  Old age's mournful sign,
Yet on its bark may sunshine gleam,
  And moonlight softly shine.

Thus on the cheek of age shall rest
  The light of days gone by,
Calm as the glories of the west,
  When night is drawing nigh.

As round the scathed trunk fondly clings
  The ivy green and strong,
Repaying, by the grace it brings,
  The succor granted long.

So round benevolent old age,
  May objects yet survive,
Whose greenness can the heart engage
  And keep the soul alive.

—*Bernard Barton.*

From Childhood to Old Age.

BEHOLD, fond man!
  See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

Granny's Eyes.

RAPT in a world of long ago,
Granny sits dreaming half the day;
Life's eventide for her grows gray;
Even the sunset's lingering glow
Fades fast away.

Dear Granny! sun, and moon, and stars
For her have lost their wonted light;
The eyes that once were sparkling bright
Can see no more the golden bars,
And all is night.

Yet God is good, and with the cross
He sends such love her years to bless—
Such wealth of patient tenderness—
That day by day dear Granny's loss
Grows less and less.

And children's children haunt the place
Where Granny sits; and, full of glee,
They clamber wildly on her knee,
And love to kiss the dear old face
That seems to see.

And one wee figure, quaintly wise,
Will linger there when others play,
And never care to run away:
"We always call her 'Granny's Eyes,'"
The children say.

For, hour by hour, by Granny's side
The little maid will sit and read;
Or, perhaps, the tottering footsteps lead,
So that the blind, with such fond guide,
Can see indeed.

So Granny dear is glad and bright,
Fully content on earth to stay,
Till, in the Father's own good way,
The sun shall shine, and all the night
Be turned to day.

—*G. Weatherly.*

I'm Growing Old.

MY days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy;
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing,— yes,—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years!
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years!—whose rapid flight
My somber muse too gladly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;

The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
"I'm growing old!"

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

Give Me Back My Youth Again.

THEN give me back that time of pleasures,
While yet in joyous youth I sang,—
When, like a fount, the crowding measures
Uninterrupted gushed and sprang!
Then bright mist veiled the world before me,
In opening buds a marvel woke,
As I the thousand blossoms broke
Which every valley richly bore me!
I nothing had, and yet enough for youth—
Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.
Give unrestrained the old emotion,
The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—
O, give me back my youth again!

—*From the German of Gœthe*

The Old Folks.

IF you would make the aged happy, lead them to feel that there is still a place for them where they can be useful. When you see their powers failing, do not notice it. It is enough for them to feel it without a reminder. Do not humiliate them by doing things after them. Accept their offered services, and do not let them *see you* taking off the dust their poor eyesight has left undisturbed, or wiping up the liquid their trembling hands have spilled; rather let the dust remain, and the liquid stain the carpet, than rob them of their self-respect by *seeing you* cover their deficiencies. You may give them the best room in your house, you may garnish it with pictures and flowers, you may yield them the best seat in your church-pew, the easiest chair in your parlor, the highest seat of honor at your table; but if you *lead* or *leave* them to feel that they have passed their usefulness, you plant a thorn in their bosom that will rankle there while life lasts. If they are capable of doing nothing but preparing your kindlings, or darning your stockings, indulge them in those things, but never let them feel that it is because they can do nothing else; rather that they do this so well.

Do not ignore their taste and judgment. It may be that in their early days, and in the circle where they moved, they were as much sought and honored as you are now; and until you arrive at that place, you can ill imagine your feelings should you be considered entirely void of these qualities, be regarded as essential to no one, and your opinions be unsought, or discarded if given. They *may* have been active and successful in the training of children and youth in the way they should go; and will they not feel it keenly, if no attempt is made to draw from this rich experience?

Indulge them as far as possible in their old habits. The various forms of society in which they were educated may be as dear to them as yours are now to you; and can they see them slighted or disowned without a pang? If they relish their meals better by turning their tea

into the saucer, having their butter on the same plate with their food, or eating with both knife and fork, do not in word or deed imply to them that the customs of their days are obnoxious in good society; and that they are stepping down from respectability as they *descend* the hill-side of life. Always bear in mind that the customs of which you are now so tenacious may be equally repugnant to the next generation.

In this connection I would say, do not notice the pronunciation of the aged. They speak as they were taught, and yours may be just as uncourtly to the generations following. I was once taught a lesson on this subject, which I shall never forget while memory holds its sway. I was dining, where a father brought his son to take charge of a literary institution. He was intelligent, but had not received the early advantages which he had labored hard to procure for his son; and his language was quite a contrast to that of the cultivated youth. But the attention and deference he gave to his father's quaint though wise remarks, placed him on a higher pinnacle in my mind, than he was ever placed by his world-wide reputation as a scholar and writer.

Left Alone at Eighty.

WHAT did you say, dear—breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late.
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
My old hands tremble sore.
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart,
Lies t'other side of the door.

Put up the old pipe deary
I couldn't smoke to-day:
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house here,
And lonesome out o' door—
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long.
And the first June rose has blown;
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
Too old to be left alone!
Oh, heart of love! so still and cold,
Oh precious lips so white!
For the first sad hours in sixty years,
You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower. You're very kind;
She rooted it last May.
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
And threw the stem away.
But she, sweet thrifty soul, bent down,
And planted it where she stood;
"Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,
"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, dear—I cannot rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden-post—
The house is so deathly still;—
Wander, and long for the sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me;
We had got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man;
From the moment I kissed her fair young face,
Our lover's life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in all the land
Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient!
But I feel sore broken up;
At eighty years it's an awesome thing
To drain such a bitter cup
I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal,
And four good men beside;

But a hundred sons couldn't be to me,
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly—so bright and fair!
So winsome and good and sweet!
She had roses twined in her sunny hair,
And white shoes upon her feet;
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear wife Polly is *dead*.

—*Alice Robbins*

The Old Arm-Chair.

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
Would you know the spell—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.
In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give

To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.
I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray;
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs,

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,—
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled!
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook

A Good Old Age.

A GOOD old age is a beautiful sight, and there is nothing earthly that is as noble,—in my eyes, at least. And so I have often thought, a ship is a fine object, when it comes up into a port, with all its sails set, and quite safely, from a long voyage. Many a thousand miles it has come, with the sun for guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have been its wreck have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and past rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber in it proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts; a delight to the owner, a joy to many a sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore that see it. It has been steered over the ocean, and been piloted through dangers, and now it is safe.

But still more interesting than this is a good life, as it approaches its threescore years

and ten. It began in the century before the present; it has lasted on through storms and sunshine; and it has been guarded against many a rock, on which shipwreck of a good conscience might have been made. On the course it has taken, there has been the influence of Providence; and it has been guided by Christ, that day-star from on high. Yes, old age is even a nobler sight than a ship completing a long, long voyage.

On a summer's evening, the setting sun is grand to look at. In his morning beams, the birds awoke and sang, men rose for their work, and the world grew light. In his mid-day heat, wheat-fields grew yellower, and fruits were ripened, and a thousand natural purposes were answered, which we mortals do not know of. And at his setting, all things seem to grow harmonious and solemn in his light.

But what is all this to the sight of a good life, in those years that go down into the grave? In the early days of it, old events had their happenings; with the light of it many a house has been brightened; and under the good influence of it, souls have grown better, some of whom are now on high, and then the closing period of such a life,—how almost awful is the beauty of it! From his setting, the sun will rise again to-morrow; and he will shine on men and their work, and on children's children and their labors. But when once finished, even a good life has no renewal in this world. It will begin again; but it will be in a new earth, and under new heavens. Yes, nobler than a ship safely ending a long voyage, and sublimer than the setting sun, is the old age of a just, a kind, and useful life.

—*From Mountford's Euthanasy.*

Nature.

AS a fond mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door
Not wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand.
Leads us to rest, so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand,
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

I Remember, I Remember.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*Thomas Hood.*

The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.

May 28, 1857.

IT was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn.
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Keep the Heart Young.

BUT now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop ten foot sculls because your arms are too weak, and after dallying awhile with eyeglasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles; if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low, that where its flames reverberated, there is only the somber stain of regret, and where its coals glowed, only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century if you can last so long.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Evening Oftener Pleasanter than Morning.

OFTENTIMES we look forward with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that at eventide it shall be light. To many saints, old age is the choicest season of their lives. A balmier air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shores of immortality, fewer waves ruffle his sea, quiet reigns—deep, still, and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the more real flame of earnest feeling remains. The pilgrims have reached the land Beulah, that happy country whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of Paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden on earth We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until the time of fruition comes. The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendor of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. Pain breaks not the calm of the sweet twilight of age, for strength made perfect in weakness bears up with patience under it all. Ripe fruits of choice experience are gathered as the rare repast of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest. The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelief laments; the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah! no, cries faith, the night is far spent, the true day is at hand. Light is come—the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed; see the waiting band of spirits! Angels waft thee away. Farewell, beloved one, thou art gone; thou wavest thine hand. Ah! now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen. Adieu, brother; thou hast light at eventide, such as we have not yet.

—*Charles Spurgeon.*

Fifty Years Happiness.

IT only seems like yesterday:
Yet fifty years have passed away
Since at the altar, side by side,
I stood with you, my happy bride.

And now our children's children stand,
Close gathered round, an eager band;
Whilst we recall, with smiles and tears,
The joys and griefs of fifty years.

For we have known the cares of life,
Sweetheart, since we were man and wife:
Yet have not loved each other less
Through fifty years of happiness.

When clouds have threatened storm and rain,
The skies have always cleared again,
And fifty years have come and passed,
And brought us sunshine at the last.

And now that we are old and gray,
We trust in Him, our guide and stay,
Our constant and unchanging Friend,
To lead us to our journey's end.

—*J. R. Eastwood.*

THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

—*Shakespeare*

HOME AND FIRESIDE.

The Return of Youth.

YET grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor dream that glorious season e'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits like the morn that folds her wings, and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides,
Bides her own sweet time to awaken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails;
Comes there not through the silence to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales;
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore
Of streams that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before
More musical in that celestial air?

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A Winters' Evening.

[Adapted from Snow Bound.]

UNWARMED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass, for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows.
While peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney back—
The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
And on its top the stout back stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom,
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;

And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school book lore
The Chief of Gambia's golden shore

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks.
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise.
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird, had meanings clear.

A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;

Till, warming with the tales he told
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed in wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud walls laid,
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

At last the great logs, crumbling low
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.

And while with care our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er prompt to do with heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards toss,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snowflakes fall
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light, and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew;
Till in the summer land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Home, Sweet Home.

In the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other in gray. As twilight fell the bands on the Union side began to play, "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag." The challenge was taken up by those on the other side, and they responded with the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was born upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter, more tender air, and slowly as he played it all the instruments upon the Union side joined in, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down the army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air, and one chorus of the two great hosts went up to God.

It was this incident which inspired the following poem:

THE sun had dropped into the distant west,
The cannons ceased to roar, which tell of rest,
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen, casting softest light;
On either side of stream the armies lay,
Waiting for morn, to then renew the fray.

So near together a sound was heard by all
Each could hear the other's sentry-call,
The bivouac fires burned brightly on each hill,
And save the tramp of pickets, all was still.

The Rappahannock silently flows on
Between the hills so fair to look upon,
Whose dancing waters, tinged with silver light,
Vie in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from Northern hill there steal along,
The softest strains of music and of song,
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
Which tells to all of gallant flag "still there."

Then "Hail Columbia," a thousand voices sing
With all their soul, which makes the hill-tops ring,
From fire to fire, from tent to tent then flew,
The welcome words, "Lads, sing the 'Boys in Blue.'"

And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer boy;
Then loud huzzas, and wildest cheers were given,
Which seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.

The lusty cheering reached the Southern ear—
Men who courted danger, knew no fear,
Whilst talking o'er their scanty evening meal,
And each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Those very strains of music which of yore
Did raise the blood, are felt by them no more. [jeer,
How changed! What now they scorn and taunt and
Was once to them as sacred, just as dear;

And when the faintest echo seemed to die,
The last huzza been wafted to the sky,
The boys in blue had lain them down to rest,
With gun and bayonet closely hugged to breast.

There came from Southern hill with gentle swell,
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie's land," they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle cry,
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell;

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night
From men as brave as ever saw the light!
Now all is still. Each side has played its part,
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! from Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another air; but ah! how sweet the notes—
Not those which lash men's passions into foam,
But, richest gem of song, 'twas "Home, Sweet Home."

Played by the band, which reached the very soul,
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole
Men who would march to very cannon's mouth,
Wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well worn coats of gray and blue,
Were generous tender hearts, both brave and true;
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did swiftly run.

Thinking of loving wife and children there,
With no one left to guide them, none to care.
Stripling lads not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre, or the knapsack wear,

Tried to stop with foolish boyish pride
The starting tear; as well try stop the tide
Of ceaseless rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes,
A simultaneous shout, which came from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.
Sweet music's power! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain, we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun,
And by those martial strains—a victory's won;
It matters not from whence, how far you roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "sweet home."

—*C. C. Somerville.*

Home, Sweet Home.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;—
Give me them—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

—*John Howard Payne.*

Going Home To-Day.

MY business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there again.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm goin' home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like since first day I come down;
It's an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets;
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one,
As well as any woman could—to see that things were done:
For though Melinda, when I'm there, wont set her foot out doors,
She's very careful when I'm gone, to 'tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out;
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey.
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God should pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me any way;
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I get home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day.

— *Will Carleton.*

Associations of Home.

'THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light;
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live.

It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend.
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

— *Walter Conder.*

Ode to Fatherhood.

OH, father! sitting at thy hearth,
With sunny heads around and lisping talk,
For whom the world without and all the earth
Is naught to this; and to the strong deep love
Which, mixed with pity, all thy soul doth move;
Strong worker, watching o'er the tottering walk
And feeble limbs and growing thought and brain,
Rejoicing in each new found gain
As the first sire, alone in Paradise;
And patient and content to work all day,
If with the eve returning from thy toil
Thou canst put off the sad world's stain and soil,
And bending downward to thy children's eyes,
Rise cleansed and pure as they.
I know not if life holds a more divine
Or fairer lot than thine,
Strong, patient worker, king of those who can
To its high goal of Things to be,
Its goal of Fate and Mystery,
Lead forth the race of Man!

Thy way is ofttimes hard,
And toilsome oft thy feet;
Thine are the days of anxious care,
When the spent brain reels, or the strong arm tires;
Yet all the ease and charm of days that were,
And pleasure paling all their fading fires,
Allure no more, but the tired hunter now,
Or now the worker with the furrowed brow
On frozen wastes or sun-struck thou dost show;
By mart or loom, or mine, or bending down
Chained to thy desk within the stifling town,
Thou toilest daily that thy brood may live.
Cares are thine, cares and the unselfish mind
Which spends itself for others and can find
How blest it is without return to give.
Whate'er thy race or speech, thou art the same;
Before thy eyes Duty, a constant flame,
Shines always steadfast with unchanging light,
Through dark days and through bright.
Sometimes, by too great misery bowed down,

Or poison draughts brought lower than the beast,
Thou comest to hate the hollow eyes around,
Dreading thy cares increased,
And dost despise thy own.
And canst thy dead heart steel against their cries,
And mark unmoved the hunger in their eyes;
Or sometimes, filled with love, art powerless to aid.
Oh, misery, to make our souls afraid!
To leave the safe and sacred walls of home,
For whose young souls, Life, like a cruel city,
Spreads out her nets of sin.
Thou knowest well of old
The strong allurements which they scarce may shun,
The subtle wiles, the innocent lives undone,
The tide of passion scorning all control,
And thou art filled with an immense despair,
Wherefrom thy heart beats slow, thy eyes grow dim,
As when of yore thou heardst them lisp a hymn
With early childish lips; thou canst not bear
To think of that young whiteness soiled and foul,
Or that thick darkness blotting the young soul.

Yet from thy grief and pain
Comes ofttimes greater gain
Than all thy loss.
Thou knowest what it is to grieve,
And from the burden of thy cross
Thou comest to believe.

A Winter Evening at Home

NOW stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

* * * * * *

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

—*William Cowper* (*The Task*).

When I Come Home.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardors burns,
When I come home, when I come home;
Over me Heaven with her starry heart yearns,
When I come home, when I come home;
For the feast of God's garnished—the palace of Night,
At a thousand star-windows, is throbbing with light;
London makes mirth! but I know God hears
The sobs in the dark and the dropping of tears.
For I feel that He listens down Night's great dome,
When I come home, when I come home,
Home, home; when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come home,
Exulting with life, like a conqueror's march,
When I come home, when I come home!
I pass by the rich-chamber'd mansions that shine,
Overflowing with splendor like goblets with wine.
I have fought, I have vanquished the dragon of toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides smile!
And oh! but Love's flowers make rich the gloam,
When I come home, when I come home.

O the sweet merry mouths upturn'd to be kist,
When I come home, when I come home!
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest
When I come home, when I come home!
My weary worn heart into sweetness is stirr'd,
And it dances and sings like a singing bird
On the branch nighest heaven—a-top of my life;
As I clasp thee, my winsome, wooing wife!
And thy pale cheek, with rich tender passion doth bloom

When I come home, when I come home,
Home, home, when I come home,
Far in the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
When I come home, when I come home!
And leave heaven bare on thy bosom, sweet wife,
When I come home, when I come home.

With her smiling energies - faith, warm and bright—
With love glorified and serenely alight—
With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
She steals to my heart with her blessing of balm;
And oh, but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home!
Far in the night when I come home.

—*Gerald Massey.*

Music In The Home.

MUSIC is an accomplishment unusually valuable as a home enjoyment, rallying round the piano the various members of a family, and harmonizing their hearts, as well as their voices, particularly in devotional strains. We know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purify the heart, while their parents sit delighted by. We have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example. Parents should not fail to consider the great value of home music. Buy a good instrument and teach your family to sing and play, then they can produce sufficient amusement at home themselves so the sons will not think of looking elsewhere for it, and thus often be led into dens of vice and immorality. The reason that so many become dissipated and run to every place of amusement, no matter what its character, making every effort possible to get away from home at night, is the lack of entertainment at home.

How To Make Home Happy.

WE are defeated in our attempts to make home cheerful and happy because we play too much and we work too hard. We task and weary ourselves so much in the endeavor to collect the materials for enjoyment that they can give us little pleasure when they are collected. It does not take much to make children contented and happy in their own home, provided parents take the lead in simple habits, gentle manners and cheerful dispositions. It takes but very little to make grown people love their homes, provided they look for its chief ornament and greatest charm in themselves, and not in things that can be bought or borrowed. The rare and costly ornaments of our houses give us most pain and least pleasure. It flatters our pride to be able to say that we have something that very few or nobody else can have. But our peace and comfort and joy must come from the most simple and common blessings of life.

And the first lesson to learn in the happy art of making home happy, is to be content with simple and common things. The farther you go from the everyday paths of life in

search of happiness, the less likely you are to find it. A thankful heart makes the best dinner, a pleasant voice is the best music, a kind look is a more beautiful picture than was ever painted by any masters, old or new. These are things that all can command. They can be had for the humblest home without money and without price.

If you make the happiness of the family depend upon things rare and costly and far-fetched, you will only multiply wants without improving your capacity to supply them. If your necessities increase faster than your resources, no matter how much money you may have, you will always be poor. It is impossible to satisfy the heart with getting and giving. If it ever finds rest, it must be satisfied from itself. To be happy with much or little, we must learn to be content with such things as we have. The enjoyment of life does not depend upon the amount of possessions or the measure of wordly success, but upon the disposition to receive everything with thankfulness, and give everything with love.

The house, the furniture, the mode of living, the dress, the entertainment, the equipage which cost most give the least satisfaction, simply because they have no necessary connection with the enjoyment of life. They involve a thousand cares and anxieties, and they withdraw attention from the simple and common things which can make any home happy. The ornaments which make the lowliest dwelling beautiful and the poorest family rich, are kind looks, pleasant voices, gentle manners, cheerful hearts, simple affections.

The best clock has the fewest wheels and makes the least noise. And the more simple the order of our domestic life, the better and happier it will be. Let there be no idle hands and no wasted hours, and then there will be time for everything and nobody will be fluttered with haste or exhausted with weariness. The peace and happiness of the family must not depend upon having too many things done or too many hands to do it. Neatness and order are excellent virtues in the family, but they may be carried to such an excess as to be a daily torment to everybody in the house.

Some excellent people spend the best of their days in keeping a few articles of furniture arranged with painful propriety, and in sweeping and scourging a few particles of dust from every resting place in the house. When children grow up in such a family, and go out into the world, they are apt to fly to the other extreme, and become very indifferent about the dust and disorder which have been denounced and fought against with anxious and angry zeal in their own homes.

If you wait to get more money, or a bigger house, or better established in the world, before you begin to make home happy, you will be like travelers in the desert, looking for showers where it never rains, or like the sailor on his foundering vessel loading himself with gold and leaping into the sea to die rich. If you do not learn to be content with simple and common things, then the rare and costly will only increase your trouble. The great house and the great income and the great expense will bring great care and great weariness and great sorrow.

Seek your happiness now, from the grateful improvement of present blessings and a cheerful submission to present trials, and then whatever change the future may bring it will find you the possessor of a happy home. Make your dress, your house, your furniture, your style of living, such as will not subject you to struggle and anxiety to keep up appearances, and then do not mind what the world says. If others do not think the better of you for taking such a course, it is the worse for them, and no harm to you.

And let all work and diversion, speech and silence, be chastened and purified with the feeling and the thought of the heavenly Father's presence. Be not slow to believe that he loves to see his children happy. Lie down to repose at night with the prayer that he will give you sleep as he gives to his beloved. Rise up in the morning with thankfulness for the new gift of time fresh from our Father's hand. Eat not the bread of cares and sorrows, but receive gratefully what your Father gives, and rejoice as if fed on angels' food. So shall everything that imperils the peace and happiness of the family be met by the safeguard of rrust, duty and love. So shall the lowliest ea th ly home be made the entrance-chamber to God's great house in heaven.

Home Voices.

I AM so homesick in this summer weather!
Where is my home upon this weary earth
The maple trees are bursting into freshness
Around the pleasant place that gave me birth.

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
Far up among the pine trees' greener shade;
The willow boughs the hand of love has planted,
Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid.

Why go without me—oh, ye loved and loving?
What has earth left of happiness or peace?
Let me come to you, where the heart grows calmer;
Let me lie down where life's wild strugglings cease

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary,
Life has no second spring for such a year;
Oh! for the day that bids me come to meet you!
And, life in gladness, in that summer hear!

Home Affection.

AFFECTION does not beget weakness, nor is it effeminate for a brother to be tenderly attached to his sisters. That boy will make the noblest, the bravest man. On the battle-field, in many terrible battles during our late horrible war, I always noticed that those boys who had been reared under the tenderest home culture always made the best soldiers. They were always brave, always endured the severe hardships of camp, the march, or on the bloody field most silently, and were most dutiful at every call. More, much more, they resisted the frightful temptations that so often surrounded them, and seldom returned to their loved ones stained with the sins incident to war. Another point, they were always kind and polite to those they met in the enemy's country. Under their protection, woman was always safe. How often I have heard one regiment compared with another, when the cause of the difference was not comprehended by those who drew the comparison! I knew the cause, it was the home education.

We see the same every day in the busy life of the city. Call together one hundred young men in our city, and spend an evening with them, and we will tell you their home education. Watch them as they approach young ladies, and converse with them, and we will show you those who have been trained under the influence of home affection and politeness, and those who have not.

That young man who was accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister, night and morning as they met, shows its influence on him, and he will never forget it, and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, she shall reap the golden fruit thereof. The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way as best she can. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that young man who always handed his sister to her chair at the table, will never have cause to blush to see some gentleman extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters, remember that you have the making of the future of this great country, and rise at once to your high and holy duty. Remember that you must make that future, whether you will or not. We are all what you make us. Ah! throw away your weakening follies of fashion, and soul famine, and rise to the level where God intended you should be, and make every one of your homes, from this day, schools of true politeness and tender affection. Take those little curly-headed boys, and teach them all you would have men to be, and my word for it, they will be just such men, and will go forth to bless the world, and crown you with a glory such as queens and empresses never dreamed of. Wield your power now, and you shall reap the fruit in your ripe age.

—*H. C. Dane.*

The Old Log Cabin.

IT is only shallow minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunts and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

—*Daniel Webster.*

The Old Folks at Home.

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away—
Dare's wha my heart is turning ebber—
Dare's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder!
Dare let me live and die!

One little hut among de bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see the bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

—*Stephen Collins Foster.*

The Love of Home.

AND let me linger in this place for an instant to remark, if ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the truer material and bear the stamp of Heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself; as trophies of his birth and power: his associations with them are associations of pride, and wealth and triumph. The poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of siver, gold or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty fare, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

Oh, if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found,—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by-ways where only poverty may walk,—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime, and horrible disease to mock them by contrast. In hollow voices from workhouse, hospital and jail, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar—no mere question of the people's health and comfort that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has

its rise; and who are the truer patriots, or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all they produce—or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?

—*Charles Dickens.*

Definition of Home.

HOME is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

I Knew by the Smoke that so Gracefully Curled.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

—*Thomas Moore.*

Ode to Motherhood.

FAIR motherhood, by every childish tongue
Thy eulogy is sung.
In every passing age
The theme of seer and sage:
The painters saw thee in a life long dream;
The painters who have left a world more fair
Than ever days of nymph and goddess were—
Blest company, who now for centuries
Have fixed the virgin mother for our eyes—
The painters saw thee sitting brown or fair,
'Mid the Tuscan vines or colder Northern air,
They saw the love shine from thy peasant gaze;
They saw thy reverend look, thy young amaze,
And left thee Queen of Heaven, wearing a crown
Of glory; and abased at thy sweet breast,
Spurning his robes of kingship down,
The God-child laid at rest.

They found thee, and they fixed thee for our eyes;
But every day that goes
Before the gazer new Madonnas rise.
What matter if the cheek show not the rose,
Nor eyes divine are there nor queenly grace,
The mother's glory lights the homely face.
In every land beneath the circling sun
Thy praise is never done.
Whatever men may doubt, they put their trust in thee;
Rude souls and coarse, to whom virginity

WOMEN FAMOUS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THOMAS GRAY'S
MONUMENT
STOKE POGIS.
STOKE POGIS. CHURCH and CHURCHYARD MADE FAMOUS BY
THOMAS GRAY'S "ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."

Few poems were ever so popular as Gray's "Elegy." It was printed in 1750 and has ever since been one of those few favorite pieces that every one has by heart. Gray died in his fifty-fifth year and was buried in the country churchyard referred to in his poem, published twenty-one years previous.

Seems a dead thing and cold.
So always was it, from the days of old,
So shall it be while yet our race doth last;
Though truth be sought no more, and faith be past,
Still, till all hope of heaven be dead,
Thy praises shall be said.

Aye, thou art ours, or wert, ere yet
The loss we ne'er forget,
The loss which comes to all who reach life's middle way.
We see thee by the childish bed
Sit patient all night long,
To cool the parching lips or throbbing head;
We hear thee still with simple song
Or sweet hymn lull the wakeful eyes to sleep;
Through every turning of life's chequered page,
Joying with those who joy, weeping with those who weep.
Oh, sainted love! oh, precious sacrifice!
Oh, heaven-lighted eyes!
Best dream of early youth, best memory of age!
What strong instinctive thrill
The mother's being doth fill,
And raises it from miry common ways,
Up to such heights of love.
We cannot tell what blessed forces move,
And so transform the careless girlish heart
To bear so high a part.
We cannot tell; we can but praise.

The Mother.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling link'd to ours
When Life was all too bright for tears—
And Hope sang, wreathed with flowers!
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices heard no more!—
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er!

Oh, Mother!—in that early word
What loves and joys combine;
What hopes—too oft, alas!—deferr'd;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose!
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relax'd thy care:—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay, the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd
Regrets—that rarely last!—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er,
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold,
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old,
The days forever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
The Mother's lot as tried—
Then, oh! may Nations guard that name
With filial power and pride!

—*Charles Swain.*

WHEN we are sick, where can we turn for succor,
When we are wretched, where can we complain?
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

—*Joanna Baillie.*

Our Mother.

OUR mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her locks are turning gray,
And wrinkles take the place of smiles—
She's fading every day.
We gaze at her in sorrow now,
For though we've ne'er been told,
We can but feel the weary truth—
Our mother's growing old.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her eyes grow dim with tears,
Yet still within her heart there shines
Some light of other years;
For oft she'll speak in merry tones,
Smile as in youth she smiled,
As o'er her heart some memory steals
Of when she was a child.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
The light step has grown slow,
The graceful form has learned to stoop,
The bright cheek lost its glow,
Her weary hands have grown so thin,
Her dear hand trembles now;
'Passing away" in sad, deep lines,
Is traced upon her brow.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her smiles are just as kind,
Her tones to us are soft as erst,—
Where should we dearer find?
But as we note the trembling tongue,
And mark the stooping form,
A sad voice whispers to our hearts,—
"Ye cannot keep her long."

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
We see it every day,
And feel more drearily the truth,
She soon must pass away.
Ah! even now the "boatman pale"
We fear is hovering nigh;
Waiting with white sails all unfurled,
He will not heed our cry.

But gently bear the wearied form
Into the phantom bark,
She will not fear—CHRIST went before,
The way will not be dark;
And safe beyond the troubled stream,
Her tired heart's strife o'er,
Our angel mother, glorified,
Will grow old nevermore.

—Rural New Yorker.

To My Mother.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

—Henry Kirke White.

Tired Mother.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,—
This restless curling head from off your breast,—
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

—*May Riley Smith*

Courtesies to Parents.

PARENTS lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which other lips may quaff, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than some sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and made her look so much younger, than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket and gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more can any reasonable woman ask?

Ah, but it is the mother heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities, and make the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good so far as it goes, but it has not the sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention,—your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk, brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and oh! how proud she is of her son!

Even the father, occupied and absorbed as he may be, is not wholly indifferent to these filial expressions of devoted love. He may pretend to care very little for them, but having faith in their sincerity, it would give him serious pain were they entirely withheld. Fathers need their sons quite as much as the sons need the fathers, but in how many deplorable instances, do they fail to find in them a staff for their declining years!

My son, are you a sweetener of life? You may disappoint the ambition of your parents; may be unable to distinguish yourself as they fondly hoped; may find your intellectual strength inadequate to your own desires, but let none of these things move you from a determination to be a son of whose moral character they need never be ashamed. Begin early to cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness and consideration of others, especially for those whom you are commanded to honor. Can you begrudge a few extra steps, for the mother who never stopped to number those you demanded during your helpless infancy? Have you the heart to slight her requests, or treat her remarks with indifference, when you cannot begin to measure the patient devotion with which she bore with your peculiarities? Anticipate her wants, invite her confidence, be prompt to offer assistance, express your affection as heartily as you did when a child, that the mother may never grieve in secret for the son she has lost.

—*S. S. Times.*

A Winter's Evening Hymn to My Fire.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar,
And when our earth hath wandered far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening star!
'Twas with thy rays the English muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues;
'Twas by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things;
By thee she found the homely faith
In whose mild eye thy comfort stay'th,
When Death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings.
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets: at thy touch how stirs
Life in the withered words! how swift recede
Time's shadows! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,
As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast throbbing hammers of the poet's thought!
Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
They bent and strained
And broke, beneath the somber weight
Of any airiest mortal word;
As who would say, "'Tis those, I ween,
Whom lifelong armor-chafe makes lean
That win the laurel;"
While the gay snowstorm, held aloof,
To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window pane!
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest revery,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third:
For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine:
Thou fillest the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dream-land reach.
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain.

Sun of all inmost confidence!
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretenses,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

By the Fireside.

WHAT is it fades and flickers in the fire,
Mutters and sighs, and yields reluctant breath,
As if in the red embers some desire,
Some word prophetic burned, defying death?

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,
Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom:
A human household warmth, their death-fires shine;
Yet fragrant with high memories they come,

Bringing the mountain winds that in their boughs
Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge
Of storm-swept lakes; and echoes that arouse
The eagles from a splintered eyrie ledge;

And breath of violets sweet about their roots;
And earthy odors of the moss and fern;
And hum of rivulets; smell of ripening fruits;
And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark!
What rare Octobers drop with every coal!
Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,
Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's soul.

Pictures far lovelier smolder in the fire,
Visions of friends who walked among these trees,
Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire
A winged life and boundless sympathies.

Eyes with a glow like that in the brown beech,
When sunset through its autumn beauty shines;
Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech,
To heaven appealing as earth's light declines;

Voices and steps forever fled away
From the familiar glens, the haunted hills—
Most pitiful and strange it is to stay
Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us—under Eden trees,
Or in full sunshine on the hills of God—
Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze,
And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod?

Dear for your sake the fireside where we sit
Watching these sad, bright pictures come and go;
That waning years are with your memory lit,
Is the one lonely comfort that we know.

Is it all memory? Lo, these forest boughs
Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom;
Waft a vague, far-off sweetness through the house,
And give close walls the hillside's breathing-room.

A second life, more spiritual than the first,
They find—a life won only out of death.
O sainted souls, within you still is nursed
For us a flame not fed by mortal breath!

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,
Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air;
No flood can quench your heart's warmth, or abate;
Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Fireside.

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear place—our home.

Our portion is not large indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power:
For if our stock be very small,
Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread.
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

—*Nathaniel Cotton.*

My Own Fireside.

LET others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away.
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That does not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine.
My own—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities;
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys.
To thee my burdened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys.
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What then, are this world's tinsel toys,
To thee—my own fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To my heart soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

Fireside Dreams.

BY the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well known footstep in the passage.

Fireside Musings.

SITTING where the fitful firelight
Shines and glimmers on the wall.
Listening to the ceaseless patter
Of the raindrops as they fall,
Musing like an idle dreamer
While the moments come and go,
Weaving fancies sad and tender
Into *now* and long ago.

Fire! oh tell me, am I sitting
Lowly at the master's feet,
With a filial heart accepting
Joy and sorrow, bitter, sweet?

Sitting where, perchance, a mission
Is to shed one little ray
For a beacon to some pilgrim
Groping for the heavenly way?

Falling raindrops! tell me, tell me,
Do I heed the still small voice?
Listening to the call of duty?
In the Saviour's love rejoice?
Listening to another's sorrow,
With a hope to soothe the pain?
Do I scatter love and sunshine
As the clouds the falling rain?

Castles in the Fire.

SITTING by the fire-light,
In the twilight gray,
Building airy castles,
Bessie, Jack, and May,
Curly brown and golden locks,
Nestled close together,
Heeding not the wailing winds
Of November weather.

Seeing in the wood-fire
Many a vision rare;
Tracing in their fancies,
The future gay and fair.
Well it is each dreamer
Sees not down the years
All his cares and sorrows,
All his toils and tears.

"Look! I see a war horse,
Prancing, inky black,
Don't you see me charging
Fiercely on his back?
Now, again, I'm bowing
To the loud 'Hurrah!'
I've come back victorious—
A hero from the war."

"See the haughty lady,
Turning cold away
From the throng of suitors,
Who all vainly pray.
Oh, she will not listen,
Noble though they be,
She's waiting for her sailor,
Sailing o'er the sea."

Now it is sweet May's turn,
Peering in the blaze,
What can see dear blue eyes
Of the future days?
"I can see a little urn,
'Neath a willow tree,
In a churchyard all alone,
That I think's for me."

Boyish peals of laughter,
Ring out clear and free,
"Yes, I see the little urn,
It's to make the tea.
I'll come back from battle,
Bessie from the sea,
Dearest May shall sit at home,
And brew us cups of tea."—*E. V.*

FRIENDSHIP.

The Fireside.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves the bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven

—*Nathaniel Cotton.*

Friendship in the Future Life.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there!
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given,
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet thongh thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same!

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

—*William Cullen Bryan*

A Temple of Friendship.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."
So the temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who set down before her.
An image, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,
She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

—*Thomas Moore.*

Friendship.

NO one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

It has been observed, that a real friend is somewhat like a ghost or apparition; much talked of, hut hardly ever seen. Though this may not be exactly true, it must, however, be confessed that a friend does not appear every day, and that he who in reality has found one, ought to value the boon and be thankful.

Where persons are united by the bonds of genuine friendship, there is nothing, perhaps more conducive to felicity. It supports and strengthens the mind, alleviates the pain of life, and renders the present state, at least somewhat comfortable. "Sorrows," says Lord Verulam, "by being communicated, grow less, and joys greater." "And indeed," observes another, "sorrow like a stream, loses itself in many channels; while joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with a greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend."

The friendship which is founded upon good tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnifi-

cence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis will ere long be transplanted to adorn the paradise of God.

There is true enjoyment in that friendship which has its source in the innocence and uprightness of a true heart. Such pleasures do greatly sweeten life, easing it from many a bitter burden. A sympathizing heart finds an echo in sympathizing bosoms that brings back cheering music to the spirit of the loveliest. Be all honor then, true friendship, and may it gather yet more fragrant blossoms from the dew-bathed meadows of social intercourse, to spread their aroma along the toil worn road of life. What a blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly upon any subject; with whom one's deepest thoughts come simply and safely. O, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh the thoughts nor measure the words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and then, with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.

The Girdle of Friendship.

SHE gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;
Behold! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break, and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

Example of Friendship.

THERE is a remarkable example of friendship told of such as never heard of Him who is the friend of sinners. It is so remarkable indeed that it procured divine honors to Orestes and Pylades from the Scythians—a race so bloody, rude and savage, that they are said to have fed on human flesh, and made drinking-cups of their enemies' skulls. Engaged in an arduous enterprise, Orestes and Pylades, two sworn friends, landed on the shores of the Chersonesus to find themselves in the dominions and power of a king whose practice was to seize on all strangers, and sacrifice them at the shrine of Diana. The travelers were arrested. They were carried before the tyrant; and, doomed to death, were delivered over to Iphigenia, who, as priestess of Diana's temple, had to immolate the victims. Her knife is to be buried in

their bosoms but she learns before the blow is struck that they are Greeks—natives of her own native country. Anxious to open up a communication with the land of her birth, she offers to spare one of the two, on condition that the survivor will become her messenger, and carry a letter to her friends in Greece. But which shall live, and which shall die? That is the question. The friendship which has endured for years, in travels, and courts, and battle-fields, is now put to a strain it never bore before. And nobly it bears it! Neither will accept the office of messenger, leaving his fellow to the stroke of death. Each implores the priestess to select him for the sacrifice, and let the other go. While they contend for the pleasure and honor of dying, Iphigenia discovers in one of them her own brother! She embraces him; and, sparing both, flees with them from that cruel shore. Both are saved; and the story, borne on the wings of fame, flies abroad, fills the world with wonder, and, carried to distant regions, excited such admiration among the barbarous Scythians, that they paid divine honors to Orestes and Pylades, and deifying these heroes, erected temples to their worship.

—Dr. Thomas Guthrie

Friendship.

INVIDIOUS grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay:
Oft have I proved the labors of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The elegantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep: whilst every hour
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress—Oh! then, the longest summer day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

—Robert Blair

The Pledge of Friendship.

THE pledge of friendship: it is still divine,
Though watery floods have quenched its burning wine:
Whatever vase the sacred drops may hold—
The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten gold—
Around its brim the hand of Nature throws
A garland sweeter than the banquet's rose.
Bright are the blushes of the vine-wreathed bowl,
Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's soul;
But dearer memories gild the tasteless wave
That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.
'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its glow,
Whate'er the fountain whence the draught may flow.

The Maid with the Milking Pail.

I.

WHAT change has made the pastures sweet,
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

And here's the field with light aglow;
How fresh its boundary lime trees show!
And how its wet leaves trembling shine!
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea,
Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh,
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One hand upon her slender waist,
The other lifted to her pail—
She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water daisies white,
Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod;
I leaned upon the gate to see.
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
I saw my picture in her eyes—
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes!
Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows
Among white-headed majesties!

I said, "A tale was made of old
That I would fain to thee unfold.
Ah! let me—let me tell the tale."
But high she held her comely head.
"I cannot heed it now, she said,
"For carrying of the milking pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado?
I held the gate, and she came through,
And took her homeward path anon.
From the clear pool her face had fled·
It rested on my heart instead,
Reflected when the maid was gon

With happy youth, and work content
So sweet and stately, on she went,
Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
The maiden with the milking pail.

II.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail—
Good; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke—
Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard
Aright by other men A bird
Knows doubtless what his own notes teli;
And I know not—but I can say
I felt as shamefaced all that day
As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went—I could not choose but go—
To that same dairy on the hill;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill

The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southernwood.
I spoke—her answer seemed to fail.
I smelt the pinks—I could not see;
The dusk came down and sheltered me,
And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell?
I begged a kiss—I pleaded well:
The rosebud lips did long decline;
But yet I think—I think 'tis true—
That, leaned at last into the dew,
One little instant they were mine!

O life! how dear thou hast become!
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb!
But evening counsels best prevail.
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she treads,
The maiden with the milking pail!

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Friendship.

THE first law of friendship is sincerity; and he who violates this law, will soon find himself destitute of what he so erringly seeks to gain; for the deceitful heart of such an one will soon betray itself, and feel the contempt due to insincerity. The world is so full of selfishness, that true friendship is seldom found; yet it is often sought for paltry gain by the base and designing. Behold that toiling miser, with his ill-got and worthless treasure; his soul is never moved by the hallowed influence of the sacred boon of friendship, which renews again on earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings hope's halcyon halo over the wastes of life. The envious man—he, too, seeks to gain the applause of others for an unholy usage, by which he may unsurp a seat of pre-eminence for himself. Self-love, the spring of motion, acts upon his soul. All are fond of praise, and many are dishonest in the use of means to obtain it; hence it is often difficult to distinguish between true and false friendship.

To a Friend.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging seas outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again;
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth:
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Communion of Souls.

MYSTICAL, more than magical, is that communing of soul with soul, both looking heavenward. Here properly soul first speaks with soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call union, mutual love, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalis: "It is certain my belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind thereof!" Gaze thou in the face of thy brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of anger, feel how thy own quiet soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent flame of embracing love, or of deadly grappling hate; and then say what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man. But if so, through all the thick-plied nulls of our earthly life, how much more when it is of the divine life we speak, and inmost *me* is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost *me!*—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Importance of Friendship.

WHEN a man, blind from his birth, was asked what he thought the sun to be like, he replied, "Like friendship." He could not conceive of anything more fitting as a similitude of anything for what he had been taught to regard as the most material objects, and whose quickening and exhilarating influences he had rejoiced to feel. And truly friendship is a sun, if not *the* sun, of life. All feel it ought to be so. It would be commonplace to dwell on its delights and advantages. The theme of poets and moralists in all ages and countries, what can be said upon it has been said so often as to make repetition stale, so well as to make improvement impossible. How friendship is a pearl of greatest price; how it is often more deep and steadfast than natural affection, "a friend," sometimes "sticketh closer than a brother:" how it is as useful as lovely, "strength and beauty;" how it lessens grief and increases pleasure; all this is as familiar as the lessons of childhood, and true as the elementary principle of our nature.—*Morris.*

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae rin about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

—*Robert Burns.*

A Welcome to "Boz."

COME as artist, come as guest,
Welcome to the expectant West,
Hero of the charmed pen,
Loved of children, loved of men.
We have felt thy spell for years;
Oft with laughter, oft with tears,
Thou hast touched the tenderest part
Of our inmost, hidden heart.
We have fixed our eager gaze
On thy pages nights and days,

Wishing, as we turned them o'er,
Like poor Oliver, for "more,"
And the creatures of thy brain
In our memory remain,
Till through them we seem to be
Old acquaintances of thee.
Much we hold it thee to greet,
Gladly sit we at thy feet;
On thy features we would look,
As upon a living book,
And thy voice would grateful hear,
Glad to feel that Boz were near,
That his veritable soul
Held us by direct control:
Therefore, author loved the best,
Welcome, welcome to the West.

In immortal Weller's name,
By the rare Micawber's fame,
By the flogging wreaked on Squeers,
By Job Trotter's fluent tears,
By the beadle Bumble's fate
At the hands of shrewish mate,
By the famous Pickwick Club,
By the dream of Gabriel Grubb,
In the name of Snodgrass' muse,
Tupman's amorous interviews,
Winkle's ludicrous mishaps,
And the fat boy's countless naps;
By Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer,
By Miss Sally Brass, the lawyer,
In the name of Newman Noggs,
River Thames, and London fogs,
Richard Swiveller's excess,
Feasting with the Marchioness,
By Jack Bunsby's oracles
By the chime of Christmas bells,
By the cricket on the hearth,
By the sound of childish mirth,
By spread tables of good cheer,
Wayside inns and pots of beer,
Hostess plump and jolly host,
Coaches for the turnpike post,
Chambermaid in love with Boots,
Toodles, Traddles, Tapley, Toots,
Betsey Trotwood, Mister Dick,
Susan Nipper, Mistress Chick,
Snevellicci, Lilyvick,
Mantalini's predilections
To transfer his warm affections
By poor Barnaby and Grip,
Flora, Nora, Nic and Gip,
Perrybingle, Pinch and Pip—
Welcome, long expected guest,
Welcome to the grateful West.

In the name of gentle Nell,
Child of Light, beloved well—
Weeping, did we not behold
Roses on her bosom cold?
Better we for every tear
Shed beside her snowy bier—
By the mournful group that played
Round the grave where Smike was laid,
By the life of Tiny Tim,
And the lesson taught by him,
Asking in his plaintive tone
God to "bless us every one,"
By the sounding waves that bore
Little Paul to heaven's shore,
By thy yearning for the human
Good in every man and woman,
By each noble deed and word
That thy story-books record,
And each noble sentiment
Dickens to the world hath lent,
By the effort thou hast made
Truth and true reform to aid
By thy hope of man's relief
Finally from want and grief,
By thy never-failing trust
That the God of love is just—
We would meet and welcome thee,
Preacher of humanity,
Welcome fills the throbbing breast
Of the sympathetic West.

—*W. H. Venable.*

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in,
Say I'm weary and I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

We Have Been Friends Together.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,—
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,—
Oh, what shall part us now?

—*Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton.*

When on My Bed.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years,

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn,
A lucid veil from coast to coast;
And in the dark church, like a ghost,
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

My Playmate.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring,
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Folly mill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

—*John G. Whittier.*

The Meeting of the Waters.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Bill and Joe.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare:
To-day, O friend, remember still
That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H. O. N. and LL. D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see,—

Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've won the judge's ermined robe,
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic Jacet Joe. *Hic Jacet* Bill.

—Oliver W. Holmes

To Althea from Prison.

WHEN love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd,
With shriller throat shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

—Richard Lovelace.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

First Love.

'TIS sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we c
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
Sweet is revenge, especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

* * * * * * *

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the school-boy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this; than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love,—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been plucked,—all's known,—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus, filched for us from heaven.

—*Lord Byron* (*Don Juan.*)

The Love-Knot.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face.
Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom,
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
Madder, merrier, chillier still,
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully, do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he has gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What terrible danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

—*Nora Perry.*

Love.

IF in youth, the universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere heaven revealing itself on earth, nowhere to the young man does this heaven on earth so immediately reveal itself as in the young maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed.

In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that garden, is a tree of knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier if cherubim and a flaming sword divide it from all footsteps of men, and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable barrier; and the sacred air-cities of hope have not shrunk into the mean clay hamlets of reality, and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The Immortality of Love.

THEY sin who tell us love can die!
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth.
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

A Benediction.

GOD's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair nature's book together read,
The old wood paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure and true—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Ode To Love.

I AM afraid
To sing thee, oh Immortal Love, who knows
By what majestic voices long ago
Thy eulogy was said.
I do not dare
To bring a voice which thou didst never train,
To the high soaring difficult air
Of thy celestial strain.
Yet how of Life to sing, and yet not tell of Love?
And since thou art the source of song,
And all our hearts dost move,
I will essay thy praise, nor fear to do thee wrong.
For see, the lovers go
With lingering steps and slow,
By dim arcades where sunbeams scarcely reach;
On sea-struck northern beach,
Or breathless tropic strand,
By evening breezes fanned;
Or through the thick life-laden air
Of some great city; or through the hush
Of summer twilights 'midst the corn;
When all the dying heavens glow and blush
Or the young moonlight curves its crescent horn.
Oh, wondrous bond that binds
In one sweet concord separate minds,
And from their union gives
To the rapt gazer's eye
A finer essence and more high,
A young and winged God, who lives
In purer air, and seeks a loftier sky!
If growing cares and lower aims should banish
All thought of heavenly hopes and higher things
While we can mount upon thy soaring wings
They shall not wholly vanish.
Thou art the immortal part of man, the soul,
Which, scorning earth's control,
Lifts us from selfish thought and groveling gains.
Thou always, whilst thy power remains,
Canst pierce the dull dead weight of cloud,
By which our thought is bowed,
And raise our clear and cleansed eyes
To the eternal skies.

No sting of sense it is
That gives thee wing and lifts thee to the heaven.
Too high art thou for this;
Ethereal, pure, free from earth's grosser leaven
If aught of sense be thine, it is the air,
Whose weight can lift thee up to soar,
Which can thy heavenward pinions bear

From brute earth more and more
Up to the fount of Power and Love
Whence all things move.
And see, the lovers go
With lingering steps and slow,
Over all the world together, all in all,
Over all the world! The empires fall;
The onward march of Man seems spent;
The nations rot in dull content;
The blight of war, a bitter flood,
From continent to continent,
Rolls on with waves of blood;
The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of thought
burns low;
There seems scant thought of God; but yet
One power there is men ne'er forget.
And still through every land beneath the skies,
Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,
With lingering steps and slow,
The lovers go.

A pillar of light
Goes evermore before their dazzled eyes.
Purple and golden bright,
Youth's vast horizons spread and the unbounded
skies.
Oh, blessed dream which for awhile dost hide
The sorrows of the world and leave life glorified!
Oh, blessed light that rises still,
Young eyes and eager souls to fill!

Linked arms and hearts aglow;
Wherever man is more than brute,
To this self-sacrifice our nature grow.
Rapt each in each they go, and mute,
Listening to the sweet song
Which Love, with unheard accents, all day long
Sings to them, like a hidden bird,
Sweeter than e'er was seen or heard,
Which from life's thick-leaved tree
Sings sadly, merrily,
A strange, mixed song, a mystic strain,
Which rises now to joy and jollity,
Now seemeth to complain;
But with a sweeter music far than this
Of earth-born melodies.

He sees within her eyes
That which his nature needs to be complete—
The grace, the pureness, the diviner sweet,
Which to rude souls and strong our Life denies;
The vision of his nightly dream
More pure than e'er did seem
The nymphs of old, by wood, or hill, or stream.

Platonic.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be
a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony
paid;
Besides, we had our higher loves, fair *science* ruled my
heart, [in *art*.
And she said *her* young affections were all wound up

So we laughed at those wise men, who say that friend-
ship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something
more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were
man and man—
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears
and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish
arts despise:
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there was
to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of
way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and
feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young am-
bition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright
lays to come;
We are strictly confidential, and we call each other
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges and the like, that picture-makers
prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sum-
mer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy—
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of nebulæ,
And thought no more of being *one* than we did of being *three*.

* * * * * * *

"Well, good-bye, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go,
My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know;
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard for honest friends to part.

"Good-bye, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob, just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before—
Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm sure the *kiss* meant more.

—*William B. Terrett.*

Apostrophe To Love.

HAIL, holy love, thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven! sweet chord that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise!
Hail, love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness;
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odors, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
And brings the holy mixture home, and fills
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.

—*Robert Pollock.*

Love Not.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! O warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by!
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

—*Caroline E. Norton*

Bonnie Wee Thing.

BONNIE wee thing! cannie wee thing!
Lovely wee thing! wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wistfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na' mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

—*Robert Burns.*

Love and Time.

TWO pilgrims from the distant plain
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.
One is a boy, with locks of gold
Thick curling round his face so fair;
The other pilgrim stern and old,
Has snowy beard and silver hair.

The youth with many a merry trick
Goes singing on his careless way;
His old companion walks as quick,
But speaks no word by night or day.
Where'er the old man treads, the grass
Fast fadeth with a certain doom;
But where the beauteous boy doth pass
Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.

And thus before the sage, the boy
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,
And proudly bears a pretty toy—
A crystal glass with diamond sands.
A smile o'er any brow would pass
To see him frolic in the sun—
To see him shake the crystal glass,
And make the sands more quickly run.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,
A silver thread so white and thin;
And now they reach the open door,
And now they lightly enter in:
"God save all here"—that kind wish flies
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet;
"God save you kindly," Norah cries,
"Sit down, my child, and rest and eat."

"Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good,
We'll rest awhile our weary feet;
But though the old man needeth food,
There's nothing here that he can eat.
His taste is strange, he eats alone,
Beneath some ruined cloister cope,
Or on some tottering turret's stone,
While I can only live on—hope!

"A week ago, ere you were wed—
It was the very night before—
Upon so many sweets I fed
While passing by your mother's door—
It was that dear, delicious hour
When Owen here the nosegay brought,
And found you in the woodbine bower—
Since then, indeed, I've needed naught."

A blush steals over Norah's face,
A smile comes over Owen's brow,
A tranquil joy illumes the place,
As if the moon were shining now;
The boy beholds the pleasing pain,
The sweet confusion he has done,
And shakes the crystal glass again;
And makes the sands more quickly run.

"Dear Norah, we are pilgrims, bound
Upon an endless path sublime;
We pace the green earth round and round.
And mortals call us LOVE and TIME:
He seeks the many, I the few;
I dwell with peasants, he with kings.
We seldom meet; but when we do,
I take his glass, and he my wings.

"And thus together on we go,
Where'er I chance or wish to lead:

And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,
  Now sweeps along with lightning speed.
Now on our bright predestined way
  We must to other regions pass;
But take this gift, and night and day
  Look well upon its truthful glass.

"How quick or slow the bright sands fall
  Is hid from lovers' eyes alone,
If you can see them move at all,
  Be sure your heart has colder grown.
'Tis coldness makes the glass grow dry,
  The icy hand, the freezing brow;
But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,
  And then they'll pass, you know not how."

She took the glass where love's warm hands
  A bright impervious vapor cast,
She looks, but cannot see the sands,
  Although she feels they're falling fast.
But cold hours came, and then, alas!
  She saw them falling frozen through,
Till love's warm light suffused the glass,
  And hid the loosening sands from view!

— *Denis Florence MacCarthy.*

Three Kisses.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white,....
Slow to world-greetings....quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

The Puritan Lovers.

DRAWN out, like lingering bees, to share
The last sweet summer weather,
Beneath the reddening maples walked
  Two Puritans together—

A youth and maiden heeding not
  The woods which round them brightened,
Just conscious of each other's thoughts,
  Half happy, and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,
  And coarse their garb and simple;
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy
  To own its worldly dimple.

For stern the time; they dwelt with Care,
  And Fear was oft a comer;
A sober April ushered in
  The Pilgrim's toilful summer.

And stern their creed; they tarried here
  Mere desert-land sojourners:
They must not dream of mirth or rest,
  God's humble lesson-learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round
  Their week-day robes were clinging;
Their mirth was but the golden bells
  On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,
  That serious youth and maiden,
Their plainest words strange beauty wore,
  Like weeds with dewdrops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,
  The gravest, something tender,
While with slow steps they wandered on,
  'Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, "Next week the church will hold
  A day of prayer and fasting;"
And then he stopped, and bent to pick
  A white life-everlasting—

A silvery bloom, with fadeless leaves;
  He gave it to her, sighing;
A mute confession was his glance,
  Her blush, a mute replying.

"Mehetabel!" (at last he spoke)
"My fairest one and dearest!
One thought is ever to my heart
The sweetest and the nearest.

"You read my soul; you know my wish;
O, grant me its fulfilling!"
She answered low, "If Heaven smiles,
And if my father's willing!"

No idle passion swayed her heart,
This quaint New England beauty!
Faith was the guerdon of her life—
Obedience was a duty.

Too truthful for reserve, she stood,
Her brown eyes earthward casting,
And held with trembling hand the while
Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth—
Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;
He left her at her father's door,
Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,
And Heaven seemed bright above her;
And when she shyly spoke his name,
Her father praised her lover.

And when, that night, she sought her couch,
With headboard high and olden,
Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,
And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,
In bloom and breath undying,
A few life-everlasting flowers,
Her lover's gift, were lying.

A Stolen Kiss.

NOW gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were if I should steal
From those melting rubies one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of aught that she can miss:
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so
Why, then, should I this robbery delay?
Oh, she may wake, and therewith angry grow.
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

—*George Wither*

A Woman's Love.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory.
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved—and blind with passionate love I fell;
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!

She wept. "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire."

—*John Hay*

Maid of Athens.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wing;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge
By those wild eyes like the roe;
By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist,
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,

Maid of Athens! I am gone,
Think of me, sweet, when alone
Though I fly to Istamboul,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!

—*Lord Byron.*

The Moth's Kiss, First.

[From "In a Gondola."]

THE moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had purst
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dared not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

—*Robert Browning*

A Maiden's Ideal of a Husband.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.—*Henry C*

Tell Me, My Heart, if This Be Love.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice than hers can hear;
No other wit but hers approve—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

—*George Lord Lyttelton.*

Genevieve.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best when'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace:
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lowly knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain;
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

—His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like a murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved,—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve;
My bright and beauteous bride.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

The Lover's Coming.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the burden, I saw not the gate;
Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

TELL him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his;—that on his wandering way
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot—walk by his side, an outcast—
Work for him, beg with him—live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost.

—*Edward Bulwer Lytton*

The Day is Fixed.

AT last the happy day is named,
For hearts to be united,
And on that day will be fulfilled
The vows that have been plighted;
The letter comes with eager haste,
To give the information,
And underneath the broken seal
Is found an invitation.

Three maidens fair the message scan—
Its lines with meaning freighted—
And, more than outward looks suggest,
Their breasts are agitated;
Each hoped to win that promised hand,
And change her single station,
And each who sought receives at last,
Receives—the invitation!

—*Henry Davenport.*

Hiawatha's Wooing.

AT the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened
With the gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle feathers
As he entered at the doorway.
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered,
Yet, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind
And of happiness and plenty,
In the land of the Ojibways
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs:"
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women?"
And the ancient arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water;
And made answer very gravely;
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient arrow-maker
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,

Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the Old Man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
And the ancient arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to love us
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

Love's Young Dream.

O THE days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Annabel Lee.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me!

I was a child, and she was a child.
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea
A wind blew out of a cloud chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven
Went envying her and me.

Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so all night-time, I lie by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

A Ma Future.

WHERE waitest thou,
Lady I am to love. Thou comest not;
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot,
I looked for thee ere now.

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother;
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams;
Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I—
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee,
We cannot live apart—must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
For time doth keep for us some happy years,
And God has portioned us our smiles and tears;
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet;
And therefore let our searching be the stronger:
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping room—
And so, dear wife, good-night!

—*Edwin Arnold.*

Come, Rest in this Bosom.

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

—*Thomas Moore.*

Genevieve.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve;
In beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow;
Within your soul a voice there lives,
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save;
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

Charles Dickens, the Champion of the Common People

Extract from "Little Nell." "She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, s fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life. 'Whe I die, put me near something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.' Those were her words.'

—Dickens

PHILOSOPHER—ESSAYIST—POET

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Kindred Souls.

[Those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together, far more rarely than those who are akin by blood.]

THE bard has sung: God never formed a soul,
Without its own peculiar mate to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to own the whole;
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness, these hurt, impede;
And leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
'Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream:

So may a soul o'er Life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed
Suffer, recoil, then thirsty and despairing [draught.
Of that it would, descend, and sip the nearest

—Maria del Occident.

Ah! What is Love.

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest face to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
His flocks are folded: he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too;
For kings bethink them what the state require.
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
And then, and then,
Look upon the love-sick swain?
By thy comfort has been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

—Nicholas Breton.

A Woman's Question.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still; if thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone,—
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,—
Not thou,—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember, I *would* risk it all!

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

A Woman's Answer.

I WILL not let you say a woman's part
Must be to give exclusive love alone;
Dearest, although I love you so, my heart
Answers a thousand claims beside your own.

I love—what do I not love? Earth and air
Find space within my heart, and myriad things
You would not deign to heed are cherished there,
And vibrate on its very inmost strings.

I love the Summer, with her ebb and flow
Of light and warmth, and music, that have nursed
Her tender buds to blossoms.....and you know
It was in summer that I saw you first.

I love the Winter dearly too,.....but then
I owe it so much; on a winter's day,
Bleak, cold, and stormy, you return'd again,
When you had been those weary months away.

I love the Stars like friends; so many nights
I gazed at them, when you were far from me,
Till I grew blind with tears,.....those far-off lights
Could watch you, whom I long'd in vain to see.

I love the flowers; happy hours lie
Shut up within their petals close and fast;
You have forgotten, dear; but they and I
Kept every fragment of the golden past.

I love, too, to be loved; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my life,—to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls; I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirr'd
In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you; all who owe
Comfort to you; and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could know
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow,—I who spare
Love for all these! Do I not even hold
My favorite books in special tender care,
And prize them as a miser does his gold—

The poets that you used to read to me
While summer twilights faded in the sky;
But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,
Because—because—do you remember why?

Will you be jealous? Did you guess before
I loved so many things?—Still you the best;
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
Oh, more a thousand times, than all the rest!

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

Love is a Sickness.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho?

—*Samuel Daniel.*

Rivalry in Love.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favor me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigors are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

—*William Walsh.*

To Mary in Heaven.

[Composed by Burns on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods' thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

—*Robert Burns.*

FIRST LOVE will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die:

And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

—*John Clare.*

Will You Love Me When I'm Old.

WILL affection still enfold me
When the day of life declines,
When old age with ruthless rigor
Plows my face in furrowed lines;
When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
And the very words prove rebel
To the mind's once kingly will;

When the deaf ear, strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word,
And the unfathomed depths of feeling
Are by no swift current stirred;
When fond memory, like a limner,
Many a line perspective casts,
Spreading out our bygone pleasures
On the canvas of the Past;

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of youth has fled;
When the friends who now surround us
Half are numbered with the dead;

When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace;
When old Time with bold approaches
Marks his dial on my face;

When our present hopes, all gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track;
When the whole of our existence
Is one fearful looking back;
When each wasted hour of talent,
Hardly measured now at all,
Sends its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall;

When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the form is bowed with care;
When our only hope is Heaven,
And our only help is prayer;
When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men;
Until Death uplifts the curtain—
Will thy love endure till then?

—*Anonymous.*

Had I a Heart for Falsehood Framed.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true!
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

The Fire of Love.

[From the "Examen Miscellaneum."]

THE fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
But for a moment burns;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise;
It crackles, and to vapor turns,
And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins,
It slowly burns, then long remains,
And with a silent heat,
Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.

—*Earl of Dorset.*

No Jeweled Beauty Is My Love.

NO jeweled beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, oh! very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me;
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody,
My soul up-springs, a deity!
To hear her voice divine;
And dear, oh! very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sighed for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh! none so dear to me
As this sweet love of mine.

—*Gerald Massey.*

Kiss Me Softly.

Da mihi pasia.—CATULLUS.

KISS me softly, and speak to me low,
Malice has ever a vigilant ear,
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low,—
Envy too has a watchful ear;
What if envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me low:
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When lovers may love with never a fear,—
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly, and speak to me low.

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

I Arise from Dreams of Thee.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fall
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale;
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
O press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

I Saw Two Clouds at Morning.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

—*John G. C. Brainard.*

For Love's Sweet Sake.

AWAKE!—the starry midnight hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight;
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight
Awake! awake!
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—soft dews will soon arise
From daisy mead and thorny brake!
Then sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break!
Awake! awake!
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee
Ah, come! and show the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me!
Awake! awake!
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—ne'er heed though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice;
Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! awake!
She comes at last, for Love's sweet sake.

—*Barry Cornwall.*

The Loveliness of Love.

IT is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair;

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed,—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers;—

These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean stream,
Whose brink, when your adventurer slips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
Breath can poison that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows, there's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit soared above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

—*Anonymous.*

How to Love.

SHALL I love you like the wind, love
That is so fierce and strong,
That sweeps all barriers from its path
And recks not right or wrong?
The passion of the wind, love,
Can never last for long.

Shall I love you like the fire, lov
With furious heat and noise,
To waken in you all love's fears
And little of love's joys?
The passion of the fire, love,
Whate'er it fir ds destroys.

will love you like the stars, love,
Set in the heavenly blue,
That only shine the brighter
After weeping tears of dew;
Above the wind and fire, love,
They love, the ages through.

And when this life is o'er, love,
With all its joys and jars,
We'll leave behind the wind and fire
To wage their boisterous wars,—
Then we shall only be, love,
The nearer to the stars!

—*R. W. Raymond.*

The Brookside.

I WANDERED by the brookside
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
I watched the long, long shade
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I know its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer,—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

—*Richard Monckton Milnes, (Lord Houghton.*

The Shepherd to His Love.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields
Woods or steep mountains, yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

—*Christopher Marlowe.*

There is a Garden in Her Face.

[From "an Houre's Recreation in Musicke."]

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

—*Richard Allison.*

The Nymph's Reply.

IF that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold·
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Love's Philosophy.

THE fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Fly to the Desert, Fly with Me.

[Song of Nourmahal in "Light of the Harem."]

"Fly to the desert, fly with me
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doub
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

"Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

"Then come,—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

"O, there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

"As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before as then!

"So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if loved for years!

"Then fly with me, if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

"Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain underground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshiped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place,

"Then, fare thee well!—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine
Than trust to love so false as thine!"

There was a pathos in this lay,
That even without enchantment's art
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of music's spirit, 'twas too much!

Starting, he dashed away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fixed by magic there,—
And naming her so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,
"O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off,—the charm is wrought,—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light!
And well do vanished frowns enhance
The charm of every brightened glance

And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

—*Thomas Moore.*

She is Not Fair to Outward View.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
O, then I saw her eye was bright,—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her lips are coy and cold;
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are!

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

Three Loves.

THERE were three maidens who loved a king;
They sat together beside the sea;
One cried, "I love him, and I would die,
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die
To gladden his life or make him great."

The third one spoke not, but gazed afar
With dreamy eyes that were sad as Fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,
The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

—*Lucy H. Hooper.*

The Flower's Name.

HERE'S the garden she walked across,
Arm in arm, such a short while since:
Hark! now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box;
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk white phlox.
Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!

She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder see where the rock-plants lie!

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,—
Stooped over, in doubt, at settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
I may bring her one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell,—

Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now, for she lingers
There, like sunshine over the ground;
And ever I see her soft white fingers
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard! look that you grow not,—
Stay as you are, and be loved forever!
Bud, if I kiss you, 'tis that you blow not,—
Mind! the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn, and down they nestle:
Is not the dear mark still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
Whither I follow her, beauties flee.
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come bud! show me the least of her traces,
Treasure my lady's lightest footfall:
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces,—
Roses, you are not so fair after all!

—*Robert Browning*

She Was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Lady Clare.

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Roland brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betroth'd were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair:
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Says, "Who was this that went out from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse
"But keep the secret all you can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother, dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropp'd her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stepp'd Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dress'd like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth!"

"If I come dress'd like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

'Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
'For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

—Alfred Tennyson.

Kissing Her Hair.

KISSING her hair, I sat against her feet:
Wove and unwove it,—wound, and found it sweet;
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
With her own tresses bound and found her fair,—
Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,—
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me there,
Kissing her hair.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Come into the Garden, Maud.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose
"Forever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow, and on to the wood
Our wood that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk bloom on the tree;
The white lake blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate.

She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate !
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
She is coming, my own, my sweet !

Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

She Walks in Beauty.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—*Lord Byron.*

Ask Me No More.

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the sea,
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, O too fond, when have I answered thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die,
Ask me no more, lest I should have thee live,
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main,
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

—*Alfred Tennyson. (The Princess.)*

Alas! How Light a Cause May Move.

[From "The Light of the Harem."]

ALAS! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!—
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied,
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility !

A something light as air,—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken,—
O, love that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this has shaken!
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That, smiling, left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever
Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part forever.
O you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the fields of bliss above
He sits, with flowerets fettered round;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!

—*Thomas Moore.*

Love.

O SAD are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose lives unite;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

—*Anonymous.*

The Flower of Dumblane.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green:
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,—
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening!
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood Glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

TILL Hymen brought his love—delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower;
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

HAIL, woman! Hail, thou faithful wife and mother,
The latest, choicest part of Heaven's great plan!
None fills thy peerless place at home; no other
Helpmeet is found for laboring, suffering man.

The Young May Moon.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

—*Thomas Moore.*

Somebody.

SOMEBODY'S courting somebody
Somewhere or other to-night;
Somebody's whispering to somebody,
Somebody's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Words never used before
Sound sweet to somebody,

Under the maple tree
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see,
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late,
All know she's at the gate,
Talking with somebody,

Tiptoe to parlor door,
Two shadows on the floor,
Moonlight, reveal no more,
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide,
"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody
To night.

—*Anonymous.*

A Receipt for Courtship.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths, how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play:

Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three letters writ in all rhymes,
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

Duncan Gray Cam' Here to Woo.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
On blythe Yule night when we were fou—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched and Duncan prayed—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick as he grew heal—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings—
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een they speak sic things!
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Duncan could na be her death:
Swelling pity smoored his wrath.
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

—*Robert Burns.*

How the Gentlemen Do Before Marriage.

OH! then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing,
If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
"My loving"—"my doving,"
"Petseying,"—"wetseying,"
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples,—gloves *Gros de Naples*,
Sweet pretty "skuggies"—ugly pet puggies;
Now with an earring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignes*,
Now fingers squeezing, or playfully teasing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces,
Never once heeding what they are reading;
But soiling one's hose by pressing one's toes;
Or else so zealous, and nice and jealous of all the fellows,
Darting fierce glances if ever one dances with a son of France's;
Or finding great faults, or threatening assaults whenever you "valtz;"
Or fuming and fussing enough for a dozen, if you romp with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out a shopping, and bank notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin money;
Like picnics at Twickenham, off lovely cold chicken ham, and champagne to quicken 'em;
Detesting one's walking without John too goes stalking to prevent the men talking;
Think you still in your teens, wont let you eat "greens," and hate crinolines;
Or heaping caresses, if you curl your black tresses, or wear low-neck'd dresses;

Or when up the river, almost sure to *diskiver* that beats all to shiver, the sweet Guadalquiver;
Or seeing death-fetches if the toothache one catches, making picturesque sketches of the houses of wretches;
Or with loud double knocks brings from Eber's a box to see "Box and Cox," or pilfer one's locks to mark their new stocks;
Or whilst you are singing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swinging, or in Serpentine springing, unless to them clinging, you'll go wedding-ringing, and for life mend their linen.
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *before* marriage.

How the Gentlemen Do After Marriage.

OH! then nothing pleases 'em but everything teases 'em,
Then they're grumbling and snarling—you're a "fool," not a "darling;"
Though they're rich as the *Ingies*, they're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is *so* funny, they've *never* got money,
Only ask 'em for any, and they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds, on themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give five guineas for lunch off real turtle and punch;
Each week a noise brings about, when they pitch all the things about;
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing the crockery;
Scolding and swearing, their bald heads tearing;
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the door slam to, to be called simple ma'am too;
(I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve Madam;)
As a matter of course they'll have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends
And allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;
Though you strive with all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maids—the old song—can do nothing wrong.
"Every shirt wants a button!" Every day they've cold mutton;
They're always a flurrying one, or else they're hurrying one, or else they're worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted mother or kick your big brother;
After all your fine doings, your strugglings and stewings—why "the house is in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken to drinking;
They're perpetually rows keeping 'cause out of the housekeeping they're in bonnets their spouse keeping;
So when they've been meated, if with pies they are not treated, they vow they are cheated!
Then against Ascot Races and all such sweet places they set their old faces;
And they'll never leave town, nor to Broadstairs go down, though with b le you are quite brown;
For their wife they unwilling are, after billing and cooing her, to stand a cap from the milliner—e'en a paltry twelve shillinger;
And it gives them the vapors to witness the capers of these bowers and scrapers, the young linen drapers;
Then to add to your woes, they say nobody knows how the money all goes, but they pay through the nose for the dear children's clothes;
Though you strive and endeavor, they're so mightily clever, that please them you'll never, till you leave them forever—yes! the hundredth time sever—"*for ever*—AND EVER!"
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *after* marriage.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss:
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!—*Lord Byron.*

Rory O'More; or, Good Omens.

YOUNG Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry.
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye; [about;
"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure.
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves I'll be bound"—
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och! says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.

"Och! jewel, keep drhaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me enough;
Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips— don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, lave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,—
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

—*Samuel Lover.*

A Wedding.

THE happy morn has smiling come;
Before God's altar man and wife,
Hand clasped in hand, all silent stand,
One flesh, one life:
Ah me! ah me!
Is it for joy or misery?

The parting words with friends are said,
The slippers and the rice are cast,
And to new life man and wife
Have gaily passed:
Ah me! ah me!
Is it joy or misery?

Is it to live as God has willed,
In bonds of love and sympathy?
Is it to share or joy or care
Co-equally?
Is life to be
One grand soul-stirring harmony?

Or is it rather day by day
To waken to their cruel fate,
With icy heart to drift apart,
And learn too late
That life must be
A dull dead waste of misery?

Nay, God forbid! but let them go
To such sweet life of perfect love,
That hand in hand at length they'll stand
In heaven above,
And so may be
One life through all eternity.

The Epithalamion.

WAKE now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! now the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that thou should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous mate,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.
My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But first come, ye fair hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night·
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen
The which do still adorn her beautie's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.
Now is my love all ready forth to come
Let all the virgins therefore well await.
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day,—
The joyful'st day that ever sun did see
Fair Sun! show forth thy favorable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath ruddied,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded.
* * * * * *
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,

Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which red
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood
Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty!
There Virtue reigns as queen on royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
No thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh into you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence
She cometh in before the Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make:
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes:
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

Wedded Life.

MEN and women and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well assorted; but nature allows no sudden change. We ascend very gradually from the cradle to the snmmit of life. Marriage is gradual—a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think that love belongs only to the brown hair, and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When those opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it; each thinks the other just like itself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their journey, these two young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get out of the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is perhaps as rare as perfect personal beauty. Such large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow it. But a happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on such a spectacle.

The Day Returns, My Bosom Burns.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line,—
Than kingly robes and crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give,—
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live;
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart.

—*Robert Burns.*

A Wife's Appeal to Her Husband.

YOU took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart;
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?

No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne; [tone.
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim:
I cry, "Oh! Parent of the poor look down from heaven on him!
Behold him toil from day to day exhausting strength and soul;
Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole!"

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eye-lids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child!
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;
But I would ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow;
Of knowledge, that you prize so much, may I not something know?

Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion for your soul as I may surely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when you're away, [stay.
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours, [flowers;
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind, [your mind.
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind

The True Wife.

OFTENTIMES I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arm and left the ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full freighted, idle-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

There's Nae Luck About the House.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades! lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's nae luck about the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins' pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?
Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair,—
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet !

The cauld blast o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blown by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain
The neist we never saw.

The Husband to His Wife.

THERE are three words that sweetly blend,
That on the heart are graven ;
A precious soothing balm they lend—
They're mother, home and heaven !

They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
Which, placed on memory's urn,
Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
To golden sunlight turn !

They form a chain whose every link
Is free from base alloy ;
A stream where whosoever drinks
Will find refreshing joy !

They build an altar where each day
Love's offering is renewed ;
And peace illumes with genial ray
Life's darkened solitude !

If from our side the first has fled,
And home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain !

—*Anonymous.*

The Wife to Her Husband.

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee :
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel, and hasten thy return !

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying, [dear,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell !

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill !
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer?
Ah ! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest! [swelling,
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and
Flies to its haven of securest rest !

A Caution.

EV'N in the happiest choice, where favoring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gained, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The graces *alone* his heart *allure;*
They, and the virtues *meeting* must *secure.*

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
Endearing still the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled face shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone.

—*Lord George Lyttleton.*

Tell Your Wife.

IF you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of women has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or mother or sister, and be assured, light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle. In counseling a man to tell his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs a secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence?

To My Wife.

[On the Ninth Anniversary of our Marriage.]

NINE years ago you came to me,
And nestled on my breast,
A soft and winged mystery,
That settled here to rest;
And my heart rocked its Babe of bliss,
And soothed its Child of air,
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,
To keep it nestling there.

At first I thought the fairy form
Too spirit-soft and good
To fill my poor, low nest with warm
And wifely womanhood.
But such a cosy peep of home
Did your dear eyes unfold;
And their deep and dewy gloom,
What tales of love were told!

We cannot boast to have bickered not,
Since you and I were wed;
We have not lived the smoothest lot,
Nor found the downiest bed!
Time hath not passed o'erhead in stars,
And under foot in flowers,

In dreamy curves your beauty drooped,
As tendrils lean to twine,
And very graciously they stooped
To bear their fruit, my Vine!
To bear such blessed fruit of love
As tenderly increased
Among the ripe vine-bunches of
Your balmy-breathing breast.

It is our way, more fate than fault,
Love's cloudy fire to clear;
To find some virtue in the salt
That sparkles in a tear!
Pray God it all come right at last,
Pray God it so befall.
That when our day of life is past,
The end may crown it all.

—*Gerald Massey.*

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't:
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

—*Robert Burns.*

The Worn Wedding Ring.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, nave passed o'er me and you;
And love, what changes we have seen,—what cares and pleasures too,—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife!
Your heart will say the same, I know, that day s as dear to you,—
That day made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young, sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you. O, how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no! no fairer were you then than at this hou to me;
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true;
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share?
O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine, when this old ring was new?

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here;
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear;
Young loving hearts your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine, when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God! all he has given are with us yet; around
Our table every precious life lent to us still is found.
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be his name for all his love since this old ring was new!

—*William Cox Bennett.*

Possession.

"IT was our wedding-day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my right denied,
And forth we walked; the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day
I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow:
It was the voice that woke me from a dream,—
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former tears to gold
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again: [part,—
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more de-
Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom: in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year—
Not the sweet moon of bridal only—we
One luster, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew his chosen time.
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night:
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light:
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Possession.

A POET loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far.
Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly?
O Beauty wooed and unpossest!
O, might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"
That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human;

And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward, and became a Woman.
"Thou who hast wooed and hast possest,
My lover, answer: Which was best,
The Star's beam or the Woman's breast?"
"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

—*Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton).*

Wedded.

SOME quick and bitter words we said,
And then we parted How the sun
Swam through a sullen sea of grey!
A chill fell on the summer day.
Life's best and happiest hours were done,
Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways
And spake no words and made no moan,
She braided up her flowing hair,
That I had always called so fair,
Although she scorned my loving tone,
My words of praise.

And I? I matched her scorn with scorn,
I hated her with all my heart,
Until—we chanced to meet one day;
She turned her pretty head away;
I saw two pearly teardrops start,
Lo! love was born.

Some fond, repenting word I said,
She answered only with a sigh;
But when I took her hand in mine
A radiant glory half divine
Flooded the earth, and filled the sky
Now we are wed.

On an Old Wedding Ring.

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,
Of massive form and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I like it—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time
To other men, and other days,
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells
The tale of well requited love;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
Till, softened and subdued at last,
He won his "fair and blooming bride."

How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—
How, then, the white-robed maiden train
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—
And how, before the holy man,
They stood in all their youthful pride,
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,
Which bind the husband to his bride:

All this it tells; the plighted troth—
The gift of every earthly thing—
The hand in hand—the heart in heart
For this I like that ancient ring.

I like its old and quaint device;
"Two blended hearts"—though time may wear them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,
Their hope in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two the world's rough pathway trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,
Still hand in hand, they travel'd on—
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy, too,
"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine,
"This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"
Thine, and thine only, and forever:
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail;
Thine till the cords of life shall sever;
Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token:
What varied feelings round it cling!
For these, I like that ancient ring.

—*George Washington Doane.*

SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

In a Year.

NEVER any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive,—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun,
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak,—I love thee best!"
He exclaimed.
"Let thy love my own foretell,—"
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth,—
Since my lover gave me love
I gave these.

That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised,
Was it strange?

Would he love me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed,
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile, "She never seemed
Mine before."

"What—she felt the while
Must I think?
Love's no different with us men,"
He should smile.

"Dying for my sake—
White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles then
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it,—and what comes next?
Is it God?

—*Robert Browning.*

Amy's Cruelty.

FAIR Amy of the terraced house,
Assist me to discover
Why you who would not hurt a mouse,
Can torture so your lover.

You give your coffee to the cat,
You stroke the dog for coming,
And all your face grows kinder at
The little brown bee's humming.

But when *he* haunts your door,—the town
Marks coming and marks going,—
You seem to have stitched your eyelids down
To that long piece of sewing!

You never give a look, not you,
Nor drop him a "Good-morning,"
To keep his long day warm and blue,
So fretted by your scorning.

She shook her head: "The mouse and bee
For crumb or flower will linger;
The dog is happy at my knee,
The cat purrs at my finger.

"But *he*—to *him*, the least thing given
Means great things at a distance;
He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,
Soul, body, whole existence.

"They say love gives as well as takes;
But I'm a simple maiden,—
My mother's first smile when she wakes
I still have smiled and prayed in.

"I only know my mother's love
Which gives all and asks nothing
And this new loving sets the groove
Too much the way of loathing.

"Unless he gives me all in change,
I forfeit all things by him:
The risk is terrible and strange—
I tremble, doubt,—deny him.

"He's a sweetest friend, or hardest foe,
Best angel or worse devil;
I either hate or love him so,
I can't be merely civil!

"You trust a woman who puts forth
Her blossoms thick as summers?
You think she dreams what love is worth
Who casts it to new-comers?

"Such love's a cowslip-ball to fling,
A moment's pretty pastime;
I give—all me, if anything,
The first time and the last time.

"Dear neighbor of the trellised house,
A man should murmur never,
Though treated worse than dog or mouse
Till doted on forever!"

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Enoch Arden at the Window.

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.

There he sat down gazing on all below :
There did a thousand memories roll upon him
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden, square and walled:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew tree, and all around it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunned if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the hearth ;
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights, and of his children's love,—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all
Because things seen are mightier than things heard
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and
feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the grate and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Death of the Old Year.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die ;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true true-love.
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But, though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you.
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er;
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own!
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Time.

[From Night Thoughts.]

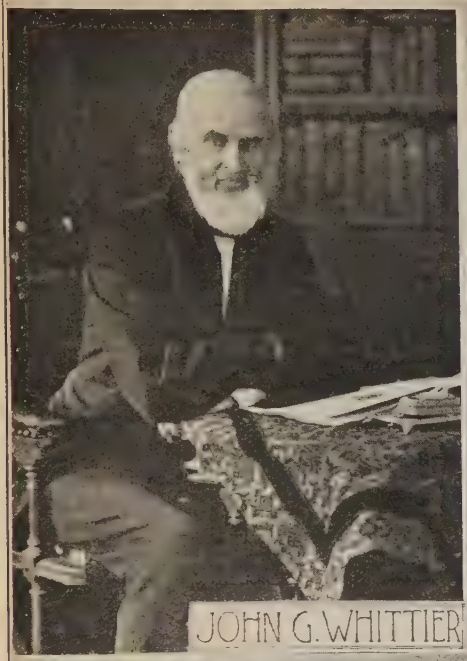
THE bell strikes one: we take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then, a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity; how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

. . . . . .

Time the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.
Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short:
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
(For Nature's voice, unstifled, would recall,)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death!
Death, most our dread; death thus more dreadful made:
O, what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; take off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse: like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groaned
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement:
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful Time if prisons set us free.
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turned.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

. . . . . .

Ye well arrayed! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies made! who neither toil nor spin
(As sister-lilies might), if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!



JOHN G. WHITTIER

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE
HAVERHILL, MASS.
DESCRIBED IN "SNOWBOUND."

WHITTIER'S HOUSE, AMESBURY, MASS.

THE POET OF NATURE

"What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our heart-fire's ruddy glow.

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school book lore
The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."

—Whittier, in "Snow Bound."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, Two of England's Greatest Poets

I would give thee all I own,
All thou hast would borrow;
I from thee would keep alone
Fear and doubt and sorrow.
All of tender that is mine,
Should most tenderly be thine.

—Robert Browning.

Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft
Favonius, breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds sends odors, sauce and song,
And robes, and notions, framed in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamused a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bauble drivelled o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies and relays of joy!
To drag you patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day,—say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail?

What is Time.

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,
Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares!
"Time is the warp of life," said he; "O' tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed;
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied;
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.
I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"
I asked a spirit lost—but O! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:—
"Time is the season fair of living well.
The path of glory or the path of hell."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past has fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."
I asked old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past:
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land:
"Mortal!" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er;
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more

—*William Marsden*

Woodman, Spare That Tree.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefathers' hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too, my sisters played,

My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!

Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall hurt it not.

—*George Perkins Morris.*

If Woman Could Be Fair.

[From Byrd's "Songs and Sonnets," 1588.]

IF woman could be fair and never fond,
Or that their beauty might continue still,
I would not marvel though they made men bond,
By service long to purchase their good-will;
But when I see how frail these creatures are
I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they change;
How, leaving best, the worst they choose out still,
And how like haggards, wild about they range,
Scorning the reason to follow after will;
Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, what way they list?

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them on to yield, by subtle oath,
The sweet content that gives such humor cease.
And then we say, when we their follies try,
To play with fools, O, what a fool was I!

—*Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford.*

The Present Condition of Man Vindicated.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
from brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hands just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be God's, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to revert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

—*Alexander Pope.*

Dreamers.

AH, there be souls none understand,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town.
Then we look wise at this, and frown,
And we cry "Fool!" and cry "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships, that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth;
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbor known,
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

—*Joaquin Miller* (*Up the Nile.*)

The Long Ago.

OH! a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them so—
They are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings.
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings.
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our beloved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the fitful mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile·
May a lovelier isle be in sight.

Bayard F. Taylor

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,
Therefore, on every morrow, we are wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the human dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read.

—*John Keats.*

John Anderson, My Jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go:
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

—*Robert Burns.*

The Pilgrim Fathers.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain—the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury below the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

—*Edward Everett.*

Jim.

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offense:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up thar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *you*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much;
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange:
Why it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
Eh?
The *deuce* you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star',—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
Derned much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
—Why there was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well; thar— Good-by,—
No more, sir,—I—
Eh?
What's that you say?—
Why dern it!—sho!
No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold!
Sold! Why you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

—*Bret Harte*

Joe.

WE don't take vagrants in, sir,
And I am alone to-day,
Leastwise, I could call the good man—
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea;
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe
You've got some notions to sell?
We hev a sight of peddlers,
But we allers treat them well,

For they, poor souls, are trying
Like the rest of us to live:
And its not like tramping the country
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offence in the world to you:
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?
That was—how many years ago?
I had a boy at Shiloh,
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?
But in course you were miles apart,
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
Small farmers in dear old Maine;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;
He and my old man and me
Had sort o' growed together,
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a looking for trouble
When the terrible war begun,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking,
My old man said, said he;
"The Lord loves a willing giver;"
And that's what I tried to be.

Well, the heart and the flesh are rebels,
And hev to be fought with grace
But I'd give my life—yes, willin'—
To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care! you are spillin' your tea, sir.
Poor soul! don't cry; I'm sure
You've had a good mother sometime—
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!
Hunted by dogs, did you say!
Hospital! crazy, seven years, sir?
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir,
"How do you know that he died?"
'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon,
Here's the letter, and—"mebbe he lied."

Well, I never! you shake like the ager,
My Joe! there's his name and the date;
"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—
Lies here in a critical state—

"Just died—will be buried to-morrow—
Can't wait for his parents to come."
Well, I thought God had left us that hour,
As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Didn't speak for a month to his neighbors,
Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me;
Never been the same man since that Monday
They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery?
What time in the year did you go?
I just disremember the fellows
That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye! come into the house, sir;
It's getting too warm out o' door.
If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer,
I'd taken you here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,
We Kansas folks don't go for show,—
Set here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off.
"Call father!" My God! *you* are Joe!

—*Alice Robbins.*

The Right Must Conquer.

IN this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say, "In Heaven's name, no!"

Thy "success"? Poor fellow! what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded, no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes abolished and annihilated things

It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly at obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of victory Towards an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending, what will have victory, what will have none. The heaviest will reach the center. The heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See your heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it moves centerward as fast as is convenient for it, sinking, sinking; and by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue In all the battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannical, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother—not a false and merely semblant

one, as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, you must not tread us down like slaves, and ye shall not and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies and cannot be conquered.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Those Evening Bells.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Bell of "The Atlantic."

TOLL, toll, toll, toll!
Thou bell by billows swung,
And, night and day, thy warning words
Repeat with mournful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boat,
Wrecked on yon rocky shore!
Sea-weed is in her palace halls—
She rides the surge no more.

Toll for the master bold,
The high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave!
Toll for the hardy crew—
Sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared;
But it vanquished them at last.

Toll for the man of God,
Whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan
Of that intense despair!

How precious were those tones,
On that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
And the mountain billows' strife!

Toll for the lover, lost
To the summoned bridal train,
Bright glows a picture on his breast,
Beneath the unfathomed main.
One from her casement gazeth
Long o'er the misty sea:
He cometh not, pale maiden—
His heart is cold to thee!

Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad, expecting group—
Fond wife, and children dear!
They heap the blazing hearth,
The festal board is spread,
But a fearful guest is at the gate;—
Room for the sheeted dead!

Toll for the loved and fair,
The whelmed beneath the tide—
The broken harps around whose strings
The dull sea-monsters glide!
Mother and nursling sweet,
Reft from the household throng;
There's bitter weeping in the nest
Where breathed their soul of song.

Toll for the hearts that bleed
'Neath misery's furrowing trace;
Toll for the hapless orphan left,
The last of all his race!

Yea, with thy heaviest knell,
From surge to rocky shore,
Toll for the living—not the dead,
Whose mortal woes are o'er

Toll, toll, toll!
O'er breeze and billow free;
And with thy startling lore instruct
Each rover of the sea.
Tell how o'er proudest joys
May swift destruction sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high—
Lone teacher of the deep!

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

The Bells of Shandon.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I oft think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk, oh,
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

—*Father Prout.*

The Bells.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows;
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*Edgar A. Poe.*

Ring The Bell Softly.

SOME one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in—
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,

When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light.
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,—
One less to cherish and one less to kiss:
One more departed to heaven's bright shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

—*Dexter Smith*

The Raven.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Ruffling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping—
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you;"—
Here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmered back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered,—not a feather then he fluttered,—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled by the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
It is only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope the
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird and bust and door.
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore,
Leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath spoken! [my door!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting [door;
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor; [the floor
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
Shall be lifted—*nevermore!*

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

The Fire-Bell Story.

DONG—*Dong*—the bells rang out
Over the housetops; and then a shout
Of "Fire!" came echoing up the street,
With the sound of eager, hurrying feet.
Dong—Dong—the sonorous peal
Came mingled with the clatter of engine wheel
And whistle shrill, and horse's hoof;
And lo! from the summit of yonder roof
A flame bursts forth with sudden glare.
Dong—Dong—on the midnight air
The sound goes ringing out over the town;
And hundreds already are hurrying down,
Through the narrow streets, with breathless speed,
Following whither the engines lead.
Dong—Dong—and from windows high
Startled ones peer at the ruddy sky,
And still the warning loud doth swell
From the brazen throat of the iron-tongued bell,
Sending a shudder, and sending a start
To many a home, and many a heart.
Up in yon tenement, where the glare
Shines dimly forth on the starlit air
Through dingy windows; where flames and smoke
Already begin to singe and choke,
See the affrighted ones look out
In helpless terror, in horrible doubt,
Begging for succor. Now behold
The ladders, by arms so stroug and bold,
Are reared; like squirrels the brave men climb
To the topmost story. Indeed 'twere time—
"They all are saved!" said a voice below,
And a shout of triumph went up. But no—
"Not all—ah, no!"—'twas a mother's shriek,
The cry of a woman, agonized, weak,
Yet nerved to strength by her deep woe's power,
"*Great God, my child!*"—even strong men cower
'Neath such a cry. "*Oh, save my child!*"
She screamed in accents sorrowful, wild.
Up the ladders, a dozen men
Rushed in generous rivalry then
Bravely facing a terrible fate.
Breathless the crowd below await.
See! There's one who has gained the sill
Of yonder window. Now, with a will,
He bursts the sash with his steady blow;
And it rattles down on the pave below.
Now he has disappeared from sight—
Faces below are ashen and white,
In that terrible moment. Then a cry
Of joy goes up to the flame-lit sky—
Goes up to welcome him back to life.
God help him now in his terrible strife!
Once more he mounts the giddy sill,
Cool and steady and fearless still:
Once more he grasps the ladder—see!
What is it he holds so tenderly?
Thousands of tearful, upturned eyes
Are watching him now; and with eager cries
And sobs and cheering, the air is rent
As he slowly retraces the long descent,
And the child is saved!
Ah! ye who mourn
For chivalry dead, in the days long gone,
And prate of the valor of olden time,
Remember this deed of love sublime,
And know that knightly deeds, and bold,
Are as plentiful now as in days of old.

—*George L. Catlin.*

Beautiful Snow.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirring about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow,—but I fell;
Fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven—to hell;
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone.
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

—*James W. Watson*

Maud Muller.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin-cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;

Then talked of the haying and wondered wheather
The clouds in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me?
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silk so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

"And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may,
Roll the stone from its grave away

—*John G. Whittier.*

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned,
Though much I want that I most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
Express to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye—
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why! my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook what is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
I weigh not Cœsus' wealth a straw
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much

The court nor cart I like nor loathe ;
  Extremes are counted worst of all ;
The golden mean betwixt them both
  Doth surest suit, and fears no fall ;
This is my choice ; for why ? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
  My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so well as I !

—*William Byrd.*

My Lost Self.

YOU wonder why my eyes are dim with tears!
  Then shall I tell you? Long and long ago,
So long ago, years piled on weary years,
  There was a little child I used to know.

And every day and night and every hour
  We took life's gift together, sun and shade,
And saw the rainbow shining through the shower,
  And heard the talk that building robins made.

We thought the world was ours to come and go
  About its highways, finding treasures rare ;
We thought all heaven was ours, and fashioned so
  Grand castle after castle high in air.

Ah, now I find the world a desert wild ;
  No room in all the sky for tower of mine,
But most of all I miss my comrade child,
  Her brave, true courage and her faith divine.

Dead? changed? I know not, sweet ; I only know
  That something from the mirror's shining space
In my own features, worn and faded so,
  I catch a glimmer of the bright lost face.

You will no longer wonder that I weep,
  My little girl with eyes so grave and clear;
Whatever treasures we may hold or keep,
  To lose one's happy self is saddest, dear.

—*Anonymous.*

O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud.

[The following poem was a particular favorite with Abraham Lincoln. It was first shown to him when a young man by a friend, and afterward he cut it from a newspaper and learned it by heart. He said to a friend "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain." He was told, in 1864.]

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold,
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ay! they died; and we things that are now
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings our transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twinkle of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*William Knox.*

The Common Lot.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a Man;—and WHO WAS HE?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:

His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,—
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

To a Skeleton.

[The MSS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his *incognito*, and, we believe, has never been discovered].

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot?
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained,

If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear a gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,

These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returnd,—
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

—Anonymous.

The Little Children.

O LITTLE feet; that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears;
Must ache and bleed beneath your load.
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road.

O, little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary thinking of your task.

O, little hearts; that throb and beat
With much impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls, as pure and white,
As crystalline, as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears;
How lurid looks this sun of mine.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Old Clock on the Stairs.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth
Through every swift viscissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood
And as if like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth, on her wedding night,
There, in that silent room below
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;

And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death! and time shall disappear
Forever there, but never here!
The horologue of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes.
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clane hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does all his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears:

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new:
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey,
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'ert ho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And, oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might: [aright!"
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; [rake,
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben:
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's art'ess heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave,
The woman, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that sents the ev'ning gale!"

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The scoupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he calls it gude;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin'lint was i' the bell.

The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was a friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire:
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereupon to lay his head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How He, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope, "springs exultant on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in the book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh, may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

—*Robert Burns.*

A Picture.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye.
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the kitchen door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree,
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild was pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, on that summer day!

—*Charles Gamage Eastman.*

Two Pictures.

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side,
A bright eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—*Annie D. Green.* (*Marian Douglas.*)

EVERY day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
These temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
Not like thin ghosts of disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Mammon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou art a priest,—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps the very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's page
Contained no record of its early ages.

All is Well.

AND all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

* * * * *

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will;
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

—*Alfred Tennyson* (*In Memoriam*).

THUS it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us;
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger.

PARTING AND ABSENCE.

Farewell.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcome it too—
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the bright vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest topsparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles,
Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy.
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Good-By, Proud World.

GOOD-BY, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou are not my friend; I am not thine;
Too long through weary clouds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good by to flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

If Thou Were by My Side.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray;
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when, by Gunga's stream,
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor mild Mulwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

The Farewell.

(The Farewell of a Virginia slave mother to her daughters sold into southern bondage.)

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamps dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice swamp dank and lone,
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their backs with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them,
There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From the tree whose shadow lay

On their childhood's place of play,—
From the cool spring where they drank,—
Rock, and hill and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.—
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
O! that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone —sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
By the holy love He beareth,—
By the bruised reed He spareth,—
O! may He to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love!
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

The Sailor's Farewell

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
And the ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd by thee:
For though thy sailor's bound afar;
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sailed,
O! doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Cupid fill'd his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole,

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves:
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The powers of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

Edward Thompson.

Farewell, Thou Art too Dear.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,

And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprison growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter;
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

—*Shakespeare.*

"Farewell, Farewell!"

"FAREWELL! farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part:
'Tis a whispered tone,—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart
It may serve as the lover's closing lay
To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good bye."

"Adieu! adieu!" may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech:
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship bursts and glows
In the warm, frank words, "Good bye."

The mother, sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, boy! Good bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam,
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand,
A long, a last Good Bye.

—*Anonymous.*

Adieu!

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If naught but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu forever now,
My dear,
Adieu forever now.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The Departure.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt its fold;
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O, love, for such another kiss!"
"Oh, wake forever, love," she hears,
"O, love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne.
And streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

"O, eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O, happy sleep that lightly fled!"
"O, happy kiss that woke thy sleep!"
"O, love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowering range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Divided.

I KNOW the dream is over—
I know you can not be
In all the time to come the same
That you have been to me;
The color still is in the cheek
The lustre in the eye,—
But ah! we two have parted hands—
Good-bye!

Not that I love you less,
For oh! my heart is sore,—
Not that the lips that breathe your name
Are less fond than of yore;
But the unresting feet of time
Have traveled on so fast!
And soul from soul has grown away
At last.

I think I just stood still—
For I had found my all—
But your rich life swept ever on
Beyond my weak recall;
And now, although the voice rings sweet,
And clear the dear eyes shine,
I know no part of all their wealth
Is mine.

What bridge can sad Love build
Across this gulf of Change,
Who needs must work with broken hopes
And fancies new and strange?
Alas, it is to late,—
The light fades down the sky,
The hands slip slowly each from each—
Good-bye!

—*Barton Gray.*

Parting Lovers.

[Sienna, 1860.]

I LOVE thee, love thee, Giulio!
Some call me cold, and some demure,
And if thou hast ever guessed that so
I love thee—well,—the proof was poor,
And no one could be sure.

Before thy song (with shifted rhymes
To suit my name) did I undo
The persian? If it moved sometimes,
Then thou hast seen a hand push through
A foolish flower or two.

My mother, listening to my sleep,
Heard nothing but a sigh at night,—
The short sigh rippling on the deep,
When hearts run out of breath and sight
Of men to God's clear light.

When others named thee,—thought thy brows
Were straight, thy smile was tender,—"Here
He comes between the vineyard rows!"—
I said not "Ay,"—nor waited, dear,
To feel thee step too near.

I left such things to bolder girls,
Olivia or Clotilda. Nay,
When that Clotilda through her curls
Held both thine eyes in hers one day,
I marveled, let me say.

I could not try the woman's trick;
  Between us straightway fell the blush
Which kept me separate, blind, and sick.
  A wind came with thee in a flush,
  As blown through Horeb's bush.

But now that Italy invokes
  Her young men to go forth and chase
The foe or perish,—nothing chokes
  My voice, or drives me from the place:
  I look thee in the face.

A Parting.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part ·
  Nay, I have done ; you get no more of me ·
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,-
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

—*Michael Drayton.*

The Light of Other Days.

OFT in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me:
    The smiles, the tears,
    Of boyhood's years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimmed and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet hall deserted—
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed
Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

Farewell.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
  For others' weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not be lost in air,
  But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak,—to weep,—to sigh:
  Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
  Are in that word,—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
  But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
  The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
  Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain,—
  I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

Farewell.

THE same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs sake;
The same year beckons, and younger with elder brother,
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all must take;
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snow be come,—
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsung them are dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved—fair names and famous—
To the soft, long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song forever, that now lack breath;
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we—farewell!

—*Algernon Charles Swineburne.*

Ae Fond Kiss Before We Part.

AE fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

—*Robert Burns.*

For Annie.

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last,—
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move,
As I lie at full length.—
But no matter, I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead,—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart,—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,
  This pitiless pain,
Have ceased, with the fever
  That maddened my brain,—
With the fever called "Living"
  That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures
  That torture the worst,
Has abated,—the terrible
  Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
  Of Passion accurst!
I have drunk of a water
  That quenches all thirst,—

Of a water that flows,
  With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
  Feet under ground,—
From a cavern not very far
  Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
  Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
  And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
  In a different bed,—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
  In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
  Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
  Regretting its roses,—
Its old agitations
  Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
  Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
  About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor,
  Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
  Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
  Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
  And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
  Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
  She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
  To sleep on her breast,—
Deeply to sleep
  From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
  She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
  To keep me from harm,—
To the queen of the angels
  To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
  Now in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
  That you fancy me dead;—
And I rest so contentedly
  Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
  That you fancy me dead,—
That you shudder to look at me,
  Thinking me dead:

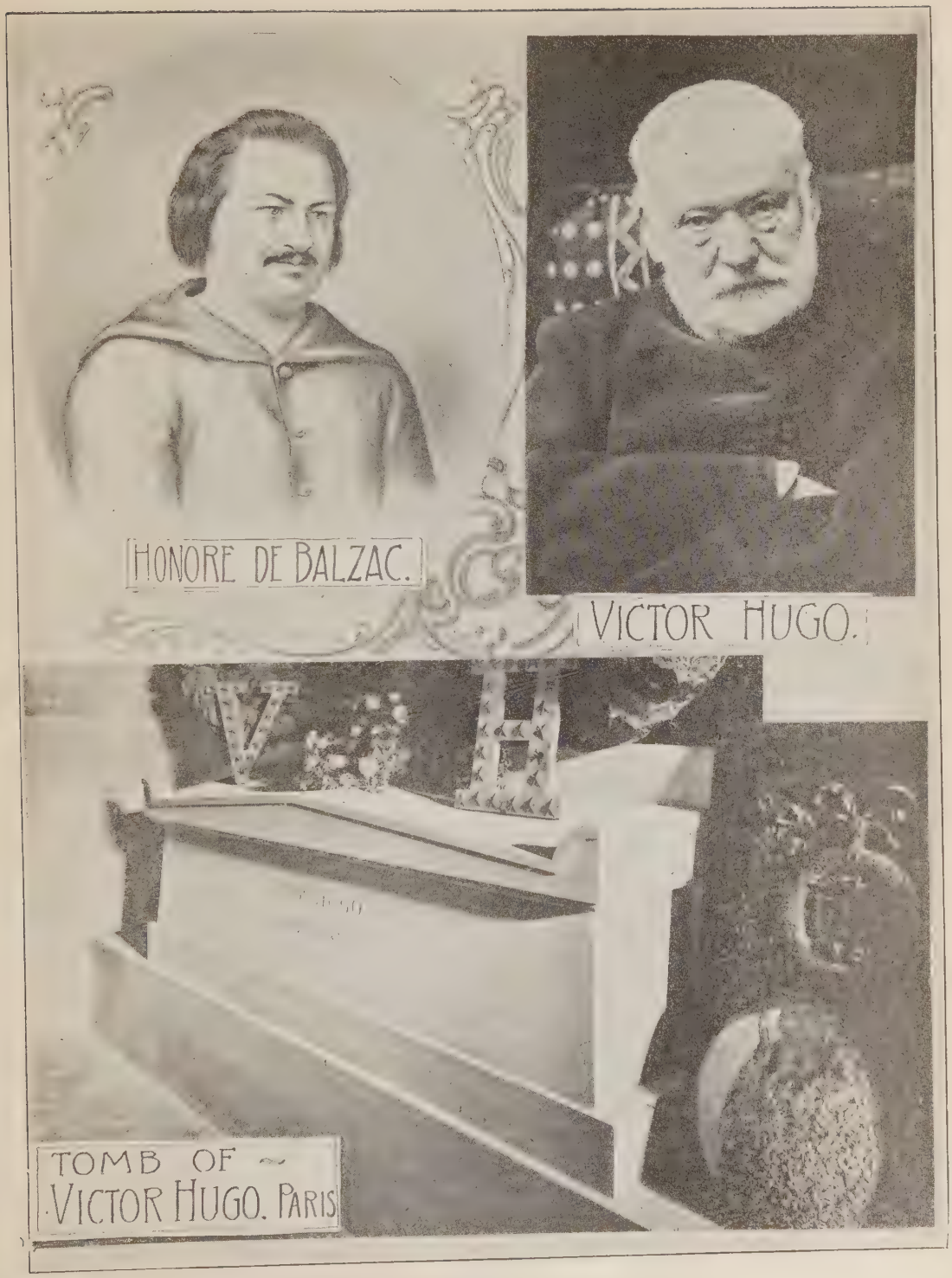
But my heart it is brighter
  Than all of the many
Stars in the sky;
  For it sparkles with Annie,—
It glows with the light
  Of the love of my Annie,
With the thought of the light
  Of the eyes of my Annie.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

A Farewell.

MY fairest child I have no song to give you;
  No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
  For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever
  Do noble things, not dream them, all day long
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
  One grand, sweet song.



FAMOUS FRENCH AUTHORS

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND

KENILWORTH CASTLE

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT EDINBURG

Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

GO where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O then remember me!
Think when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O, thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O then remember me!

When, around the dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
O then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O, still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee—
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used sing thee;
O then remember me!

—*Thomas Moore*

Adieu! Adieu! My Native Shore.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew!
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

—*Lord Byron*

Mariana.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the blooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her, without hope of change,
In sleep she seems to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
And I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked,
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the moldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!"

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Loved One was Not There.

WE gather'd round the festive board,
The crackling fagot blazed,
But few would taste the wine that pour'd,
Or join the song we raised.
For there was now a glass unfill'd,—
A favor'd place to spare;
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chill'd—
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smothered sorrow seem'd to fling
A gloom in every glance.
The grave had closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright and fair;
We miss'd our mate, we mourn'd the blow,—
The loved one was not there.

Farewell to His Wife.

FARE thee well, and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While the placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.

Though my many faults deface me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me.
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, O, yet thyself deceive not.
Love may sink by slow decay;
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thy own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego!

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lips to thine are pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love has blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou nevermore mayst see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a heart yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a word could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;

But 't is done; all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

—*Lord Byron*

Adieu! Adieu! Our Dream of Love.

ADIEU, adieu! our dream of love
Was far too sweet to linger long;
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,
But here they mock the fond and young.

We met in hope, we part in tears!
Yet O! t'is sadly sweet to know
That life in all its future years,
Can reach us with no heavier blow!

. . . .

The hour has come, the spell is past
Far, far from thee, my only love,
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's last,
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu! O, dull and dread
Sinks on the ear that parting knell!
Hope and the dreams of love lie dead—
To them and thee, farewell, farewell!

—*Thomas K Hervey.*

Annie Laurie.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;
Her throat is like the swan:
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,—
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,—
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Absence.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretense
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hopes to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutest pains

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thoughts an influence divine.

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

Fair Rosamond.

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good
And perfect flower of womanhood!
Thou royal rose of June!
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in thy first sweet prime?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'Twere better far to-day.

The Emigrant's Wish.

I WISH we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the simple are weal, and the gentle are leal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've been wi' the gay, and the gude where we've come,
We 're courtly wi' many, we 're couthy wi' some;
But something 's still wanting we never can find
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebors behind.

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where daffin and glee wi' the friendly and free
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Though *Spring* had its moils, and *Summer* its toils,
And *Autumn* craved pith ere we gathered its spoils,
Yet *Winter* repaid a' the toil that we took,
When ilk ane crawed crouse by his ain ingle nook.

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where maidens and men in hall and in glen
Still welcome us aye as their ain folk.
They told us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,
Sae sune as we cam' to the rich Mailins here,
But what are the Mailins, or what are they worth,
If they be not enjoyed in the land o' our birth!

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
But deep are the howes and high are the knowes
That keep us awa' frae our ain folk.
The seat by the door where our auld faithers sat,
To tell a' the news, their views and a' that,
While down by the kailyard the burnie rowed clear,
'Twas mair to my liking than aught that is here.

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the wild thistles wave o'er th' abode of the brave
And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk.
But happy, gey lucky, we'll trudge on our way,
Till our arm waxes weak and our haffets grow gray.
And, tho' in this world our ain still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a world of bliss.

And then we 'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far 'yont the moon in the heavens aboon
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

—*Anonymous.*

My Heart's in the Highlands.

MY heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills and the Highlands forever I love.
Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

—*Robert Burns.*

Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fall in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naithing else beside;
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound they were baith for me.

He had nae been gane a twalmonth and a day, [away.
When my faither brak his arm, and the cow was stown
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My faither could na work, my mither could na spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye na marry me?"

My heart it said nay, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship was a wrack—
The ship was a wrack, why did na Jamie dee?
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!

My faither urged me sair, my mither did na speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break:
They gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was in the sea
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me!

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When mournful as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could no think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Sair, sair did we greet and mickle did we say,—
We took but ae kiss, and tare oursels away:
I wish I were dead, but am na like to dee,
Oh, why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, but I care na much to spin:
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wid be a sin:
So I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

—*Lady Anne Barnard*

Departed Dreams

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

The Skull.

From "Childe Harold."

REMOVE yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell!
Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brooked control
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right

—*Lord Byron.*

SORROW AND DEATH.

The Angel of Patience.

[A free paraphrase of the German.]

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear:
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day—
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

The Bridge.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower;
And, like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.
How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!
How often, oh! how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care;
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.
But now it has fallen from me—
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me;
Yet, whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean,
Comes the thoughts of other years;
And forever and forever,

As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadow shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

—*Longfellow.*

The Bridge of Sighs.

[The name of this poem was suggested to the author by the "Bridge of Sighs," at Venice. This bridge received its name from the fact that it connects the ducal place with the prison, and criminals pass over it to the dismal dungeons where they receive their punishment.]

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing:
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her:
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly

The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
E'er her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!—
Dreadfully staring

Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

—*Hood.*

Blessed Are They That Mourn.

O, DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!

Beyond the frost chain and the feve
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

—*Horatius Bonar*

A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead;

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embrace we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Lady's Dream.

THE lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For, turning oft and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there,—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme,
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried,
"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride
We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasures of pride,
We toil like the African slaves,
And only to earn a home, at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'—
And then it pointed,—I never saw
A ground so full of graves.

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrwful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a world of woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball,—
Disease and Hunger, Pain and Want;
But now I dream of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begg'd—to bury the dead!
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,
The famish'd I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears!
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years,—
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that, long ago,
I scann'd with a heedless eye;
Each face was gazing as plainly there
As when I pass'd it by;
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human-kind
Who wanted pity and dole,—
In everlasting retrospect,—
Will ring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walk'd through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm
And fill the burial sod,—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts,
And ate whatever is good,—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I dress'd as the nobles dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold!

'The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large and bitter and fast they fell
Remorse was so extreme!
And yet, oh, yet that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's dream.

Hood.

The Roman Father's Sacrifice.

[From "Virginia."]

STRAIGHTWAY Virginius led the maid
A little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood,
Piled up with horn and hide;
Close to yon low dark archway,
Where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer
The gurgling stream of blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block
Had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up,
And hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim,
And his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse changed voice he spake.
"Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!

"O, how I loved my darling!
Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so,—
Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me;
How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold
When I came back last year!

"And how she danced with pleasure
To see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up,
And brought me forth my gown!
Now, all these things are over,—
Yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle,
Thy snatches of old lays;

"And none will grieve when I go forth,
Or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed,
Or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest
Within the Roman walls,—
The house that envied not the wealth
Of Capua's marble halls.

"Now, for the brightness of thy smile,
Must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice;
The silence of the tomb.
The time has come! See how he points
His eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief,
Like a kite's upon the prey!

"With all his wit, he little deems
That, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair,
One fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand
I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows,
The portion of the slave;

"Yea, and from nameless evil,
That passeth taunt and blow,—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not,
Which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more,
And give me one more kiss;
And now, my own dear little girl,
There is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel,
And smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth,
And with one sob she died.
Then for a little moment,
All people held their breath;
And through the crowded forum
Was stillness as of death;

And in another instant
Brake forth, from one and all,
A cry as if the Volscians
Were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces
Shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to a leech; and some
Ran to lift the slain.

Some felt her lips and little wrist,
If life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast,
And strove to staunch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt and staunched,
For never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight
Against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed,
He shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space
With the corner of his gown;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes,
Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat,
And held the knife on high.

"O dwellers in the nether gloom,
Avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you;
Do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius
Hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius,
And all the Claudian line!"

So spake the slayer of his child,
And turned and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance
To where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan,
And then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place
Unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius:
"Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper
To the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients;
But none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors;
But they trembled, and stood still.

And as Virginius through the press
His way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude
Fell back to right or left.
And he hath passed in safety
Unto his woful home.
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp
What deeds are done in Rome.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

Memory.

[The following poem was written by the late President Garfield during his senior year in William's College, Mass., and was published in William's *Quarterly* for March, 1856.]

'TIS beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth decked in her robe of snow.
No lights gleam at the windows save my own
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.

And now with noiseless step sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight;
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung realms
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted shadow land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark, shaded, mournful, cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating though the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first remembered sound that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self,
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall:
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

—*James Abram Garfield.*

The Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces:

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

—*Charles Dickens.*

O, SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom !
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb !
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom ;
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead !
Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

—*Lord Byron.*

Bingen---On the Rhine.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land,
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine—
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun ;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take what'er they would but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread ;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

"Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet [and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path, beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

—*Caroline Nor.*

Good-Bye Boys, I'm Going.

THE battle raged with fiercest heat,
The guns unloosed their thunder,
Shame on the cowardly retreat,—
Shame on the cruel blunder;
Along the ground the hissing ball
Ploughed, deep black furrows throwing,
When faintly came the dying words
Of: "Good-bye, boys, I'm going!"

Brave volunteer, upon his brow
Death's chilly dews were creeping,
The lagging blood ran slowly now,
And many a man was weeping;
Yet as they knelt mid bullet rain,
Their eyes with vengeance glowing,
Came up the sobbing cry again,
Of: "Good-bye, boys, I'm going!"

Great soul! no wish, no coward word,
No vain regret was spoken,
And they who loved him silent heard,
Their very hearts were broken;
Oh! let it be their warrior cry,
How calm and brave our men can die,
With "Good-bye, boys, I'm going!"

—*Mary A. Dennison.*

TALK not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the hearth of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary—
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my sou.,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies,
And I think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side;
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn
When first you were my bride.

—*Lady Dufferin.*

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

—*Thomas Moore.*

Soliloquy on Death.

[From "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."]

HAMLET.—To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished, To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? for who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

—*Shakespeare*

The Genius of Death.

WHAT is death? 'Tis to be free,
No more to love or hope or fear,
To join the great equality;
All, all alike are humbled there.
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house,—the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king;
Empires at thy footstool lie;
Beneath thee strewed,
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never raise them more.

What 's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band,—
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come,
There fixed till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

—*George Croly.*

To Death.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the west;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On Earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquility:
These clouds are living things:
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day—
Life's tedious nothing o'er.
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day:
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains:
One fixed eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear;
I know my greeting is severe
To this poor shell of clay:
Yet come, O Death! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates! thy rest is bliss!
I would I were away!

—From the German of Glück.

Eva's Death.

EVA, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room; and Miss Ophelia, day and night, performed the duties of a nurse, and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors,—she was everything to St. Clair. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses—so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake,—and the child felt freshest in the morning,—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him,—

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me,—you

sit up at nights; and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do; but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clair wont hear on't; but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely; and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin' no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Eva say she felt more unwell than usual to-night?"

"No; but she telled me this morning she was comin' nearer—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels,—'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us after all: she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss

Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who at the turn of the night had discerned what experienced nurses called "a change." The outer door was quickly opened and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! Lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and stepping across the room she rapped at St. Clair's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

These words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who has seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee,—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the clock seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look and stood as silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clair, hoarsely, "*She is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clair heard and said nothing,—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,—"Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and as St. Clair raised his head he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; she struggled for breath, and threw up her hands,

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and ringing Tom's hand scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clair: "this wrings my heart!"

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear master!" said Tom. "Look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows as one exhausted,—and the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness

of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clair, gently. She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly, "Oh! love—joy —peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life

Farewell, beloved child! the bright eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!

—*H. B. Stowe.*

The Secret of Death.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away!
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair—
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said—"God understands."

And there was silence and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loves her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again, he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; but she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath
Is there no voice, no language, of death—

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?

"See now! I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you could ever let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

"There must be a pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said!

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

The Dance of Death.

THE warder looked down at the dead of night
On the graves where the dead were sleeping,
And clearly as day was the pale moonlight
O'er the quiet church yard creeping.
One after another the gravestones began
To heave and to open, and woman and man
Rose up in their ghastly apparel!

Ho, ho, for the dance!—and the phantoms outsprung,
In skeleton roundel advancing,
The rich and the poor, and the old and the young,
But the winding sheets hindered their dancing—
No shame had these revelers wasted and grim—
So they shook off their cerements from body and limb,
And scattered them over the hillocks.

They crooked their thigh bones, and they shook their long shanks,
And wild was their reeling, and limber;
And each bone as it crosses, it clinks and it clanks,
Like the clapping of timber on timber.
The warder he laughed, though his laugh was not loud; [shroud
And the fiend whispered to him: "Go steal me the
Of one of those skeleton dancers."

He has done it! and backward with terrified glance,
To the sheltering door ran the warder;
As calm as before looked the moon on the dance,
Which they footed in hideous order.

But one and another retiring at last,
Slipped on their white garments, and outward they passed,
And a hush settled over the greensward.

Still one of them stumbles and tumbles along,
And taps at each tomb that it seizes:
But 'tis none of its mates that has done it this wrong,
For it scents its grave-clothes in the breezes.
It shakes the tower gate, but *that* drives it away—
For 'twas nailed o'er with crosses—a goodly array—
And well it was so for the warder!

It must have its shroud—it must have it betimes—
The quaint Gothic carving it catches,
And upwards from story to story it climbs,
And scrambles with leaps and with snatches.
Now woe to the warder, poor sinner, betides!
Like a spindle-legged spider the skeleton strides
From buttress to buttress, still upward!

The warder he shook, and the warder grew pale,
And gladly the shroud would have yielded!
The Ghost had its clutch on the last iron rail,
Which the top of the watch-tower shielded,
When the moon was obscured by the rush of a cloud,
One! thundered the bell, and unswathed by a shroud,
Down went the gaunt skeleton crashing.

—*Translation from Goethe, by Mrs. Martin.*

Come Not, When I Am Dead.

COME not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;
But thou, go by!

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest:
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:
Go by, go by!

For All Who Die.

[The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in our language.]—R. H. M

IT hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come,
In words of woe,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep,
Who then, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
T'would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy
And come and sit or stand by me,
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white,
In a dark spot
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

—*Mrs. Lewis.*

The Hour of Death.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for Thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

Mrs. F. Hemans.

Answer To "The Hour of Death."

TRUE, all we know must die,
Though none can tell the exact appointed hour;
Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death doth crush the oak, or nip the opening flower.

The Christian is prepared,
Though others tremble at the hour of gloom!
His soul is always ready on his guard;
His lamps are lighted 'gainst the bridegroom come.

It matters not the time
When we shall end our pilgrimage below;
Whether in youth's bright morn, or manhood's prime,
Or when the frost of age has whitened o'er our brow.

The child has blossomed fair,
And looked so lovely on its mother's breast,
The source of many a hope and many a prayer—
Why murmur that it sleeps when all at last may rest?

Snatched from a world of woe,
Where they must suffer most who longest dwell,
It vanished like a flake of early snow,
That melts into the sea, pure as from heaven it fell.

The youth whose pulse beats high,
Eager through glory's brilliant course to run—
Why should we shed a tear or breathe a sigh, [won!
That the bright goal is gained—the prize thus early

Yes! all we know must die.
Since none can tell the exact appointed hour,
Why need it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
Whether death doth crush the oak, or nip the opening flower?

Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

The Collier's Dying Child.

THE cottage was a thatched one, its outside old and mean;
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous neat and clean:
The night was dark and stormy—the wind was blowing wild;
A patient mother sat beside the death bed of her child—
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's only child—they called him "Little Jim."
And oh! to see the briny tears fast flowing down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer in thought!—she was afraid to speak, [life;
Lest she might waken one she loved far dearer than her
For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that God will spare her boy, and take herself instead;
She gets her answer from the child, soft falls these words from him:
"Mother! the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim!
I have no pain, dear mother, now; but oh! I I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more, and, mother, do not cry!"
With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips—

He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said 'good-night!' to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." . . . . Alas! poor Little Jim! [dear
She saw that he was dying! The child she loved so
Had uttered the last words she'd ever wish to hear.
The cottage door is opened—the collier's step is heard;
The father and the mother meet, but neither speak a word;
He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead!
He took the candle in his hand, and stood beside the bed;
His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal;
And see, the mother joins him!—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sorrow, they humbly ask, of Him
In heaven, once more that they may meet their own poor "Little Jim!"

On The Death of a Beautiful Wife.

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last "Good Night!" Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way;
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.

Death of President Lincoln.

WHO shall recall our martyr's sufferings for this people since November, 1860? His horizon had been black with storm by day and by night; he has trod the way of danger and of darkness; on his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home, and upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood, a lone island country, which he loved so well. I swear you on the altar of his memory to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished by his very perishing, and swear anew hatred to that slavery that made him a martyr and a conqueror.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful, as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people are his pæans, your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on! Four years ago

oh Illinois, we took from thy midst an untried man; and from among the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Funeral of Lincoln.

PEACE! Let the long procession come,
For, hark!—the mournful, muffled drum,
The trumpet's wail afar;
And see! the awful car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow.
And go, thou sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honor all they can,
The dust of that good man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain:
The just, the wise, the brave
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late commander,—*slain!*

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

The Dying Alchemist.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned; and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—Oh, God! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow
Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

"Vain—vain—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs came fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! Oh, God! if I might only live!
My phial ——Ha! it thrills me—I revive.

"Aye—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his maker would transcend his power!

"This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream—
To live, Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
And death——Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint, darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me! save me!——God of heaven!
I die!"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of the mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' Alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at his master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

—*N. P. Willis*

On the Bridge of Sighs.

IT chanceth once to every soul,
Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,

Upon life's bridge of sighs to stand,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

O palace of the rose-heart's hue!
How like a flower the warm light falls from you!

O prison with the hollow eyes!
Beneath your stony stare no flowers arise.

O palace of the rose-sweet sin!
How safe the heart that does not enter in!

O blessed prison walls! how true
The freedom of the soul that chooseth you!

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

On the Death of a Daughter.

'TIS o'er—in that long sigh she past—
Th' enfranchised spirit soars at last!
And now I gaze with tearless eye
On what to view was agony.
That panting heart is tranquil now,
And heavenly calm that ruffled brow.
And those pale lips which feebly strove
To force one parting smile of love,
Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild.
As when it graced my living child

O, I have watched with fondest care
To see my opening flow'ret blow,
And felt the joy which parents share—
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,
And marked that tender flower decay;
Not torn abruptly from the sight,
But slowly, sadly, waste away!
The spoiler came, yet paused, as though
So meek a victim checked his arm;
Half gave and half withheld the blow,
As forced to strike, yet loath to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,
And gazed on hopelessly,
Till the mute suffering pictured there
Wrung from the father's lip a prayer,
O God! the prayer his child might die.

Ay, from his lip—the doting heart
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er;
That gentle bosom throbs no more!
The spirit's freed—through realms of light
Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight
To other worlds, to happier skies;
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth,
No mortal sound, the voice which cries,
"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth!"

—*Richard Harris Barham* (*Thomas Ingoldsby*).

Buried To-Day.

BURIED to-day:
When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes a shout
Of village boys and girls at play
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their right from him,
And put low, low underneath the clay,
In his spring—on this spring day.

Passes away
All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith "Nay."
Murmur not—only pray.

Enters to-day
Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God.
His Christ was buried—and lives alway;
Trust Him, and go your way.

—*Dinah Muloch Craik.*

Dead Poets.

O ye dead poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse.—*Longfellow.*

WE mourn for those whose laurels fade,
Whose greatness in the grave is laid;
Whose memory few will care to keep,
Whose names, forgotten, soon shall sleep;
We mourn life's vainness, as we bow
O'er folded hands and icy brow.

Wan is the grief of those whose faith
Is bounded by the shores of death;
From out whose mists of doubt and gloom
No rainbow arches o'er the tomb,
Where love's last tribute of a tear
Lies with dead flowers upon the bier.

O thou revered, beloved!—nor yet,
With sob of bells, with eyes tear-wet
With faltering pulses, do we lay
Thy greatness in the grave away;
Not Auburn's consecrated ground
Can hold the life that wraps thee round.

Still shall thy gentle presence prove
Its ministry of hope and love;
Thy tender tones be heard within
The story of Evangeline;
And by the fireside, midst the rest,
Thou oft shalt be a welcome guest

God's Acre.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Call Me Not Dead.

[Translated from the Persian of the 12th Century by EDWIN ARNOLD.]

HE who dies at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends
Faithful friend, it lies, I know,
Pale and white, and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead"—
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you miss!
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is but a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends, O rise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye!
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
The treasure of his treasury—
A mind that loved him, let it lie,
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah, glorious! Allah, good!
Now thy world is understood—
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet we weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom you call dead
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives and loves you—lost, 'tis true,
In the light that shines for you;
But in the light you cannot see,
In undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends, yet not farewell,
Where I go, you too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face—
A moment's worth, a little space.
When you come where I have stept,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.
Weep awhile if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;

Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is, of all life, centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah. Yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!
He that died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

Death of Little Nell.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put me near something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was white and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness was born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change.

Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the same still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look.

The old man took one languid arm in his, and held the small hand to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned again to the old man, with a lovely smile on her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

—*Charles Dickens.*

Little Nell's Funeral.

AND now the bell—the bell
She had so often heard by night and day,
And listened to with solemn pleasure,
Ee'n as a living voice—
Rung its remorseless toll for her,
So young, so beautiful, so good!

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
And blooming youth and helpless infancy,
Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength,
And health, in the full blush
Of promise, the mere dawn of life—
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing—
Grandames, who might have died ten years ago,
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied,
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave.

What was the death it would shut in,
To that which still could crawl and keep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now;
Pure as the new fallen snow
That covered it; whose day on earth
Had been as fleeting. [Heaven
Under that porch, where she had sat when
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
She passed again, and the old church
Received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook,
Where she had many and many a time sat musing,
And laid their burden softly on the pavement.
The light streamed on it through
The colored window, a window where the boughs
Of trees were ever rustling
In the summer, and where the birds
Sang sweetly all day long.

The Dead Friend.

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

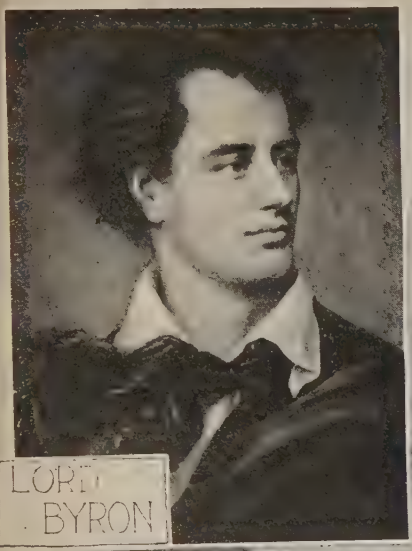
But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following hope,
There sat the shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

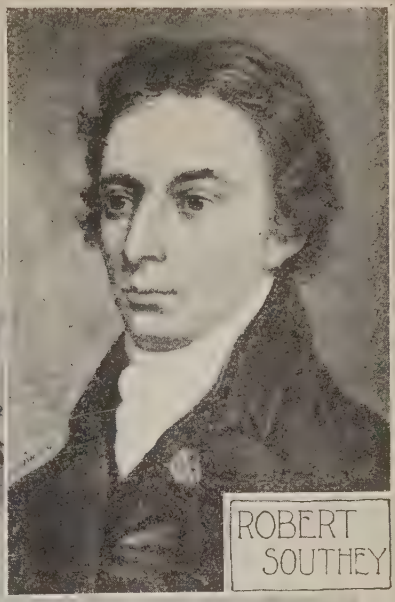
When each by turns was guide to each,
And fancy light from fancy caught,
And thought leapt out to wed with thought
Ere thought could wed itself with speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that time could bring
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

I know that this was life—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.



LORD BYRON



ROBERT SOUTHEY

PRISON OF CHILLON MADE FAMOUS BY BYRON

GRETA HALL, SOUTHEY'S HOME KESWICK, ENGLAND.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-bird in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of love.

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footstep of his life in mine.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that makes us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered time;

Which masters time, indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this.

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss.

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

The hills are shadows, and they flow,
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

Highland Mary.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And moldering now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

—*Robert Burns*

Selections From "In Memoriam."

GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er!

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn!

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our poor love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks!

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me!

TIME AND ETERNITY.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Through all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good;
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing place to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue;
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death;
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall;
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours

With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number oft hy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,
I sleep till dusk is dipped in gray;

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid vale from coast to coast,
And in the dark church, like a ghost,
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee?
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
The head hath missed an earthly wreath·
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass the path; that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds;
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

—*Arthur Henry Hallam, ob.* 1833.

The Peace of Sorrow.

CALM is the morn, without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silver gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

The Poet's Tribute.

WHAT hope is there for modern rhyme
To him who turnes a musing eye
In songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks
Or, when a thousand moons shall wane,

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changes to something else,
Sung by a long forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Footsteps of Angels.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wakes the bitter soul that slumbers
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door—
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Graves of a Household.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band!

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

—*Felicia Hemans.*

When the Lamp is Shattered.

WHEN the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Loves first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
Oh Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For yout cradle, your home, and your bier.

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Man's Mortality.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done—
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shaddow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man—he dies?

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan—
E'en such is man—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death—
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's near death— man's life is done.

—*Simon Wastel.*

Sleep.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Psalm* cxxvi. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Among the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The heroe's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows!
"He giveth *his* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved—
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,
"He giveth *His* belovèd sleep."

"Sleep soft, belovèd!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men with wailing in your voice!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His belovèd sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who "giveth His belovèd sleep."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Golden Ringlet.

HERE is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time has dimmed its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes! from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sheds a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

O sunny tress! the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave,
With all thy sister-tresses now
Lies cold within the grave;
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

—*Amelia B. Welby.*

Fitz-Greene Halleck; To . . . . .

GRIEVE not that I die young—Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:
Here I am bless'd—but I would be more free;
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.
Let me depart!

Ah! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold?
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faëry world;
Till fancy's many-colored wings are furl'd,
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?
I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul
A joyous thank-offering to Him who gave
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart:
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to my grave—
Let me depart!

—*Lady Flora Hastings: Swan Song.*

The Pauper's Drive.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot—
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip, how it cracks; and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a "gemman" to go:
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
"Bear soft his bones over the stones! [owns!"
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet

—*Thomas Noel.*

The Sick Stockrider.

"HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me down once more and lay me in the shade:
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride."
The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull and dense,
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp.
I was dozing in the gateway at Arthbuthnot's boundary fence,
I was dreaming on the limestone cattle camp.
We crossed the creek at Carricksford and sharply through the haze,
And suddenly, the sun shot flaming forth.
To the southward lay Tralawa with the sand peaks all ablaze,
And the flush fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

Now westward winds the bridle-path that leads to Sandisfarm,
And yonder looms the double headed bluff;
From the far side of the first hill when the skies are clear and calm,
You can see Sylvester's wool-shed fair enough.
Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch.
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase,
Eight years ago (or was it nine?) last March.
'Twas merry in the glowing corn among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry mid the black woods where we spied the station hoofs:
Oh, the hardest day was never then too hard!

Ay! we had a glorious gallop after "Sarlight" and his gang,
When they bolted at Sylvester's on the flat·

How the sun-dried reed beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang
To the strokes of Mountain and Acrobat.
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath,
And the honeysuckle odors, how they crashed!

"We led the hunt throughout, Ned on the chestnut and I on the gray,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
Whilst we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers at bay.
While you grappled with the leader, man to man, and horse to horse,
And you rolled together when the chestnut reared;
He blazed away and missed you, in the shallow water course,
A narrow shave—his powder missed your beard!

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young
Come back to us! How clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung;
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Ay! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, now are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.
I've had my share of pastime and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span!
I care not now to tarry for the corn and for the oil,
Nor for wine that maketh glad the heart of man;
For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble thus I know:
I should live the same life over if I had to live again,
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky and the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight twine,
And on the very sun's face leave their pall.
Oh! let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping over head.

—*Adam Lyndsay Gordon.*

Parting.

MY early love, and must we part?
Yes! other wishes win thee now;
New hopes are springing in thy heart,
New feelings brightening o'er thy brow!
And childhood's light and childhood's home
Are all forgot at glory's call.
Yet, cast one thought in years to come
On her who loved thee o'er them all.
When love and friendship's holy joys
Within their magic circle bind thee,
And happy hearts and smiling eyes,
As all must wear who are around thee,
Remember that an eye as bright
Is dimmed—a heart as true is broken,
And turn thee from thy land of light,
To waste on these some little token.
But do not weep!—I could not bear
To stain thy cheek with sorrow's trace.
I would not draw one single tear,
For worlds, down that beloved face.
As soon would I, if power were given,
Pluck out the bow from yonder sky,
And free the prisoned floods of heaven,
As call one teardrop to thine eye.

—*Thomas Kibble Hervey.*

RELIGION.

God.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Three in one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er!—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays,—but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure;—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high—
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,
First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on thee
Eternity has its foundation;—all
Sprung forth from thee, of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin;—all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine:
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pagantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Pyres of crystal light
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyful beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads; and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am *I* then? Naught!
Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught? but I live, and on hope's pinion fly
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *thou* must be!
Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand.
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth
Just on the boundries of the spirit land!
The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!

The Love of God.

[From the Provencal of Bernard Rascas.]

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never been;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green;
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long.
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills.
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf, and the fox,
The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of the rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden dust shall lie;
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty whale, shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no more,
And they shall bow to death, who ruled from shore to shore;
And the great globe itself, so the holy writings tell,
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Eternal.

THE One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly.
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast; and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven:
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
While, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.* (*Adonais*).

Quiet From God.

QUIET from God! It cometh not to still
The vast and high aspirings of the soul,
The deep emotions which the spirit fill,
And speed its purpose onward to the goal;
It dims not youth's bright eye,
Bends not joy's lofty brow,
No guiltless ecstasy
Need in its presence bow.

It comes not in a sullen form, to place
  Life's greatest good in an inglorious rest;
Through a dull, beaten track its way to trace,
  And to lethargic slumber lull the breast;
    Action may be its sphere,
      Mountain paths, boundless fields,
    O'er billows its career.
      This is the power it yields;

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
  To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel;
To bear about forever in the heart
  The gladness which His spirit doth reveal;
    Not to deem evil gone
      From every earthly scene;
    To see the storm come on,
      But feel His shield between.

It giveth not a strength to human kind,
  To leave all suffering powerless at its feet,
But keep within the temple of the mind
  A golden altar, and a mercy-seat;
    A spiritual ark,
      Bearing the peace of God
    Above the waters dark,
      And o'er the desert's sod.

How beautiful within our souls to keep
  This treasure, the All-Merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake, and when we sleep,
  Its incense round us, like a breeze from heaven.
    Quiet at heart and home,
      Where the heart's joy begins;
    Quiet where'er we roam,
      Quiet around, within.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

[This hymn, one of the most important in the service of the Latin Church, has been sometimes attributed to the Emperor Charlemagne. The better opinion, however, inclines to Pope Gregory I., called the great, as the author, and fixes its origin somewhere in the sixth century.]

I.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
  The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

II.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing!

III.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceding Spirit, our defense,
Who doth the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

IV.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown;
Then lay thy hand and hold 'em down.

V.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on the way.

V.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

V.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Savior's Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

—*John Dryden*

Heaven.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,—
And above all thy holy face,—
Makes an eternal charity.
When thou thy jewels up doth bind, that day
Remember us, we pray,—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of thy face,—
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah!

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The Spirit Land.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
We wander in the country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

—*Jones Very*

The Other World.

IT lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

—*H. B. Stowe.*

The Angel's Whisper.

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

—*Samuel Lover.*

The Ministry of Angels.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts; but O the exceeding grace
Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve the wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward;
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

—*Edmund Spenser*

"Father, Take My Hand."

THE way is dark, my Father, cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered: Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night
Is dawning darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

—*Henry N. Cobb.*

The Gracious Answer.

THE way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

Henry. N. Cobb.

The Meeting.

THE elder folk shook hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
"What part or lot have you," he said,
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship? Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air;
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep-waking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;

His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, he framed no creed;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandaled Nazarene
Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
"Unmeasured and unlimited,
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the Voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less he owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude,—
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin.
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will;
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.

"Yet rarely through the charmed repose
Unmixed the stream of motive flows,
A flavor of its many springs,
The tints of earth and sky it brings;
In the still waters needs must be
Some shade of human sympathy;
And here, in its accustomed place,
I look on memory's dearest face;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;
No eyes save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me!
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The peace of simple trust to gain,
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room;
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew;
Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The eternal beauty mirrored there.
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face,—
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet!
Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread
Is in the paths where Jesus led;

Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath dream
By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,
And, of the hymns of hope and faith,
Sung by the monks of Nazareth,
Hears pious echoes, in the call
To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,
Repeating where His works were wrought
The lesson that her Master taught,
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,
The prophesies of Cumæ's cave!

"I ask no organ's soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,
No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,
No cool philosophy to teach
Its bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters,
Themselves their gods and worshipers,
No pulpit hammered by the fist
Of loud asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows from the hand of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrow the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is least;
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my hell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant
He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart; in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be.'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer:—
That all our sorrow, pain and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The one true life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery understood,
That love of God is love of good,
And, chiefly its divinest trace
In Him of Nazareth's holy face;
That to be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness,
From more than elemental fire,
The soul's unsanctified desire,
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;

That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice;
Not proud humilities of sense
And posturing of obedience,
But love's unforced obedience;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, now God—for earth, not heaven,—
The blessed means the holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends,
That the dear Christ dwells not afar.
The king of some remoter star,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart; in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where in my name name meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be.'"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A Father Reading the Bible.

'TWAS early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed
Still, but with naught of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hopes is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there!
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality!
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives:
While every feature said—"I know
That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt!

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

Hymn To The Night.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fills the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flow.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like, I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair
The best-beloved Night!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

SCATTER the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours!

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In the loveliest lustre come.
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art!

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod!
When He built a temple for himself,
And a home for His priestly race,
He reared each arm in symmetry;
And covered each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul!
They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And fair and pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom.

—*Anonymous.*

Spiritual Communions.

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
"My spirit is at peace with all."

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

—*Alfred Tennyson* (*In Memoriam*).

Answered Prayers.

I PRAYED for riches, and achieved success,
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater, and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and through brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst,
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first!

—*Ella Wheeler.*

The Bird, Let Loose in Eastern Skies.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud,—no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

—*Thomas Moore.*

Vision of the Monk Gabriel.

'TIS the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,—
Two at my feet and one upon my knee,—
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright lipped Isabel.
And thou, my golden headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,
Listen to what befell
Monk Gabriel.
In the old ages ripe with mystery:
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

An aged man with grave, but gentle look—
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds;
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect, and the building rook
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird, and branch, and brook,
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took—
Deep in his cell
Sat the Monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall not see Me then."
A little while!
The monk looked up—a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
"Thou who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
—The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(Oh, condescension of the Crucified:)
In all the brilliancy
Of His humanity—
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was his skin,
His cheek out-blushed the rose,
His lips the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within,
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair hand, in each fair foot there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary;
Around his brows in tenderest lucency
The thorn marks lingered like the flash of dawn;
And from the opening in his side there rilled
A light so dazzling that all the room was filled
With heaven; and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled.
The friar held his robes before his face,
And heard the angels singing!

'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet presence, lo! a something broke;
A something trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,

And through the open windows of the cell
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying in his humble way:
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of thy beauty;
But 'tis Thy will, not mine. I must obey.
Help me to do my duty."
The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour hence, his duty nobly done
Back to his cell he came;
Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won!
—Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that sun
And in the center stood the Blessed One
(Praise be His holy name!).

Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay,
And while in deep humility he lay,
(Tears raining from his happy eyes away)
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.
The Vision only said,
Lifting its shining head:
"If thou hadst staid, O son I must have fled."

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The Final Goal.

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

God's First Temple.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

O, May I Join The Choir Invisible.

O, MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls,
With growing sway, the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better,—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love,—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*Marion Evans Lewes Cross* (*George Eliot.*)

No Sects in Heaven.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the 'Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made;
'My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin
And staidly, solemnly waded in
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly, sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing;
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of goodliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"*Thus*, with a few drops on my brow."
"But *I* have been dipped, as you'll see me now

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;
That is the false, and this is the true"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek.
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all!'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms of crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No screeds to guide them, or MSS;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

—*Mrs. Cleveland.*

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We could count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

Over The River.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

—*Nancy Priest Wakefield.*

Only Waiting.

[A very old man in an alms-house was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only Waiting."]

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the dawn of heaven is breaking
Through the twilight, soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come,
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

—*Francis Leighton Mace.*

I Would Not Live Alway.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves ner brilliance to fade in the night of despair;
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away,

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears.
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bow'd His head;
Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall burst on my sight,
And the full matin-song as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethern transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear!
And see soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all array'd in His beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay! 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

—*William Augustus Muhlenberg.*

A Dream of the Universe.

INTO the great vestibule of heaven, God called up a man from dreams, saying, "Come thou hither, and see the glory of my house." And, to the servants who stood around His throne He said, "Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles."

It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes, with solemn flight of angel wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness—through wildernesses of death, that divided the world of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under the prophetic motions from God.

Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace the light swept to them; they by unutterable pace to the light. In a moment, the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment, the blazing of suns was around them.

Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetition and answers from afar—that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways—hori-

zontal, upright—rested, rose—at altitudes by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates.

Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below—below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable; height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite; suddenly, as thus they tilted over abyssmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths were coming—were nearing—were at hand.

Then the man sighed, and stopped, and shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, "Angel, I will go no farther; for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecutions of the Infinite; for end, I see, there is none."

And from all the listening stars that shone around, issued a choral cry, "The man speaks truly; end there is none that ever yet we heard of." "End is there none?" the angel solemnly demanded: "Is there indeed no end, and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But no voice answered that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands toward the heaven of heavens, saying, "End is there none to the universe of God! Lo, also there is no beginning!"

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

The Problem.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle:
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest,
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuild her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;

And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold;
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind,
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,—
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There is No Death.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore:
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And we then call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again,
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—Lord Lytton.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And sweeter sings the linnet from the thorn.
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow luster throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

—John Leyden.

Blessed Are They That Mourn.

OH, deem not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

Adam's Morning Hymn in Paradise.

O, THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now flies,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it now as light dispels the dark.

—*Milton.*

Hymn of The Dunkers.

[Kloster Kedar, Ephrata, Pennsylvania, 1738.]

WAKE, sisters, wake! the day-star shines;
Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake, to prayer and psalm!

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest by night!
Praised be His name who deigns to bless
Our Kedar of the wilderness:

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land;
And freedom to her children due.
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,
We owned Him when the stake blazed red;
We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all

He heard our prayers; with outstretched arm
He led us forth from cruel harm;
Still, whereso'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went!

The watch of faith and prayer He set:
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight
The lies of time; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth through all thy zones, till all
The fames of pride and priestcraft fall;
And lift thou up in place of them
The gates of pearl, Jerusalem!

Lo! rising from the baptismal flame,
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way;
Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A Thanksgiving for His House.

LORD, thou hast given me a call,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;

And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink.
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:

That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

—*Robert Herrick.*

He Doeth His Alms to Be Seen of Men.

A POOR little girl in a tattered gown,
Wandering alone through the crowded town
All weary and worn on the curb sat down,
By the side of the way to rest;
Bedimmed with tears were her eyes of brown,
Her hands on her bosom pressed.

The night was approaching—the winter's chill blast
That fell on the child as he hurried past,
Concealed the tears that were falling fast
From the poor little maiden's eye—
The blinding snow on her pale cheek cast,
Unheeded her plaintive cry.

Now hurriedly passing along the street,
She catches the sound of approaching feet;
And wearily rises, as if to entreat
Some aid from the passer by;
But slowly and sadly resumes her seat,
Repelled by the glance of his eye.

He saw the wind tempest resistlessly whirl
The gathering snow-flakes, with many a whirl,
Upon her bare head, where each soft-shining curl
Was swept by the breath of the storm;
But what did he care for the little girl—
His raiment was ample and warm!

He went to a charity meeting that night
And spoke, to the listeners' great delight,
Of how 'twas the duty of all to unite,
The suffering poor to relieve;
And held up his check for a thousand at sight,
So all of the crowd could perceive.

He handed the check to the treasurer, when
The audience applauded again and again,
But the angel who holds the recording pen
This sentence methinks did record:
"He doeth his alms to be seen of men,
Their praise is his only reward."

The paper next morning had much to say
Of how the "good gentleman" did display
His generous spirit, in giving away
So much for the poor man's cause.
He smiled as he read his own praise that day
And thought of the night's applause.

Near by, the same paper went on to repeat
A story they'd heard, of how, out on the street
A watchman at dawning of morn on his beat,
A poor little child had found—
With only the snow for a winding sheet—
Frozen to death on the ground!

Ah! who can declare that when God shall unfold
Eternity's records, he will not hold
Him guilty of murder, who seeks with his gold,
In charity's name to buy
The praises of men, while out in the cold
He leaves a poor child to die.

—*Anonymous.*

Bread on the Waters.

"MISTER," the little fellow said,
"*Please* give me a dime to buy some bread."
I turned to look at the ragged form.
That, in the midst of the pitiless storm,
Pinched and haggard and old with care,
In accents pleading, was standing there.
'Twas a little boy not twelve years old:

He shivered and shook in the bitter cold,
His eyes were red—with weeping, I fear—
And adown his cheeks there rolled a tear
E'en then.

His misery struck me dumb;
'Twas a street in a crowded city slum,
Where an errand of duty led my feet
That day, through the storm and blinding sleet.
"Poor little fellow!" at last I said,
"Have you no father?"

"No, he's dead!"
The answer came: "You've a mother, then?"
"Yes, sir," he said, with a sob: "She's been
Sick for a year, and the doctor said
She'd never again get up from bed."
"You are hungry, too?" I asked in pain,
As I looked at his poor, wan face again.
"Hungry," he said, with a bitter groan
That would melt to pity a heart of stone;
"I am starved; we are all starving," he said,
"We haven't had a crust of bread—
Me, nor mother, nor baby Kate—
Since yesterday morning."
I did not wait
To ask him more. "Come, come," I cried,
"You shall not hunger;" and at my side
His poor little pattering footsteps fell
On my ear with a sadness I cannot tell;
But his eyes beamed bright when he saw me stop
Before the door of a baker's shop,
And we entered.

"Now eat away, my boy,
As much as you like," I said. With joy,
And a soft expression of childish grace,
He looked up into my friendly face,
And sobbed, as he strove to hide a tear:
"Oh, if mother and baby Kate were here!"
"But eat," said I, "never mind *them* now,"
A thoughtful look stole over his brow,
And lo! from his face the joy had fled.
"What! While they're starving at home!" he said.
"Oh, no, sir! I'm hungry, indeed, 'tis true,
But I cannot eat till they've had some too."

The tears came rushing—I can't tell why—
To my eyes, as he spoke these words. Said I:
"God bless you! Here, you brave little man,
Here, carry home all the bread you can."
Then I loaded him down with loaves, until
He could carry no more. I paid the bill;
And before he could quite understand
Just what I was doing, into his hand
I slipped a bright new dollar; then said,
"Good-by," and away on my journey sped.

'Twas four years ago. But one day last May,
As I wandered by chance through East Broadway,
A cheery voice accosted me. Lo!
'Twas the self-same lad of years ago,
Though larger grown—and his looks, in truth,
Bespoke a sober, industrious youth.

"Mister," he said, "I'll never forget
The kindness you showed when last we met.
I work at a trade, and mother is well,
So is baby Kate; and I want to tell
You this—that we owe it all to you.
'Twas you—don't blush, sir—that helped us through
In our darkest hour; and we always say
Our luck has been better since that day
When you sent me home with bread to feed
Those starving ones in their hour of need."

—*George L. Catlin.*

Memorial Hymn—J. A. Garfield.

NOW all ye flowers make room;
Hither we come in gloom
To make a mighty tomb,
Sighing and weeping.
Grand was the life he led;
Wise was each word he said;
But with the noble dead
We leave him sleeping.

Soft may his body rest
As on his mother's breast,
Whose love stands all confessed
'Mid blinding tears;
But may his soul so white
Rise in triumphant flight,
And in God's land of light
Spend endless years.

—*David Swing.*

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame,
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between,
No portents now our foes' amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present, still though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day!
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump and horn.
But Thou hast said, "The blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Hope, Faith, Love.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brothers call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—(*From the German of Schiller.*)

Different Minds.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in her aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

Responses.

NEVER from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
Ever the fiery Pentecost,
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. (*The Problem.*)

Morning.

AS we proceed, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

—*Edward Everett.*

The Star of Bethlehem.

AS shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet,
And still it leads, as once it lead,
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

BEST LOVED OF SCOTTISH POETS

FAVORITE AMERICAN POETS OF THE WEST

Man's Immortality.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die,—it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,—
All, all in earth or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track;
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

A Rhyme of Life.

IF life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn, little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfill.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,
Oh, bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

—*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Je
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer should teach us all render to
The deeds of mercy.

—*William Shakspeare.*

Nothing is Lost.

NOTHING is lost: the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day,
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountain far away.

So with our words—or harsh, or kind—
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to—
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or soothe like honey-dew.

Penitent.

ST. AGNES' EVE,—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the Sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculpured dead on each side seemed to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no,—already has his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

—*John Keats* (*Eve of St. Agnes*).

Life.

MY life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see.—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

—*Richard Henry Wilde.*

NATURE.

Nature's Chain.

LOOK round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above;
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one center still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne:
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast:
All served: all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown

—*Alexander Pope*

Return of Spring

[From the French of PIERRE RONSAR.]

GOD shield ye, heralds of the spring!
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,
And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train
Of butterflies that on the plain
Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow
To kiss them with your lip!

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all!
This season, how I love—
This merry din on every shore—
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.

SPEAK no evil, and cause no ache;
Utter no jest that can pain awake;
Guard your actions and bridle your tongue;
Words are adders when hearts are stung!

Help whoever, whenever you can;
Man forever needs aid from man;
Let never a day die in the west
That you have not comforted some sad breast.

Spring.

[From "In Memoriam."]

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou dost expectant Nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, New year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

* * * * * * *

Now fades the last long streak of snow;
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue;
And drowned in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song.

The Late Spring.

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields—
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare.
"The spring is late," she said, "the faithless spring,
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees
The birds, bewildered, fluttered to and fro;
For them no green boughs wait—their memories
Of last year's April had deceived them so."

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,
The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees.
"Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said;
"I wait my springtime, and am cold, like these.

"To them will come the fulness of their time [fair;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows
Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blessed?
I am His own—doth not my Father care?"

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

The Spring Walk.

WE had a pleasant walk to-day
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the woodside, and up the hill:
And if you listen to what I say,
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so sly,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.

An elder-branch dipped in the brook:
We wondered why it moved and found
A silken-haired smooth water rat
Nibbling, and swimming round and round.

Where daisies opened to the sun
In a broad meadow, green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly—
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks
Long rows of golden flowers shine,
And first mistook for buttercups
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,
And the blue violets of spring,

We found while listening by a hedge
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turned up
There came a sweet refreshing smell,
Such as the lily of the vale
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

We saw the yellow wall-flower wave
Upon a mouldering castle wall,
And then we watched the busy rooks
Among the ancient elm trees tall.

And, leaning from the old stone bridge.
Below we saw our shadows lie,
And through the gloomy arches watched
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

We heard the speckled-breasted lark
As it sang somewhere out of sight,
And tried to find it; but the sky
Was filled with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,
And heard a pheasant's wings go "whirr!"
And then we saw a squirrel leap
From an old oak tree to a fir.

We came back by the village field
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,
For all behind the houses lay
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,
I'm sure that it would take me hours;
For the whole landscape was alive
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.

—*Thomas Miller.*

They Come! The Merry Summer Months.

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquility.
The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

Summer Morning.

[From "The Seasons."]

SHORT is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east,—
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from the luster of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

—*James Thomson*

A Summer Noon.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss
On a bright sunny noon like this,
Couched by his native brook's green maze,
With comrade of his boyish days,
While all around them seemed to be
Just as in joyous infancy?
Who has not loved at such an hour,
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,
Its wild and sunny solitude?
While o'er the waste of purple ling
You mark a sultry glimmering;
Silence herself there seems to sleep,
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,
Where slowly stray these lonely sheep
Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom,
And gleaming of the scattered broom.
Love you not, then, to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o er the desert wide?
To hear the buzzard's whimpering shrill,
Hovering above you high and still?
The twittering of the bird that dwells
Among the heath's delicious bells?
While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,
Insects in green and gold arrayed,
The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed;
And sweeter sound their humming wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

—*William Howitt.*

A Summer Evening.

HOW fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveler's come to the West,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Summer Storm.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like the rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.
On the wide marsh, the purple-blossomed grasses

Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat; whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side;
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened sprays,
Huge whirls in the toil toppling o'er its verge,
And falling in streams, and yet it climbs alway.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow;
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.
Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder clap,—
We shall not see the sun go down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look! look! that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing.
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return nevermore?

Hush! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves
All is so bodingly still:
Again, now, now, again
Splashes the rain in heavy gouts,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening
And loud and long,
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull
As if the cloud, let go
Leapt bodily below
To whiten the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull,
Gone, gone, so soon!
No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form:
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea
Silent and few are drifting over me.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Song of the Summer Winds.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmering reeds we sweep;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vividly does appear,
Than at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
While in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe,
And time their songs, like Nature's clerks
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Our hemisphere is polished clean,
And lightened more and more;
While everything is clearly seen,
Which seemed dim before;

Except, the glistening astres bright,
Which all the night were clear,
Offusked with a greater light,
No longer do appear.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abread.

For joy the birds with boulden throats
Against his visage sheen
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearles white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the ground.

Rain In Summer.

HOW beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!
In the furrowed land

The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquerius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung or said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Indian Summer.

WHEN leaves grow sear all things take sombre hue;
The wild winds waltz no more the woodside through,
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,
In silent flocks the bluebirds southward fly.

The forest's cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the sombre hill,
The naked woodbine climbs the window sill,
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,
Mocking the threshers with an echo flail,
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

—*Anonymous.*

The Rainy Day.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then I again dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
While on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over the earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain and stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine surprise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when the sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall,
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floo,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the heat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of sky fallen through me on high,
And each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be,
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,

Is the million colored bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors move,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change but I cannot die.
But after a rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and build it again.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Autumn.

GOLD upon the hillsides, heaving like the seas,
For the corn is yellow ripe waving in the breeze;
And in orchards, apples red are weighing down the trees.

Emeralds on the lowlands where the river flows:
In the pastures sweet and green, kine and sheep repose,
And the glittering dragon-fly like an earth-star glows.

Silver on the broad mere, 'neath the noon-day light,
While the fair-winged shallops skim the waters bright,
And the white clouds in the sky sail in airy flight.

There is brightness in the heavens, freshness in the air,
Ripeness in the teeming earth, richness everywhere,
For the world to-day is filled with all things good and fair.

Glorious Autumn! well of thee poets sang of old,
Gathering round thee luscious fruits, wealth of grain untold,
Decking thee in regal robes of purple and of gold

We have limners painted thee in thy yellow hair,
Matron with thy sun-bronzed brow, thy majestic air,
Thy rounded breast, thy broad full waist, thy strong arms brown and bare.

But thou art lovelier by far than poet ever sung,
Or painter with his gorgeous dyes upon the canvas hung,
Most bountiful, most beautiful thy season-mates among.

The murmuring streams, the rustling trees, the dulcet low of herds,
The song of winds, the hum of bees, the melody of birds—
God's poets they, that chant thy praise in hymns more grand than words.

The golden morns, the crimson eves, the cloud-sprent blue of skies,
The green of meads, the yellow fields where the rich harvest lies—
God's limners they, that paint thy charms with more than artist-dyes.

Spring-tide is the year's gay youth—Summer is its prime;
In FAITH we watch the growth of Spring—in HOPE, the summer time;
But yellow Autumn, like God's LOVE showers gifts on every clime.

—*John Francis Waller.*

The Dreamer.

[From "Poems by a Seamstress."

NOT in the laughing bowers,
Where by green swinging elms a pleasant shade
At summer's noon is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea;
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven

Not on a couch of ease,
With all the appliances of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command;
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstacies.
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth!

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin,
Dream I—as in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky!—
Such is my fate, and, barren though it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream!

And yet I dream —
Dream what, were men more just, I might have been;
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien;
The conscious crown to nature's blissful scene,
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen—
Such is my dream!

And yet I dream—
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eyes,
Bright with the luster of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,
And the last rage of destiny defy;
Resolved alone to live—alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery!

And yet I dream—
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come
My last, my first, my only welcome home!
Rest, unbeheld since life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace the past forget!
Thus do I dream!

Ode to the Harvest Moon.

MOON of harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labor's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide,
Where innocence and peace reside;
Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon!
Now the night is at her noon.
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.
Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light heart jollity;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh,
harvest moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy:
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest harvest moon!

—*Henry Kirke White.*

Summer Moods.

I LOVE at eventide to walk alone,
Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,
Where from the long grass underneath, the snail,
Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.
I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,
Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;
Where bees search round, with sad and weary drone,
In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there;
While in the juicy corn the hidden quail
Cries, "Wet my foot;" and, hid his thoughts unborn,
The fairy-like and seldom-seen land-rail
Utters "Craik, craik," like voices underground.
Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,
And see the light fade into gloom around.

—*John Clare.*

The Snow-Shower.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the Milky Way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all,—
Flake after flake,—
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white
As, myriads by myraids madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;

Flake after flake
To lie in the dark and silent lake!
I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,—
Flake after flake,—
All lost in the dark and silent lake
Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Snow Storm.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit,
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry!
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Sunset.

[From "Childe Harolde."]

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night:
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhœtian hill,
As day and night contending were until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within its glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—and all is gray.

Sunset.

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath,
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.
Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean's waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall!
Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of heaven.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Evening.

(From "Don Juan.")

AVE Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! O that face so fair! [dove,—
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty
What though 't is but a pictured image? strike,—
That painting is no idoi,—'t is too like.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover,—shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things,—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way.

—*Byron.*

Day is Dying.

DAY is dying! Float O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;

All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:

Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeply flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure,—
Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.

—*George Eliot.*

The Day is Done.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wing of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day:

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

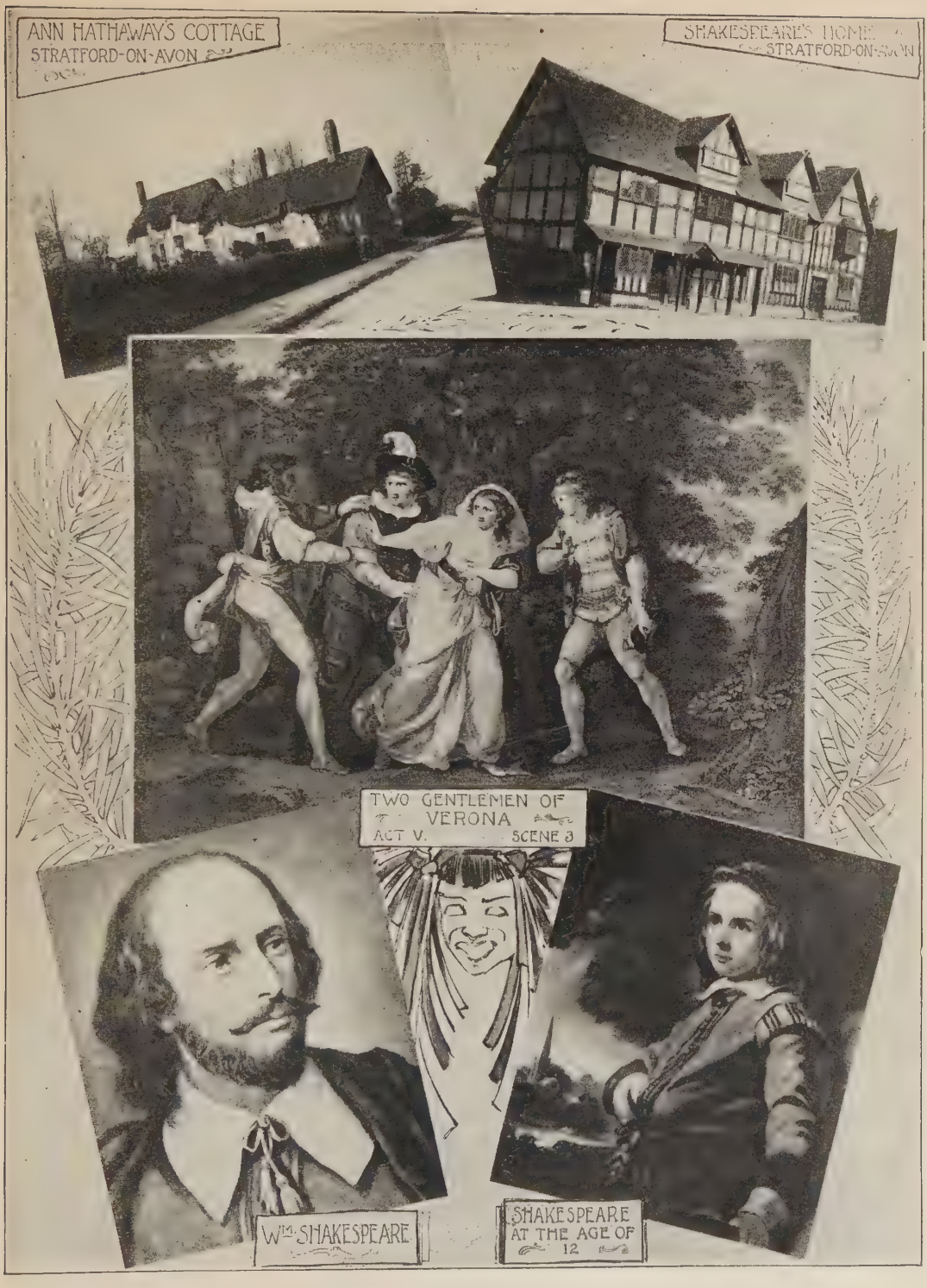
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



SHAKESPEARE

Great poet, 't was thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own fame.

—Hartley Coleridge

Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day
In southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud; in dark and deepening mass,
Rolls o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully.
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightings, tracks his prey,
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Like Morning, When Her Early Breeze.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light,—

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, freshening in all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there!

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Even angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies.

—*Thomas Moore.*

To-Night.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou weavest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thy hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee!
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on floor and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering, like an unloved guest,
I sigh for thee!

Thy brother Death came, and cried:
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee:
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—and I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon,—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

—*Shelley.*

Nightfall: A Picture.

LOW burns the summer afternoon;
A mellow lustre lights the scene;
And from its smiling beauty soon
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedars long black pictures show;
And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out—the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat—
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle, dart
Gleam from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart
Pitchfork and plow cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks:
In mottled gloss the straw is spread;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn;
A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star—and gone.

—*Anonymous.*

To The Moon.

QUEEN of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way:
And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

—*Charlotte Smith.*

The Primroses, Filled with Morning Dew.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read,—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

Robert Herrick.

Autumn.

THE autumn is old;
The sear leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!

—*Thomas Hood*

The Moss Rose.

[From the German of Krummacher.]

THE angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

The Rose.

[From "Hassen Ben Khaled."]

THEN took the generous host
A basket filled with roses. Every guest
Cried, "Give me roses!" and he thus addressed
His words to all: "He who exalts them most
In song, he only shall the roses wear."
Then sang a guest: "The rose's cheeks are fair;
It crowns the purple bowl, and no one knows
If the rose colors it, or it the rose."
And sang another: "Crimson is its hue,
And on its breast the morning's crystal dew
Is changed to rubies." Then a third replied:
"It blushes in the sun's enamored sight,
As a young virgin on her wedding night,
When from her face the bridegroom lifts the veil."
When all had sung their songs, I, Hassan, tried
"The rose," I sang, "is either red or pale,
Like maidens whom the flame of passion burns,
And love or jealousy controls, by turns.
Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss;
Its open flowers are like the blush of bliss
On lovers' cheeks; the thorns its armor are,
And in its center shines a golden star,
As on a favorite's cheek a sequin glows;—
And thus the garden's favorite is the rose."
The master from his open basket shook
The roses on my head.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

The Lily.

HOW withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure, unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the moldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms and perfume shed.

Flowers.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread.
Nor will I dreary rosemayre,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me:
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

—*Thomas Hood.*

The Swallow.

COME summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof thy nest of clay,
And let my ear thy music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindustani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wild wilderness
Thou camest o'er the sea.

—*Charlotte Smith.*

The Rose.

HOW fair is the rose! that beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Chorus of Flowers.

WE are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith),
Utterance mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, graces.
Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall ever dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down, the Lord might bring one piece of heaven the more?
O! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions [pinions.
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden

—*Leigh Hunt.*

To a Mountain Daisy.

[On turning one down with the plow, in April, 1786.]

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield;
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beneath the random bield,
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed.
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
Unskilled he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink.
Till wrenched of every stay but heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's plowshare drives, elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

—*Robert Burns*

Daffodils.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er the vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outbid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth*

The Rose.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas.
I snapped it,—it fell to the ground.

"And such," I exclaimed, "is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile,
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed perhaps by a smile."

—*William Cowper*

Violets.

WELCOME, maids of honor!
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden Posies,
And, so graced,
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet thou thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie
Poor girls, neglected.

—*Robert Herrick.*

Loves of The Plants.

HOW snowdrops cold and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend,
The lovesick violet and the primrose pale
Bow their sweet heads and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamored woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!

Stay thy softening murmuring waters, gentle rill,
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still,
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

—*Erasmus Darwin.*

The Ivy Green.

OH! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on though he wears no wings
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how close he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And the leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green!

—*Charles Dickens.*

Snow Flakes.

OUT of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded,
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Winter.

ON all thy trees, on every bough,
Thousands of crystals sparkle now,
Where'er our eyes alight;
Firm on the spotless robes we tread,
Which o'er thy beauteous form is spread,
With glittering hoar-frost bright.

Our Father kind, who dwells above,
For thee this garment pure hath wove;
He watches over thee.
Therefore in peace thy slumber take,
Our Father will the weary wake,
New strength, new light to see.

Soon to the breath of spring's soft sighs,
Delighted thou again wilt rise,
In wondrous life so fair.
I feel those sighs breathe o'er the plain,
Dear nature, then rise up again
With flower-wreaths in thy hair.

—*Friedrich W. Krummacher*

The Brave Old Oak.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong!
There's fear in his frown till the sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold,
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frollicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid
But the tree it still remains.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

—*Henry Fothergill Chorley*

The Voice of the Grass.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere,
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere:

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours:
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

—*Sarah Roberts.*

The Holly Tree.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree!
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme
One which may profit in the after-time.

Stars.

YE stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

The Maize.

"That precious seed into the furrow cast
Earliest in springtime, crowns the harvest last."

AFAR in the forest the rude cabins rise,
And send up their pillars of smoke,
And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,
O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak;
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings
The axe till the old giant sways,
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
Shoots the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink-tinted tears.
And striped the bolls which the poppy holds up
For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood, near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the plow
Turns the mold from its unbroken bed,
The plowman is cheered by the finch on the bough,
And the blackbird doth follow his tread;
And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The dew-lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hillside
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize.

With springtime and culture, in martial array
It waves its green broadswords on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
And the sunbeams which fall from the sky;
It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,
And at night at the swift-flying fays,
Who ride through the darkness the beams of the moon,
Through the spears and the flags of the maize!

When the summer is fierce still its banners are green,
Each warrior's long beard groweth red,
His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed and keen
And golden his tassel-plumed head.
As a host of armed knights set a monarch at naught,
That defy the day-god to his gaze,
And, revived every morn from the battle that's fought,
Fresh stand the green ranks of the maize!

But brown comes the autumn, and sear grows the corn,
And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,
And but for the cook and the noontide horn
Old Time would be tempted to rest.

A song for the plant of my own native West,
Where nature and freedom reside,
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
To the corn! the green corn of her pride!
In climes of the East has the olive been sung,
And the grape been the theme of their lays,
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung,
Thou bright, ever beautiful maize!

—*Phœbe Cary.*

The Primeval Forest.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Bowed like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The Palm Tree.

IS it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails.

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft.

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him, of palm was made

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Thanatopsis.

TO him, who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings.—Yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
They go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust; approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Death of the Flowers.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly bed, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow:
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home!
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still:
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Nightingale.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he,—a winged and wandering sound;

Whose tender caroling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre,
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare!
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song,—thy breast [rest.
Thrills for one month o' the year,—is tranquil all the

Thee wondrous we may call—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud a note.

—*John Bowring.*

The Nightingale Bereaved.

OFT when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clown
Robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the wood
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

—*James Thomson.*

The Mother Nightingale.

I HAVE seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme bewail,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!
By a laborer: I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
To the Guardian of the sky
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break:
One while in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat.
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;

Then, afresh, for her dear brood,
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round,
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,

And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood,"
And I heard the rustic still
Answer, "That I never will."

To a Waterfowl.

WHITHER amidst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that the toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among my fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given;
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

—*Charlotte Smith.*

GEMS of the changing autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star.
Peeping through the long grass, smiling on the down;
Lighting up the dusky bank, just where the sun goes down;
Yellow flowers of autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star

Robert of Lincoln.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine!
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies and we sing as he goes:
Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Sunflower.

AH, sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveler's journey is done;
Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from the grave and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go.

—*William Blake.*

ENGLISH POETS WHO DIED IN EARLY MANHOOD

MEN FAMOUS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

The Mocking-Bird.

[From "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking."]

ONCE, Paumanok,
When the snows had melted, and the Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this sea-shore, in some briars,
Two guests from Alabama,—two together,
And their nest, and four light green eggs, spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird, crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

"Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
While we bask—we two together.

"Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north
Day come white, or night come black,
Home or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together."

Till, of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from briar to briar by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

"Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore!
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me."

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down, almost amid the slapping waves
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate;
He poured forth the meanings which I, of all men know.

. . . . .

'Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

"Low hangs the moon—it rose late.
O, it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

"O, madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

"O night! do I not see my love fluttering out there among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

"Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here;
You must know who I am, my love!

"Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O, it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

"Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give me my mate back again, if you only would;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

"O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

"O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the one I want.

"Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!

Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down
into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols!

"But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding
to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come
immediately to me.

"Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

"Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.

"O darkness! O in vain!
O, I am very sick and sorrowful."

—*Walt Whitman.*

The Thrush.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care;
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers,—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness doth declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sins that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres,—yes, and to angels' lays.

—*William Drummond.*

To The Humblebee.

BURLY, dozing humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south-wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,

Firmest cheer and birdlike pleasure.
Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far that human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

To the Skylark.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain,
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

To the Cuckoo.

OBLITHE newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring;
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing;
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place:
That is fit home for thee.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Katydid.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentle folks are they—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill!

I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster Katydids,—
Do Katydids drink tea?

O, tell me where did Katy live.
And what did Katy do!
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Lambs at Play.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,—
Say, did you give thrilling transport way,
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,
Or grazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile—to wisdom no disgrace—
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence and infant mirth
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,
Midst nature's revels, sports that never cloy.
A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place;
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,
From every side, assembling playmates run;
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd, impatient of delay;
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along,
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme,
Then, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain,—
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again;
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try;
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!

—*Robert Bloomfield.*

Mountain and Squirrel.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,

You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put—
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—*R. W. Emerson.*

To a Mouse.

[On turning her up in her nest with the plow, November, 1785.]

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thrive;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the laive,
And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething now too big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

—*Robert Burns*

Threnody.

THE south wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power;
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house;
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round—
The hyacinthine boy, nor whom
Morn well might break and April bloom—

The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day—
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.
Returned this day, the south wind searches,
And finds young pines and budding birches;
But finds not the budding man;
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him;
Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him;
Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet,
Oh, whither tend thy feet?
I had the right, few days ago,
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know;
How have I forfeited the right?
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight?
I hearken for thy household cheer,
O eloquent child!
Whose voice, an equal messenger,
Conveyed thy meaning mild.
What though the pains and joys
Whereof it spoke were toys
Fitting his age and ken,
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,
Who heard the sweet request,
So gentle, wise and grave,
Bended with joy to his behest,
And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon frame,
Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear
For his lips could well pronounce
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene
His early hope, his liberal mien;
Took counsel from his guiding eyes
To make this wisdom earthly wise.
Ah, vainly do these eyes recall
The school march, each day's festival,
When every morn my bosom glowed
To watch the convoy on the road;
The babe in willow wagon closed,
With rolling eyes and face composed;
With children forward and behind
Like Cupids studiously inclined;
And he, the chieftain, paced beside,
The center of the troop allied,
With sunny face of sweet repose,
To guard the babe from fancied foes
The little captain innocent
Took the eye with him as he went;
Each village senior paused to scan
And speak the lovely caravan.
From the window I look out
To mark thy beautiful parade,
Stately marching in cap and coat
To some tune by fairies played;
A music, heard by thee alone,
To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain,
Up and down their glances strain.
The painted sled stands where it stood;
The kennel by the corded wood;
The gathered sticks to stanch the wall
Of the snow-tower, when snow should fall;
The ominous hole he dug in the sand,
And childhood's castle built or planned:
His daily haunts I well discern—
The poultry yard, the shed, the barn—
And every inch of garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around
From the roadside to the brook
Whereinto he loved to look.
Step the meek birds where erst they ranged
The wintry garden lies unchanged:
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In birdlike heavings unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee;
I said: "We are mates in misery."
The morrow dawned with needless glow;
Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;
Each tramper started; but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden—they were bound and still.
There's not a sparrow or a wren,
There's not a blade of Autumn grain.
Which the four seasons do not tend,
And tides of life and increase lend;
And every chick of every bird
And weed and rock-moss is preferred
Oh, ostrich-like forgetfulnes!
Oh, loss of larger in the less!
Was there no star that could be sent,

No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossoms of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth?
Not mine—I never called thee mine,
But Nature's heir—if I repine,
And seeing rashly torn and moved
Not what I made but what I loved,
Grew early old with grief that thou
Must to the wastes of Nature go—
'Tis because a general hope
Was quenched and all must doubt and grope.
For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ills of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
Bring the flown Muses back to men.
Perchance not he, but Nature, ailed;
The world, and not the infant, failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own:
And pregnant with his grander thought
Brought the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an æon to be born.
Ill day which made this beauty waste,
Plight broken, this high face defaced!
Some went and came about the dead;
And some in books of solace read;
Some to their friends the tidings say;
Some went to write, some went to pray:
One tarried here, there hurried one:
But their heart abode with none.
Covetous Death bereaved us all
To aggrandize one funeral.
The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me.
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left,
Oh, truth's and nature's costly lie!
Oh, trusted broken prophecy!
Oh, richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered: "Weepest thou.
Worthier cause for passion wild
If I had not taken the child.
And deemest thou as those who pore,
With aged eyes, short way before—
Think'st beauty vanished from the coast
Of matter, and thy darling lost!
Taught he not thee—the man of eld,
Whose eyes within his eyes beheld
Heaven's numerous hierarchy span
The mystic gulf from God to man?
To be alone wilt thou begin
When worlds of lovers hem thee in?
To-morrow when the mask shall fall
That dizen Nature's carnival,
The pure shall see by their own will,
Which overflowing love shall fill,
'Tis not within the force of fate
The fate-conjoined to separate.
But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable;
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief.
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast
And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend;
Dearest, to thee I did not send
Tutors, but a joyful eye,
Innocence that matched the sky,
Lovely locks, a form of wonder,
Laughter rich as woodland thunder,
That thou might'st entertain apart
The richest flowering of all art;
And, as the great all-loving Day
Through smallest chambers takes its way,
That thou might'st break thy daily bread
With prophet, savior, and head:

That thou might'st cherish for thine own
Tke riches of sweet Mary's son,
Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon.
And thoughtest thou that such guest
Would in thy hall take up his rest?
Would rushing life forget her laws,
Fate's glowing revolution pause?
High omen's ask diviner guess,
Not to be conned to tediousness.
And know my higher gifts unbind
The zone that girds the incarnate mind.
When the scanty shores are full
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool;
When frail Nature can no more,
Then the Spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.

"Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through Nature circling go?
Nail the wild star to its track
On the half-climbed zodiac?
Light is light which radiates;
Blood is blood which circulates;
Life is life which generates;
And many-seeming life is one—
Wilt thou transfix and make it none?

"Its onward force too starkly pent
In figure, bone, and lineament?
Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate,
Talker! the unreplying Fate?
Nor see the genius of the whole
Ascendant in the private soul,
Beckon it when to go and come,
Self-announced its hour of doom?

Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
Magic-built to last a season;
Masterpiece of love benign;
Fairer than expansive reason,
Whose omen 'tis, and sign.
Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdicts which accumulate
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying: *What is excellent?*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds:
Or like a traveler's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Hark, Hark, the Lark.

HARK, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus' gind arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

THE SEA.

The Ocean.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime.
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

—*Lord Byron* (*Childe Harold*).

Address to the Ocean.

O THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the dark clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.

The earth has naught of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild autumn, with a look forlorn,

Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
O, wonderful thou art, great element,
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent;
And lovely in repose! thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And harken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

—*Bryan W. Procter* (*Barry Cornwall*).

Grandeur of the Ocean.

THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe, belong to the ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an angel caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free,—
Like the ocean bird our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

To the Cuckoo.

THE schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands
Another spring to hail.
Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green.
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

—*John Logan.*

The Ocean.

[Written at Scarborough, in the Summer of 1805.]

ALL hail to the ruins, the rocks, and the shores;
Thou wide-rolling Ocean, all hail!
Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-winged sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee,
I gaze,—and am changed at the sight;
For mine eye is illumined, my genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadowed pole.

The Sea.

[From "Childe Harold."]

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

The Chambered Nautilus.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturesome bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted where the syren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door, [more
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Sands O' Dee.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drown'd maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in a cross the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Bay of Biscay.

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay:
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Her opening timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak;
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

ONCE more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas, fluttering, strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

—*Lord Byron.*

The Coral Grove.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and grassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow:
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There was a light and easy motion
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the recks on the shore,
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

—*James Gates Percival.*

Homeward Bound.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home my country's flag of stars!
My mother, in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears;
One long, long darkness breaks the light,
Comes home the loved, the lost for years.
Sleep safe O wave-worn mariner!
Fear not to-night, or storm or sea:
The ear of heaven bends low to her!
He comes to shore who sails with me.
The wind-tossed spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze
And, by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays.

—*Nathaniel P. Willis*

The Sea.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creatures lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter! I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And how the sou'west wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore

But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born.
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

—*Bryan Walter Procter* (*Barry Cornwall.*)

"Old Ironsides."

[Written with reference to the proposed breaking up of the famous frigate "Constitution."]

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Sea-Boy's Farewell.

WAIT, wait, ye wind, till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet
Whose station is at home;
Then waft the sea boy's simple prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there,
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to father! reverend hulk,
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
Soon may his cable slip;
But while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to mother, "first-class" she!
Who launched me on life's stormy sea
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister! lovely yacht!
But whether she'll be "manned" or not,
I cannot now foresee!
May some good ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lea.

Farewell to George! the jolly boat!
And all the little craft afloat,
In home's delightful bay;
When they arrive in sailing age,
May wisdom give the weather gage,
And guide them on their way

Farewell to all! on life's rude main
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;

But summoned by the Board above,
We'll harbor in the port of love,
And all be moored together!

—*Anonymous.*

The White Squall.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode well;
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell·
'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave
As ever launched on the heaving wave.
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles;
All thought of home, of that welcome dear
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear;
And in fancy joined the social throng
In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides through the azure sky,—
What means that wild despairing cry?
Farewell the visioned scenes of home!
That cry is "Help," where no help can come;
For the White Squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is 'gulfed in an ocean grave.

—*Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall.)*

Break, Break, Break.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play;
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But a tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Minute Gun.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,
The nightwatch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with a gallant crew
And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But, O, what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed!
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell!
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute-gun at sea.

—*R. S. Sharpe.*

The Sea Shore.

I HAVE seen a curious child, who dwelt upon a
Of inland ground, applying to his ear [tract
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are a' times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

—*William Wordsworth*

The Sea-Limits.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell,
Secret continuance sublime
Is the era's end. Our sight may pass
No furlong farther. Since time was,
This sound has told the lapse of time.

No quiet which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is on the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

Poetry and Mystery of the Sea.

THERE is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps, unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains, are there, to which the fountains of the earth are but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt which so impregnate its waters that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking—and perhaps never able to seek—the upper waters and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion in the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been engulfed by the insatiable

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and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and dle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

The sea possesses beauty, in richness, of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many-colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars, for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breezes and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own,—a soft and sparkling light, rivaling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface leave streaming behind a Milky Way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters where it dwells and rests, singing its spells and scattering its charms on all the coasts. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves and fields and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea? —*Dr. Greenwood.*

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

In o'cean's caves still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

—*Emma Willard.*

Upon The Beach.

MY life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps the waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 't is, and scrupulous care,
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore—
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

—*Henry David Thoreau.*

Sea-Weed.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea weed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beeches,
All have found repose again.

So when storm of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul ere long,
From each cave and rocky fastness
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf; whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong will, and the endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of fate,
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Dover Beach.

THE sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits; on the French coast, the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window; sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand.
Begin and cease; and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

—*Matthew Arnold*

Gulf Weed.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;

Sport of the spume of the surging sea;
Flung on the foam, afar and anear
Mark my manifold mystery—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
  Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
  Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
  White and hard in apt array;
Mid the wild waves' rude uproar
  Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
  Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming forevermore,
  Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
  The eternal type of the wondrous whole,
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
  Grace informing with silent soul.

—*Cornelius George Fenner*

The Shipwreck.

IN vain the cords and axes were prepared,
  For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground;
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussionf eels,
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides,
  O, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress,
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivaled strains deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore!
  As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast.
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main yard arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide,
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

—*William Falconer.*

The Wreck of the Atlantic.

[The good steamship "Atlantic" was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland, and several hundred lives were lost]

AY, build her long and narrow and deep !
  She shall cut the sea with a scimetar's sweep,
Whatever betides, and whoever may weep!

Bring out the red wine! Lift the glass to the lip!
With a roar of great guns, and a "Hip! hip!
Hurrah!" for the craft, we will christen the ship!

Dash a draught on the bow! Ah, the spar of white wood
Drips into the sea till it colors the flood
With the very own double and symbol of blood!

Now out with the name of the monarch gigantic
That shall queen it so grandly when surges are frantic!
Child of fire and of iron, God save the "Atlantic!"

All aboard my fine fellows! "Up anchor!" the word—
Ah, never again shall that order be heard,
For two worlds will be mourning you gone to a third!

To the trumpet of March wild gallops the sea;
The white-crested troopers are under the lee—
Old World and New World and Soul-World are three.

Great garments of rain wrap the desolate night;
Sweet heaven disastered is lost to the sight;
"Atlantic," crash on in the pride of thy might! [right!"
With thy look-out's dim cry, "One o'clock, and all

Ho, down with the hatches! The seas come aboard!
All together they come, like a passionate word,
Like pirates that put every soul to the sword!

Their black flag all aboard makes murky the air,
But the ship parts the night as a maiden her hair—
Through and through the thick gloom, from land here
to land there,
Like a shuttle that weaves for a mourner to wear!

Good-night, proud "Atlantic!" One tick of the clock,
And a staggering craunch and a shivering shock—
'Tis the flint and the steel! 'Tis the ship and the rock!

Deathless sparks are struck out from the bosoms of
girls,
From the stout heart of manhood, in scintillant whirls
Like the stars of the flag when the banner unfurls!

What hundreds went up unto God in their sleep!
What hundreds in agony baffled the deep—
Nobody to pray and nobody to weep!

Alas for the flag of the single "White Star,"
With light pale and cold as the woman's hands are
Who, froze in the shrouds, flashed her jewels afar,
Lost her hold on the world, and then clutched at a spar!

God of mercy and grace! How the bubbles come up
With souls from the revel, who stayed not to sup;
Death drank the last toast, and then shattered the cup!

—*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

A Shipwreck.

THE other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored
To save, one-half the people then on board.

* * * * * *

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars;
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews.
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell!
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he died.

—*Campbell.*

Twilight at Sea.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free,
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

—*Amelia B. Welby.*

Sunrise at Sea.

WHEN the mild weather came,
And set the sea on flame,
How often would I rise before the sun,
And from the masts behold
The gradual splendor of the sky unfold,
Ere the first line of disk had yet begun,
Above the horizon's arc,
To show it's flaming gold,
Across the purple dark!

One perfect dawn, how well I recollect,
When the whole East was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mountain luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues and all the zenith seemed to open,
As if to show a cope beyond the cope!

How reverently calm the ocean lay
At the bright birth of that celestial day!
How every little vapor, robed in state,
Would melt and dissipate
Before the augmenting ray,
Till the victorious orb rose unattended,
And every billow was his mirror splendid!

—*Epes Sargent.*

The Night-Sea.

IN the summer even,
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
Till my love should come to shore.

The fishing lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And "Come," I sung, "my true love,
Come hasten home to me."

But the sea it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon,
And the young moon dropped from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.

All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea, [storm,
And "Wait," cried the night, and wind, and
"Wait till I come to thee!"

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

The Wreck of the "Hesperus."

IT was the schooner, "Hesperus"
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm
His pipe was in his mouth—
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor
Who had sailed the Spanish main;
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell in the hissing brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so:
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church bells ring!
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock bound coast,"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns!
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father, I see a gleaming light!
O say, what may it be!"
But the father answer'd never a word—
A frozen corpse was he!

Lash'd to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd thro' the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and prayed,
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks, and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck, where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
"Ho! ho!" the breakers roar'd.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of *Hesperus*,
In the midnight, and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfello*

Wreck of the "Grace of Sunderland."

"HE'S a rare man,
Our parson; half a head above us all.'

"That's a great gift, and notable," said I.

"Ay, sir; and when he was a younger man
He went out in the life-boat very oft,
Before the 'Grace of Sunderland' was wrecked.
He's never been his own man since that hour;
For there were thirty men aboard of her,
Anigh as close as you are now to me,
And ne'er a one was saved.

They're lying now,
With two small children, in a row: the church
And yard are full of seamen's graves, and few
Have any names.

"She bumped upon the reef:
Our parson, my young son, and several more
Were lashed together with a two-inch rope,
And crept along to her; their mates ashore
Ready to haul them in. The gale was high,
The sea was all a boiling, seething froth,

And God Almighty's guns were going off,
And the land trembled.

"When she took the ground
She went to pieces like a lock of hay
Tossed from a pitchfork. Ere it came to that,
The captain reeled on deck with two small things,
One in each arm,—his little lad and lass.
Their hair was long and blew before his face,
Or else we thought he had been saved; he fell,
But held them fast. The crew, poor luckless souls!
The breakers licked them off; and some were crushed,
Some swallowed in the yeast, some flung up dead,
The dear breath beaten out of them: not one
Jumped from the wreck upon the reef to catch
The hands that strained to reach, but tumbled back
With eyes wide open. But the captain lay
And clung—the only man alive. They prayed—
'For God's sake, captain, throw the children here!'
'Throw them!' our parson cried; and then she struck:
And he threw one, a pretty two years' child,
But the gale dashed him on the slippery verge,
And down he went. They say they heard him cry

"Then he rose up and took the other one,
And our men reached out their hungry arms,
And cried out, 'Throw her, throw her!' and he did
He threw her right against the parson's breast,
And all at once a sea broke over them,
And they that saw it from the shore have said
It struck the wreck, and piecemeal scattered it,
Just as a woman might a lump of salt
That 'twixt her hand into the kneading-pan
She breaks and crumbles on her rising bread.

"We hauled our men in: two of them were dead—
The sea had beaten them, their heads hung down;
Our parson's arms where empty, for the wave
Had torn away the pretty, pretty lamb;
We often see him stand beside her grave:
But 'twas no fault of his, no fault of his."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

The Dying Sailor.

HE called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message:—"Thomas, I must die,
Would I could see my Sallie, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not paint
The lover's meeting; she beheld him faint,
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope forever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime:
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sighed, alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed. and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The frendly many, and the favorite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whispered "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrightened; but, she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

—*George Crabbe.*

Tom Bowling.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to "pipe all hands."
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed:
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

—*Charles Dibdin.*

The Sea.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility.

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walk'st with me here!
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Poor Jack.

GO, patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
And it a'n't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest topgallant masts smack smooth should smite.
And shiver each splinter of wood, [tight,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay:
Why, 't was just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
"For," says he, "do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would cry—
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
"What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?
Why, what a blamed fool you must be!
Can't you see, the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy, I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so soft:
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my will, 't is the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback;
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

—*Charles Dibdin.*

The Sailor's Consolation.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill·
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof shall fall in:
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses—
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
Above their heads are flying!

"And very often we have heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages--
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

—*William Pitt.*

The Inchcape Rock.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round
And there was joyance in their sound!

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eyes were on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok.

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Wont bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store.
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

—*Robert Southey.*

Launching of the Ship.

ALL is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatiently for his bride.
There she stands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,

Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tendernessand watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signal of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvil rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Treasures of the Deep.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain!—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar—
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave.
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayers went up through midnight's breathless gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down.
Dark flows thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—"Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the dead, thou sea!"

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

Signs of Rain.

[Forty reasons for not accepting an invitation of a friend to make an excursion with him.]

THE hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark, how the chairs and table crack!
Old Betty's nerves are on the rack;
Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh,
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine,
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and light,
Illumed the dewy dell last night;
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling dust the wind obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The fog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
My dog, so altered is his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

—*Edward Jenner.*

Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with a skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still;
He listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea;

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath paced into the hall—
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow—
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head—
The ship drove fast; loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross—
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit,
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!
'Ah, wretch!' said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night:
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young?
Instead of the cross the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye!—
A weary time! a weary time
How glazed each weary eye!
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist—

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

'See; see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more!'
Hither to work us weal—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I—and my heart beat loud—
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossamers?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy:
The nightmare, Life-in-death, was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:
'The game is done. I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride come the dark;

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up.
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar,
The horned moon, with one bright star,
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

PART IV.

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close.
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway,
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white;
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire—
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart.
And I blessed them unaware—
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank

Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind—
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag—
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose—
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew,
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The Body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The Body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

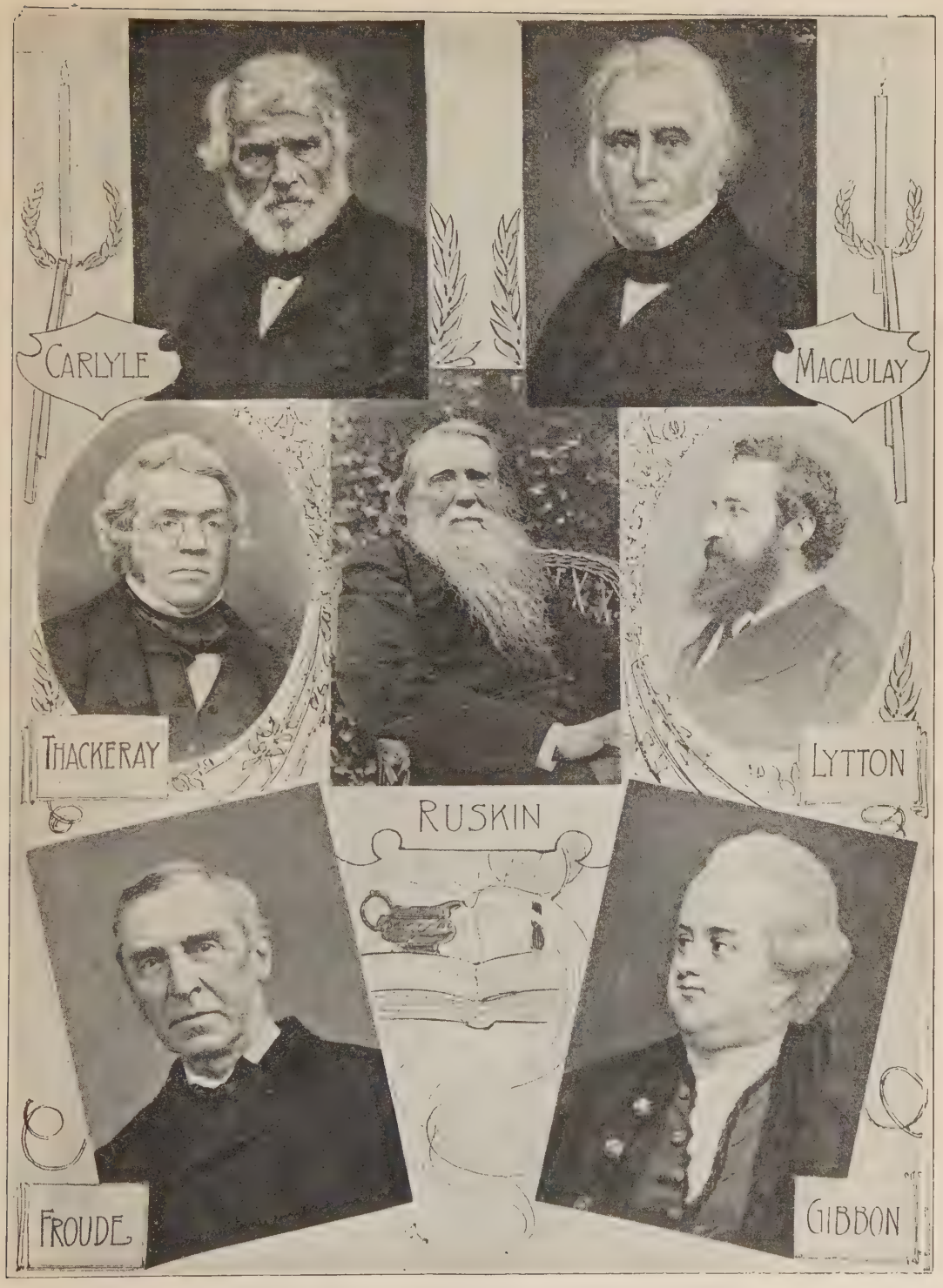
Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.



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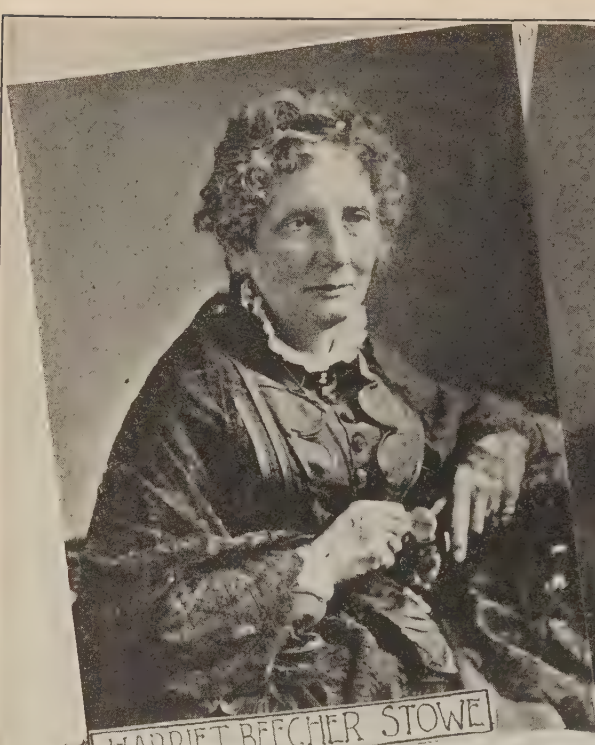
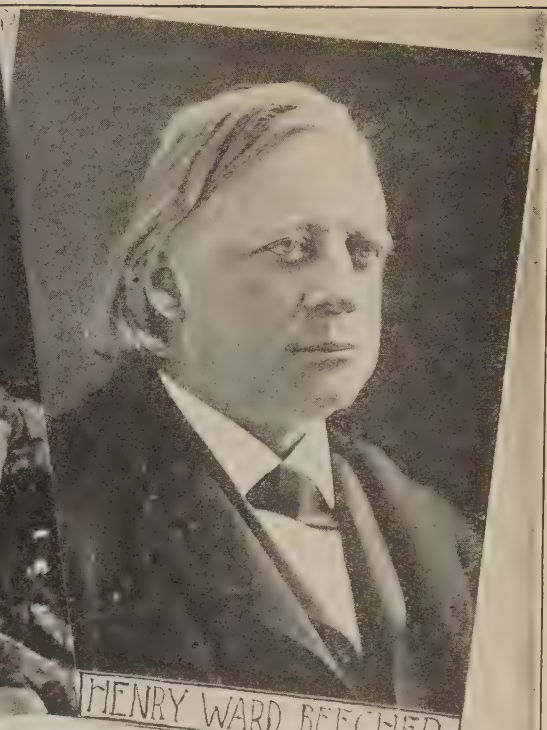


HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



HENRY WARD BEECHER

HOME OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, HARTFORD, CONN.

People Who Have Gone Down Into History

Few names are more indelibly written upon our country's history than Harriet Beecher Stowe and her brother, Henry Ward Beecher. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe's most famous work, has been translated in every known language.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backward and forward half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go;
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross!

'The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'
The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again;
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast,
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see, how graciously
She looketh down on him!'

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night—the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeonfitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O, let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway!

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice,
It is a hermit good!
He singeth loud his Godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross' blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk.
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails
How thin they are, and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
(The pilot made reply)—
I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit, cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship.
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship
The boat span round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long; and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'—
The hermit crossed his brow:
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale—
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door?
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden bower the Bride
And bridemaids singing are;

And hark, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!
O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea—
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone. And now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn!
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

To Certain Golden Fishes.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
Mail of nature's own bestowing,

With peaceful radiance mildly glowing
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upward, downward, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size,

When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem.
As gay, as gamesome and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in fair Cathay;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,

It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labor, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

On the Beach.

THE sun is low, as ocean's flow
Heaves to the strand in breakers white;
And sea-birds seek their wild retreat
Where the cliffs reflect the fading light.

The billow gleams in parting beams,
And sighs upon the lonely shore,
Whilst childhood stands upon the sands
To greet the coming fisher's oar.

Swift to my heart the waves impart
Another dream of restless life,
As some proud mind the fierce fates bind,
Or doom to vain and endless strife.

The waves are bright with peace to-night,
And gladly bound 'neath summer's reign;
I tread the verge of the shelving surge,
To muse upon its wild refrain.

O deep! thy winds, in murmuring chimes
Sweet to my ear, my love implore,
Thou dost enthral with siren call,
And tempt me from thy peaceful shore!

Yes, o'er the graves, thy heaving waves,
A stern delight with danger dwells;
There's buoyant life amid thy strife,
And rapture in thy lonely dells.

E'en in thy wrath, thy surging path
Hath peril's joy beyond thy shores!
Amid the glare of their despair,
The soul above thy terror soars.

But 'neath thy smile there's death and wile,
The dark abyss, the waiting grave!
Thy surges close o'er human woes
On distant strand, in secret cave!

Insatiate sea! oh, where is she
Who trod in love thy gathered sands?
Thou gavest her back as wreck and wrack,
Pallid, to sad, imploring hands!

And where is he, O sea! O sea!
Who dared thy treacherous crests to ride?
The quick command, the hastening hand,
Were vain to rescue from thy tide!

Yet not in woe the plaint should go
'Against thee for the storm's behest;
Thou'rt but the slave when wild winds rave
And tyrant tempests lash thy breast.

Doomed in thy keep the fates to meet,
Thou dost obey a mightier wrath!
Imperious sway commands thy way,
And riots in its reckless path.

Shall time's swift flight e'er stay thy might
That dooms us to thy caves unblest!
Or God's right arm thy tides disarm,
And soothe to peace thy long unrest?

No! still thy waves with moaning staves
Shall heave thy gray sands to the shore,
Aud thou shalt roll o'er depth and shoal
Forever and forevermore!

—*William Whitehead.*

DESCRIPTIVE.

Weehawken and the New York Bay.

[From "Fanny."]

WEEHAWKEN! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy is met;
And never has a summer morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high

Amid thy forest solitudes he climbs
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear

Like the death music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him;
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him,
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there
In wild reality. When life is old
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

—*Fitz Greene Halleck.*

London.

[Composed upon Westminster Bridge, 1803.]

EARTH has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

—*William Wordsworth.*

Great Britain.

[From "The Traveller."]

MY genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state;
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kinds pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Melrose Abbey.

THE moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint;
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy vane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The Mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left a poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

—*Byron.*

Palestine.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng,
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-side before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

Oh, here with His flock the sad wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Coliseum by Moonlight.

[From "Manfred."]

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.
The trees, which grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through leveled battlements,
And twines its root with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls

Grovel on earth in distinct decay,
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

—*Lord Byron.*

Sunny Italy.

KNOWEST thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees,
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves, [loves.
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless
Belov'd—speed we from this sullen strand,
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix forever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth:
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and and be all pain forgot.

—*Edward C. Pinkney.*

A View Across the Roman Campagna---1861.

OVER the dumb campagna-sea,
Out in the offing through mist and rain,
St. Peter's Church heaves silently
Like a mighty ship in pain,
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Motionless waifs of ruined towers,
Soundless breakers of desolate land!
The sullen surf of the mist devours
That mountain range upon either hand,
Eaten away from its outline grand.

And over the dumb campagna sea
Where the ship of the church heaves on to wreck,
Alone and silent as God must be
The Christ walks!—Ay, but Peter's neck
Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

Peter, Peter, if such be thy name,
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And proving thy faith evermore the same
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
Since He who walks on the sea is here!

Peter, Peter!—he does not speak—
He is not as rash as in old Galilee.
Safer a ship, though it toss and leak,
Than a reeling foot on a rolling sea!
—And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks he.

Peter, Peter!—he does not stir—
His nets are heavy with silver fish:
He reckons his gains, and is keen to infer,
"The broil on the shore, if the Lord should wish,
But the sturgeon goes to the Cæsar's dish."

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,
Fisher of fish would'st thou live instead,
Haggling for pence with the other ten,
Cheating the market at so much a head,
Griping the bag of the traitor dead?

At the triple crow of the Gallic cock [dazed:
Thou weep'st not, thou, though thine eyes be
What bird comes next in the tempest shock?
Vultures! See—as when Romulus gazed,
To inaugurate Rome for a word amazed!

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

Holland.

[From "The Traveler"]

TO men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the waters roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Nuremburg.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nurembeg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng.

Memories of Middle Ages, when the emperors rough and bold
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand to every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art;
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust:

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of
sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the
painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple reverent
heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of
Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy
hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better
Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where
he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies:

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems
more fair
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has
breathed its air.

Through these streets so broad and stately, these
obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic
strains;

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the
friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the
swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle wove he too the mystic
rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the
anvil's chime,

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the
flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the
loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet laureate of the gen
tle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios
sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded
floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the
door,

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's
song,
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard
white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his
cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's
antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy
eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded
tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the
world's regard,
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy
cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far
away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought
his careless lay;

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of
the soil,
The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Divina Commedia.

OFT have I seen, at some cathedral door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And vast the minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's grove of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotton tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Lake Leman.

[From "Childe Harold."]

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved, [moved.
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into a voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

—*Lord Byron.*

Cleopatra.

[From Antony and Cleopatra.]

ENOBARBUS. The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple on the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth-of-gold of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colored fans, whose winds did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

AGRIPPA. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touch of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench!

MECÆNAS. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

—*Shakespeare.*

Battle of Wyoming and Death of Gertrude.

HEAVEN'S verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star—
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly friends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

They looked up to the hills, where fire o'er hung
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrung,
Told elgible that midnight of despair.
She faints—she falters—the heroic fair,
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed,
One short embrace—he clasped his dearest care;
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade!
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

They came of every race, the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines;
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins;
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer
To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng,

Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts;
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, erelong
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christain father rose;
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr-light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle-flash is faster driven
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

Past was the flight and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath each bold and promontory mound
With embrazure embossee and armor crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe,
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew:
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasped him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh God! the life-blood is her own:
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed:
Thee Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate: for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

Helvellyn.

[In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterward, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide:
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And startling around me the echoes replied
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, O, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far down the long isle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, bewildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
The obsequies sang by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Rhine.

[From "Childe Harold."]

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy, wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me,
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,—
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,

And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

—*Lord Byron.*

Ode to the West Wind.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver,—hear, O hear!
Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm.

* * * * *

Be thou Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Godiva.

NOT only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve"
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" "But I would die," said she
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,

He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheeks flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear.
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Passage.

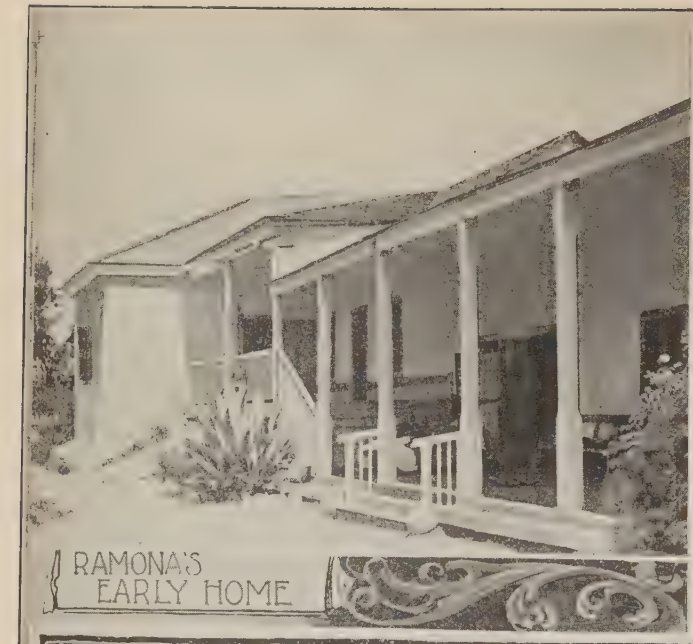
[A Maritime Village in Ireland.]

THE town of Passage
Is both large and spacious
And situated
Upon the say.
'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork
On a summer's day;
There you may slip in
To take a dipping
Forninst the shipping
That at anchor ride,
Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe,
On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charming,
With sailors' garments
Hung out to dry;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious
In their straw-built sty.
'T is there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats and herrings,
And oyster-shells;
Nor any lack, O,
Of good tobacco—
Though what is smuggled
By far excels.
There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
In whisky punch;
And you may go in
Where one Mary Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel,

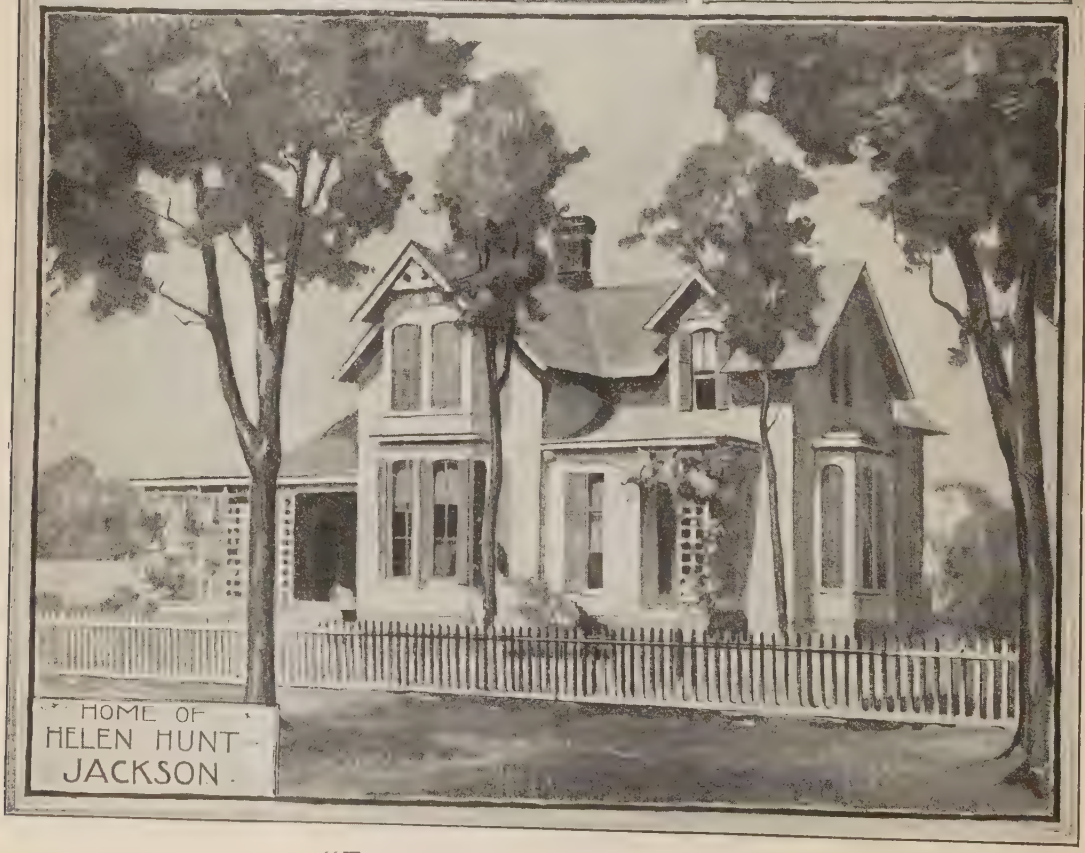
Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Ah! that thou couldn't know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!"
—John G. Whittier.



RAMONA'S EARLY HOME

HELEN HUNT JACKSON



HOME OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

"THE FRIEND OF THE RED MAN"

For a quiet lunch.
But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,
Whatsoever country
You come hither from,
On an invitation
To a jollification
With a parish priest
That's called "Father Tom."

Of ships there's one fixt
For lodging convicts,
A floating "stone jug"
Of amazing bulk.
The hake and salmon,
Playing at backgammon,
Swim for divarsion
Around this hulk;
There Saxon jailors
Keep brave repailors,
Who soon with sailors
Must anchor weigh
From the Emerald Island,
Ne'er to see dry land,
Until they spy land
In sweet Bot'ny Bay.
—*Francis Mahony* (*Father Prout.*)

The Maelstrom.

IN the Arctic ocean near the coast of Norway is situated the famous Maelstrom or whirlpool. Many are the goodly ships that have been caught in its circling power, and plunged into the depths below. On a fine spring morning, near the shore opposite, are gathered a company of peasants. The winter and the long night have passed away; and, in accordance with their ancient custom, they are holding a greeting to the return of the sunlight, and the verdure of spring. Under a green shade are spread, in abundance, all the luxuries their pleasant homes could afford. In the grove at one side are heard the strains of music, and the light step of the dance.

At the shore lies a beautiful boat, and a party near are preparing for a ride. Soon all things are in readiness, and, amid the cheer of their companions on shore, they push gaily away. The day is beautiful, and they row on, and on. Weary, at length, they drop their oars to rest; but they perceive their boat to be still moving. Somewhat surprised,—soon it occurs to them that they are under the influence of the whirlpool.

Moving slowly and without an effort—presently faster, at length the boat glides along with a movement far more delightful than with oars. Their friends from the shore perceive the boat moving, and see no working of the oars; it flashes upon *their* minds that they are evidently within the circles of the maelstrom. When the boat comes near they call to them, "Beware of the whirlpool!" But they laugh at fear,—they are too happy to think of returning: "When we see there is danger then we will return." Oh, that some good angel would come with warning unto them, "Unless ye *now* turn back ye *cannot* be saved." Like as the voice of God comes to the soul of the impenitent, "Unless ye mend your ways ye cannot be saved."

The boat is now going at a fearful rate; but, deceived by the moving waters, they are unconscious of its rapidity. They hear the hollow rumbling at the waterpool's center. The voices from the shore are no longer audible, but every effort is being used to warn them of their danger. They now, for the first time, become conscious of their situation, and head the boat toward shore. But, like a leaf in the autumn gale, she quivers under the power of the whirlpool. Fear drives them to frenzy! Two of the strongest seize the oars, and ply them

with all their strength, and the boat moves toward the shore. With joy they cherish hope! and some, for the first time in all their lives, now give thanks to God,—that they are *saved.* But suddenly, CRASH goes an oar! and such a shriek goes up from that ill-fated band, as can only be heard when a spirit lost, drops into perdition!

The boat whirls again into its death-marked channel, and skips on with the speed of the wind. The roar at the center grinds on their ears, like the grating of prison doors on the ears of the doomed. Clearer, and more deafening is that dreadful roar, as nearer and still nearer the vessel approaches the center; then whirling for a moment on that awful brink, she plunges with her freight of human souls into that dreadful yawning hollow, where their bodies shall lie in their watery graves till the sea gives up its dead!

—*Charles A. Wiley,*

American Skies.

THE sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise—
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.

And they are fair; a charm is theirs,
The earth—the proud green earth—has not,
With all the hues, and forms, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,
And read of heaven's eternal year.

Oh! when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us then,
Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

River Song.

COME to the river's reedy shore,
My maiden, while the skies,
With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,
Wait for the sun's uprise:
There, dancing on the rippling wave,
My boat expectant lies,
And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,
Unclose their dewy-eyes.

As gently down the stream we glide,
The lilies all unfold
Their leaves, less rosy white than thou,
And virgin hearts of gold;
The gay birds on the meadow elm
Salute thee blithe and bold,
While I behold thee ply the oar,
And glow with love untold.

—*F. B. Sanborn*

To the Silent River.

RIVER that in silence windest
Through the meadows bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Oft in sadness, and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in bitter hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap forward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue,

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start.
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

Tis for this, then, Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

—*H. W. Longfellow*

The Cataract of Lodore.

[Described in Rhymes for the Nursery.]

"HOW does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From the fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along
Striking and raging

As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

—*Robert Southey.*

Farm-Yard Song.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes:
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in his giant hand;
In the poplar tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling.
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
"Co', boss! co'! boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;

The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those who have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so, so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes:
The apples are pared, the paper is read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long:
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

—J. T. Trowbridge.

Birthplace of Robert Burns.

THOUGH Scotland boast a thousand names
Of patriot, king, and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here;
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cottage-king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day;
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn,
or here, beneath this lowly thatch
Love's sweetest bard was born

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched
The something deemed divine,
And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

—Robert G. Ingersoll

The Fountain.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

In the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward
Never a-weary!

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless, aspiring;
Ceaseless, content;
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

—*James Russell Lowell*

Afton Water.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—*Robert Burns.*

Song of The Brook.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I babble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots:
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows;

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

Tweedside.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed,
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring.
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feathered folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare:
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on smooth-winding Tay
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

—*William Crawford*

The Planting of the Apple Tree.

COME, let us plant the apple tree,
Cleave the tough green sward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;

Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer's shower.
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May winds' restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays her bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The wintry stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree!
O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Mountains of Switzerland.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid—
Who yet with patient toil has gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed—

Sees far, far down beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country golden to the shore,
Were a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy. —*Rose Terry Cooke*

ADVENTURE AND RURAL SPORTS.

Heroism.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Glove and the Lions.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother; [the air;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

—Leigh Hunt.

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.

[Of Robin Hood, the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, and his merry men, there are many ballads; but the limits of this volume forbid our giving more than a single selection. Various periods, ranging from the time of Richard I to the end of the reign of Edward II., have been assigned as the age in which Robin Hood lived He is usually described as a yeoman, abiding in Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. His most noted followers, generally mentioned in the ballads, are Little John, Friar Tuck, his chaplain, and his maid Marian. Nearly all the ballads extol his courage, his generosity, his humanity, and his skill as an archer. He robbed the rich only, who could afford to lose, and gave freely to the poor. He protected the needy, was a champion of the fair sex, and took great delight in plundering prelates. The following ballad exhibits the outlaw in one of his most attractive aspects—affording assistance to a distressed lover]

COME, listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet, fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alack and well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the Miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
Whenas he sees them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept these seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood.
"Come, tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body,' then said the young man
"My name is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true-love?
Come, tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man.
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,*
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his wedding,

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee, now tell unto me. '
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O, welcome, O, welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

* Stop nor stay.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to hear;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two and three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all in a row,
The very first man was Allen a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true-love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop, he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
'By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid!" said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

—*Anonymous*

The Engineer's Story.

NO, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain i' my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head forever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slacked motion
Of the up-grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
A playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadows
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was a child at its play!

One instant—one awful and only,
The world flew around in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night-wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face, that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more—but I heard it—
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled, with a shudder
I swept my hand over the track;
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As if in deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fulness of heaven
Blessed me forevermore.

—*Anonymous*

James Fitz-James and Ellen.

A FOOTSTEP struck her ear
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner would renew his strain.
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James," she said;
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt?" "O, say not so
To me in gratitude you owe
Now mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lead his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come; 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's hand she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed:
For him she sought who owned this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate!
She gazed on many a princely port
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed—
Then turned bewildered and amazed,

For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent,
'Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The center of the glittering ring—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands:
She showed the ring, she clasped her hands.
O, not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her, and the while
Checked with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed:
"Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes bring;
He will redeem his signet-ring.
Ask naught for Douglass; yester even
His prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsman, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanched thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What cloud's thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglass, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

Then forth the noble Douglass sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of power—
When it can say, the godlike voice,
Arise, sad virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry:
He stepped between—"Nay, Douglass, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!

The riddle 't is my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low, but happier way,
'T is under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils, for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low,
"Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive!"
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still 'dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James' ring:
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But with that consciousness there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her general feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit; the King of Kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand.
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turned her from the king,
And to the Douglass gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!"—And, at the word
Down knelt the Græme to Scotland's lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile.

And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy royal name—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"

His chains of gold the king unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

Paul Revere's Ride.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friends, "If the British march
By land or sea from town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church Tower as a signal light,
One if by land, and two if by sea:
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The "Somerset," British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead:
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away.
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched, with eager search,
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church.
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight; a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! and yet, through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As it they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleeting of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm.
A cry of defiance and not of fear.
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For borne on the night wind of the past
Through all our history to the last
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

The Ride of Paul Venarez.

PAUL VENAREZ heard them say, in the frontier town, that day,
That a band of Red Plume's warriors was upon the trail of death;
Heard them tell of murder done—th ee men killed at Rocky Run.
"They're in danger up at Crawford's," said Venarez, under breath.

"Crawford's"—thirty miles away—was a settlement that lay
In a green and pleasant valley of the mighty wilderness;
Half a score of homes was there, and in one a maiden fair
Half the heart of Paul Venarez—"Paul Venarez' little Bess."

So no wonder he grew pale when he heard the settler's tale
Of the men he had seen murdered yesterday, at Rocky Run.
"Not a soul will dream," he said, "of the danger that's ahead;
By my love for little Bessie, I must see that something's done."

Not a moment he delayed, when his brave resolve was made.
"Why, my man," his comrades told him, when they knew his daring plan,
"You are going straight to death." But he answered, "Save your breath,
I may fail to get to Crawford's, but I'll do the best I can."

O'er the forest rail he sped, and his thoughts flew on ahead
To the little band at Crawford's, thinking not of danger near.
"Oh, God help me save," cried he, "little Bess!" And fast and free
Trusty Nell bore on the hero of the far away frontier.

Low and lower sank the sun. He drew rein at Rocky Run;
"Here these men met death, my Nellie," and he stroked his horse's mane:
"So will they we go to warn, ere the breaking of the morn,
If we fail, God help us, Nellie!" Then he gave his horse the rein.

Sharp and keen a rifle-shot woke the echoes of the spot.
"Oh, my Nellie, I am wounded," cried Venarez with a moan,
And the warm blood from his side spurted out in a red tide,
And he trembled in the saddle, and his face had ashy grown.

"I will save them yet," he cried. "Bessie Lee shall know I died
For her sake." And then he halted in the shelter of a hill:
From his buckskin shirt he took, with weak hands a little book;
And he tore a blank leaf from it. "This," said he "shall be my will."

From a branch a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak
In the red blood that was dripping from the wound below the heart.
"Rouse," he wrote, "before too late. Red Plume's warriors lie in wait.
Good-bye, Bess! God bless you always." Then he felt the warm tears start.

Then he made his message fast, love's first letter, and its last;
To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white with pain,
"Bear my message, if not me, safe to little Bess," said he.
Then he leaned down in the saddle, and clutched hard the sweaty mane.

Just at dusk, a horse of brown, flecked with foam, came panting down
To the settlement at Crawford, and she stopped at Bessie's door.
But her rider seemed asleep. Ah, his slumber was so deep
Bessie's voice could never wake him, if she called for ever more.

You will hear the story told by the young and by the old
In the settlement at Crawford's, of the night when Red Plume came;
Of the sharp and bloody fight; how the chief fell, and the flight
Of the panic-stricken warriors. Then they speak Venarez' name

In an awed and reverent way, as men utter "Let us pray,"
As we speak the name of heroes, thinking how they lived and died;
So his memory is kept green, while his face and heaven between
Grow the flowers Bessie planted, ere they laid her by his side.

—*Anonymous.*

Mazeppa's Ride.

[From "Mazeppa."]

"BRING forth the horse!"—the horse was brought,
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled,—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led;
They bound me on, that menial throng,

A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND

"No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this roughhewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul!
They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll.

Upon his back, with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash,
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

"Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on;
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed—away!—away—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment, from that rabble rout;
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
* * * * *

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind,
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light:
Town,—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights, of some stronghold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. * * * *

"But fast we fled, away, away,
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career;
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swollen limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang;
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fiercer far than flame.

"We neared the wildwood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old and sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste—
But these were few and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strewn by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon, like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine,—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
O, how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe!
When first my courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed

Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
* * * * * *
"The wood was passed; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold,—
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
* * * * * *
"What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk!
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground;
But erred, for I was fastly bound,
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther; he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee toward a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it passed, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face—before—and now.

"My thoughts came back: where was I? Cold
And numb and giddy; pulse by pulse
Life re assumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb,—till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang;
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim; alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars; it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright, broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves shall strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top; a boundless plain
Spread through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light
As rose the moon upon my right.
But naught distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate.
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an *ignis fatuus* rose
To make him merry with my woes:
The very cheat had cheered me then!
Although detected, welcome, still.
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

"Onward we went,—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;

But useless all to me.
His newborn tameness naught availed,—
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
Perchance had they been free,
With feeble efforts still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,
But still it was in vain!
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolonged their pain;
The dizzy race seemed almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won;
Some streaks announced the coming sun,—
How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it rolled away,—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely luster, all his own.

"Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before.
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel,—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice, was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a verst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were, or seemed, alone.
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry,—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse,—and none to ride!
With flowing tail and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight renerved my courser's feet.
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell:
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop,—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop,—they start,—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back, with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.
They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me, and there we lay
The dying on the dead!
I little deemed another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

"And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me.

* * * * * *

"The sun was sinking,—still I lay
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed;
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need.
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly.
Who scarce should wait till both should die
Ere his repast begun;

He flew, and perched, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit,
  I could have smote, but lacked the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be called a voice,
  Together scared him off at length.
I know no more—my latest dream
  Is something of a lovely star
  Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little trill, a short suspense,
  An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks, that crossed my brain,—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
  A sigh, and nothing more.

"I woke. Where was I? Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?
  I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
  Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long-haired and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;
For ever and anon she threw
  A prying, pitying glance on me
  With her black eyes so wild and free:
I gazed and gazed, until I knew
  No vision it could be,—
But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maiden beheld
My heavy eyes at length unsealed,
She smiled,—and I essayed to speak,
  But failed,—and she approached, and made
  With lip and finger signs that said
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smoothed the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
  And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers,—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music followed her light feet;
  But those she called were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she passed,
Another look on me she cast,
  Another sign she made, to say,
That I had naught to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
  And she would not delay
Her due return: while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

"She came with mother and with sire,—
What need of more?—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain,—
  They bore me to the nearest hut,—
They brought me into life again.—
Me,—one day o'er their realm to reign!
  Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
  Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne,—
  What mortal his own doom may guess?"

—*Lord Byron.*

The Relief of Lucknow.

O THAT last day in Lucknow fort!
  We knew it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
  And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
  And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
  And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stenched,
And hopelessly waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden; but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:

"The Hielanders! O, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregors'—O, I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full-flood tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's no a dream
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the battle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way—
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground;

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played Auld Lang Syne,
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played Auld Lang Syne.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Ramon.

DRUNK and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead—
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the *peon* engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee,
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine:
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman Harry Lee—
Harry Lee! the English foreman of the mine—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with death shall cope.
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures re-appear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skillful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skillful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards Señor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, Señor—" Here
He fell over, by that sign
Dead as stone!

—*Bret Harte.*

The Stag Hunt.

THE antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe;
Close in her covert cowered the doe;
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,

On the lone wood and mighty hill.
Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse.
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly, on the mountain-side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Monteith
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Ben Lodi's ridge in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death halloo
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close crouched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.
Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse:
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed,
Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day
That costs thy life, my gallant gray."

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed
With drooping tail and humbled crest;

But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round an ' round the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join his comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Our Skater Belle.

ALONG the frozen lake she comes
In linking crescents, light and fleet;
The ice-imprisoned Undine hums
A welcome to her little feet.

I see the jaunty hat, the plume
Swerve birdlike in the joyous gale,—
The cheeks lit up to burning bloom,
The young eyes sparkling through the veil.

The quick breath parts her laughing lips,
The white neck shines through tossing curls;
Her vesture gently sways and dips,
As on she speeds in shell-like whirls.

Men stop and smile to see her go;
They gaze, they smile in pleased surprise;
They ask her name; they long to show
Some silent friendship in their eyes.

She glances not; she passes on;
Her steely footfall quicker rings;
She guesses not the benison
Which follows her on noiseless wings.

Smooth be her ways, secure her tread
Along the devious lines of life,
From grace to grace successive led,—
A noble maiden, nobler wife!

—*Anonymous.*

Swimming.

[From "The Two Foscari."]

HOW many a time have I
Cloven, with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughened; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kissed it like a wine cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and seaweed, all unseen
By those above, till they waxed fearful; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As showed that I had searched the deep; exulting
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long suspended breath, again I spurned
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea bird—I was a boy then.

—*Lord Byron.*

Sleigh Song.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry, sleigh!
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white!
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,—
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding whom they wound;

See them, with capricious pranks,
Plowing now the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, 'mid the glee
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow,
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold;

Jingle, jingle, 'mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills,
Now 't is slow, and now 't is fast,
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way!
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

—*C. W. Pettee*

A Canadian Boat Song.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Country Life.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others, not their own;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'st the ocean's foame
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove,
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West;
No, thy ambitious masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or to pay thy hinds, and cleere
All scores, and so to end the yeare;
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plowman's horne,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morne;
Then to thy cornfields thou dost go,
Which, though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands:
There at the plow thou find'st thy teame,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plow;
This done, then to the enameled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herbe and flower;
And smell'st the breath of a great-eyed kine
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine:
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steere,
The heifer, cow and oxe draw neare,
To make a pleasing pastime there:
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short, sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,

A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantrie, and playes,
Thou hast thy eves and holydayes;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May poles, too, with garlands grac't,
Thy Morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never faile,
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowle,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelf-tide kings
And queenes, thy Christmas revelings,
Thy nut-browne mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too deare for it;
To these thou hast thy times to goe,
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw and get
The larke into the trammel net:
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood:
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

—*Robert Herrick.*

The Hunter's Song.

RISE! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound
Under the steaming, steaming ground.
Behold where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady. So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
Hark, hark! Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn—the horn
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away! as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So flieth the hunter, away—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!
Hark, hark! What sound on the wind is borne?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn!
The horn—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
O, what delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?
Hark, hark! Now, home! and dream till morn
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn—the horn!
O, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

—*Bryan W. Proctor* (*Barry Cornwall.*)

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

OH ! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming ?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, [streaming :
O'er the rampart we watched were so gallantly

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh ! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;
'Tis the star-spangled banner ! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

—*Francis Scott Key.*

The American Flag.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there !
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And see the lightning lances driven,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high !
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,

To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave:
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored! sword;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps: [ing lamps:
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar-
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat; [feet!
Oh, be swift my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe*

Song of Marion's Men.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads,—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest;
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Washington's Address to His Troops.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.

THE time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children and parents expect safety

from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

Now or Never.

LISTEN, young heroes, your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping—
"Off for the wars" is enough for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! sabers are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom!
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

America.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons,
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's downtrodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die!

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Address at the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here firmly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Union and Liberty.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy million united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

The Union Soldier.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL, IN 1876.

THE past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of the preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators, we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings of the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part; we see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight, sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of great cities, through the towns and across the prairies down to the fields of glory—to do and die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their sides on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by the balls and torn with shells in the trenches by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Evening Prayer

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
How the words come back again,
With a measure that was born
Half of pleasure, half of pain:

Kneeling by a cradle bed,
With a hand upon each head,
Rose the old prayer, soft and slow
As a brooklet in its flow.

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women, and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the whipping post, and we see homes, and firesides, and schoolhouses, and books, and where all was want, and crime, and cruelty, and fetters, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless; under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battles, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. (A voice—"Glory.") I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

Laus Deo!

[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.]

IT is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nation that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

My Maryland.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland,
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland,
Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Hark to the exiled sons appeal,
Maryland.
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland,
For life or death, for woe or weal
The peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird the beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland,
The beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland,
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland,
Come with the panoplied array,
Maryland,
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey;
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland,
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland,
She meets her sisters on the plain.

"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum!
Maryland!
The "Old Line's" bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Song of the Southern Women.

OH, men of the North, we call thee to hark
To the song we are singing, we Joans of Arc;
While our brothers are bleeding, we fear not to bleed;
We'll face the red horror should there be need.
By our brothers we'll stand in the terrible field,
By our brothers we'll stand, and we'll ask for no shield,
By our brothers we'll stand as a torch in the dark,
To shine on thy treachery—we Joans of Arc.

Behold our free plumes of the wild eagle dark,
Behold them, and take our white brows for thy mark.
We fear not thy cannon, we heed not thy drum,
The deeper thy thunder, the stronger we come.
Is woman a coward? No, no; she is brave;
Oh, nothing but love ever made her a slave,
In home's happy circle, she's poetry's lark;
But threaten that home, and she's Joan of Arc.

—*Julia Mildred.*

Ireland.—1847.

THEY are dying! they are dying! where the golden corn is growing;
They are dying! they are dying! where the crowded herds are lowing;
They are gasping for existence where the streams of life are flowing
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of [health is blowing!

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, at this hour,
With the blossom on the tree,
In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?

We have plowed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our hands;
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood,
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war horse of the stranger!

God of mercy! must this last?
Is this land pre-ordained,
For the present and the past
And the future, to be chained,—
To be ravaged, to be drained,
To be robbed, to be spoiled,
To be hushed, to be whipt,
Its soaring pinions clipt,
And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
But to perish and to die?
Is this all our destiny below,—
That our bodies, as they rot;
May fertilize the spot
Where the harvests of the stranger grow

If this be, indeed, our fate,
Far, far better now, though late
That we seek some other land and try some other zone;
The coldest, bleakest shore
Will surely yield us more
Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not call our own.

Kindly brothers of the West,
Who from Liberty's full breast
Have fed us, who are orphans beneath a stepdame's frown,
Behold our happy state,
And weep your wretched fate
That you share not in the splendors of our empire and our crown!

—*C. F. MacCarthy.*

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standard of green unfurled
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the Western isle
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

—*Thomas Moore*

A Patriot's Last Appeal.

LET no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the present domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought on the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of a jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country its independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever-dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more

to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write m epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice o ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tom remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. Wher my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then, let m epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.

—*Robert Emmet.*

Patriotism.

WHAT is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it; for what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

—*Fisher Ames.*

The Patriot's Bride.

OH! give me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought;
And fondly hoped, dear love, your heart from mine
Its spell had caught;
And laid me down to dream that dream divine,
But true, methought,
Of how my life's long task would be, to make yours
blessed as it ought.

To learn to love sweet nature more
For your sweet sake,
To watch with you—dear friend, with you!—
Its wonders break;
The sparkling spring in that bright face to see
Its mirror make—
On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing
By linn and lake;
And know your voice, your magic voice, could still a
grander music wake!

To wake the old weird world that sleeps
In Irish lore:
The strains sweet foreign Spenser sung
By Mulla's shore;

Dear Curran's airy thoughts, like purple birds
That shine and soar;
Tone's fiery hopes, and all the deathless vows
That Grattan swore;
The songs that once our own dear Davis sung—ah me!
to sing no more.

And all those proud old victor-fields
We thrill to name,
Whose memories are the stars that light
Long nights of shame;
The Cairn, the Dan, the Rath, the Power, the Keep,
That still proclaim
In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep
Was Eire's fame;
Oh! we shall see them all, with her, that dear, dear
friend we two have loved the same.

Yet ah! how truer, tenderer still
Methought did seem
That scene of tranquil joy, that happy home
By Dodder's stream.
The morning smile, that grew a fixed star
With love-lit beam,
The ringing laugh, locked hands, and all the far
And shining stream
Of daily love, that made our daily life diviner than a
dream.

For still to me dear friend, dear love,
Or both—dear wife,
Your image comes with serious thoughts,
But tender, rife;
No idle plaything to caress or chide
In sport or strife,
But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
To walk through life,
Linked hand in hand, two equal, loving friends, true
husband and true wife.

—*Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.*

Patriotism.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott* (*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*)

The Antiquity of Freedom.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the
ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses rushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield and one the sword; thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred

With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.
Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.
Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

Ode to Freedom.

[Read at the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Concord, April 19, 1875.]

WHO cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

She cometh, cometh to-day,
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her champions and chosen ones?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns?
The gathering buzz of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years?"

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature of diviner mein,
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,

Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that glad untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath:
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare?
Grace of woman ampler blown?
Modesty more debonair?
Younger heart with wit full grown?

O for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust
And made us whatever we are!

Man Made to be Free.

AND say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! the expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away!
Trade, wealth, and fashion ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
Scourged and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all,—
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge;
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Centennial Hymn.

[Sung at the Opening of the International Exposition in Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.]

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee;
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O, make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

—*John G. Whittier.*

My Country.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend!
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—*James Montgomery.*

Barbara Frietchie.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot into Fredericktown.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Fredericktown
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken sash,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the serried host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the soldier rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her, and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave.

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A Curse on the Traitor.

O FOR a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame;
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parched desert thirsting, die—
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

—*Thomas Moore (Lallah Rookh*

The Land of Lands.

YOU ask me why, though ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirit falters in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober suited Freedom chose;
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will:

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down,
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head;
But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Though power should make, from land to land,
The name of Britain trebly great—
Though every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see, before I die,
The palms and temples of the South.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Marseilles Hymn.

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory.
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With h'reling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise:
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee!
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, etc.

—*Rouget de Lisle.*

The Private of the Buffs; or, The British Soldier in China.

["Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next day they were brought before the authorities and ordered to perform *Kotou*. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declared he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, and was immediately knocked upon the head and his body thrown upon a dunghill."—*China Correspondent of the London Times.*]

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or ax or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
  Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
  One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
  In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
  An English lad must die.

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
  Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
  The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

—*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle*

Bannockburn.

[Robert Bruce's address to his army.]

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
  Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
    Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power:
    Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
    Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
    Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
    But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
    Let us do, or die!

—*Robert Burns.*

As by the Shore at Break of Day.

AS by the shore, at break of day,
  A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
  He traced his farewell to the free;
And there the last unfinished word
  He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
  Were covered by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
  Of him who dies for liberty!

—*Thomas Moore.*

PEACE AND WAR.

Ode to Peace.

DAUGHTER of God! that sits on high
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way;
Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
Of discord-breathing men?
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen!
Thy tarrying in heaven has been;
Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
Polluting God's pure day;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythed wheels,
And at his horses' bloody heels
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear:
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in Virtue's passioned glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore!
Then come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God!
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life;
For much I long to see,
Ere I shall to the grave descend,
Thy hand its blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave Love and Harmony!

—*William Tennant.*

War.

AH! whence yon glare,
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage—loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors; far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.
These are the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

My Autumn Walk.

THE golden rod is leaning,
And the purple aster waves
In a breeze from the land of battles,
A breath from the land of graves.

Full fast the leaves are dropping
Before that wandering breath;
As fast, on the field of battle,
Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway
The forest spoils are shed;
They are spotting the grassy hillocks
With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep
Of those who bravely fight
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,
The light of whose homes is gone:
The bride that, early widowed,
Lives broken-hearted on;

The matron whose sons are lying
In graves on a distant shore;
The maiden, whose promised husband
Comes back from the war no more?

I look on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With croft and garden and orchard
That bask in the mellow light;

And I know that, when our couriers
With news of victory come,
They will bring a bitter message
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,
And I shudder as I see
The mock-grape's * blood-red banner
Hung out on the cedar tree;

And I think of days of slaughter,
And the night sky red with flames,
On the Chattahoochee's meadows,
And the wasted banks of the James.

O for the fresh spring season,
When the groves are in their prime,
And far away in the future
Is the frosty autumn time!

O for that better season,
When the pride of the foe shall yield,
And the hosts of God and Freedom
March back from the well-won field;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born
With tears of joy and pride;
And the scarred and war-worn lover
Shall claim his promised bride;

The leaves are swept from the branches;
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kinder air.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

* *Ampelopsis*, mock-grape; the botanical name of the Virginia creeper.

Barclay of Ury.

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And to all he saw and heard
Answering not the bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward:
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! Through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee.
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."

Marveled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend—
Like beginning, like the end!"
Quoth the laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffered long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all—
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me—
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen
With bared heads to meet me;

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends' falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Toward the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial!
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this—that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow—
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant field traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice of my dreaming ear melted away.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

The Soldier's Pardon.

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Naught could she reveal, but a man true as steel,
That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave--
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

Maid of the Spinning Wheel

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more;

The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say:
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Little Feet

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell;
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now entered to bid him farewell.
"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind my lad! give me your hand!
Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a child!
I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hand clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?—
Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed;
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over, to-morrow!" he said, filled with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love to share!"—'twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home,"
And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man, and a soldier!—Good-bye!"
Then the sergeant on guard, at the grating appeared,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good-night!
God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull cloudy sky,
When the blast of a bugle resounded;
And Joe ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.

"Shoulder arms!" was the cry as the prisoner passed
"To the right about—march!" was the word: [by:
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave fellows adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom
Sternly silent, they covered the ground;
Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,
And faint tolled the solemn death-knell,
As he stood on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice:
———"Present!"———struck a chill on each mind
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice,
For "Hold!—hold!" cried a voice from behind.
Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!———a free pardon!
———huzzah!"
And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace:
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb. [face,
With a loud cheer they wheeled to the right-about-
Then away at the sound of the drum!—
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and unbroken
The gift of his own gallant heart!

—*James Smith*

The Arsenal at Springfield.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with fearful din;
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revel in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease.
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

The Reveille.

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum—
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come,
Ere your heritage be wasted!" said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel—
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest!" said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it!" said the Yankee answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brethren fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb!"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing—
Some in faith, and doubting some—
Till a trumpet-voice, proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum!
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord we come!"

—*T. B. Hart.*

The Battle-Field.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun, and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle cry,—
O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yes, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Battle Song of Gustavus Adolphus.

FEAR not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

—From the German of Michael Altenburg.

Bannockburn.

AT Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' soul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scotts, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonia! on wi' me!

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!"

—*Robert Burns.*

Battle of Lookout Mountain.

"GIVE me but two brigades," said Hooker, frowning at fortified Lookout,
"And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain clear of that mocking rebel rout!"
At early morning came an order that set the general's face aglow;
"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers, Grant says that I may go!"

Hither and thither dashed eager colonel to join his regiment, [tent to tent;
While a low rumor of the daring purpose ran on from
For the long roll was sounded in the valley, and the keen trumpet's bray,
And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans, who cried, "We fight to-day!"

The solid tramp of infantry, the rumble of the great jolting gun,
The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing, "Why's not the fight begun?"—
All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on the startled ear;
And last, arose a sound that made your blood leap—the ringing battle cheer.

The lower works were carried at one onset, like a vast roaring sea
Of lead and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept out the enemy;
And we could see the gray coats swarming up from the mountain's leafy base,
To join their comrades in the higher fastness—for life or death the race!

Then our long line went winding round the mountain, in a huge serpent track,
And the slant sun upon it flash'd and glimmer'd, as on a dragon's back.
Higher and higher the column's head push'd onward, ere the rear moved a man;
And soon the skirmish lines their straggling volleys and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellow'd, and all its batteries woke,
And down the mountain pour'd the bombshells, puffing into our eyes their smoke:
And balls and grape shot rained upon our column, that bore the angry shower
As if it were no more than that soft dropping which scarcely stirs the flower.

Oh, glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs through all his men!
The heart that failed beside the Rappahannock, it was itself again!
The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded in envious night,
Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and with a freer flight!

Hark! hark! there go the well known crashing volleys, the long-continued roar,
That swells and falls, but never ceases wholly, until the fight is o'er.
Up toward the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the mortal tempests beat, [God's very feet!
As if they sought to try their cause together, before

We saw our troops had gain'd a footing almost beneath the topmost ledge, [the dizzy edge.
And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon
Sometimes we saw our men fall backward slowly, and groaned in our despair;
Or cheer'd when now and then a stricken rebel plung'd out in open air,
Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his God alone knows where!

At eve, thick haze upon the mountain gathered, with rising smoke stain'd black,
And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone through the swirling-track,
Night fell o'er all; but still they flash'd their lightnings and rolled their thunders loud,
Though no man knew upon what side was going that battle in the cloud.

Night! what a night?—of anxious thought and wonder; but still no tidings came
From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still wrapp'd in mist and flame.
But toward the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dreadful than the fierce sound of war,
Settled o'er Nature, as if she stood breathless before the morning star.

As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boil'd from the valley's deeps,
Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up through the tree-clad steeps,
And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above us grandly stood,
And over his black crags and storm-blanch'd headlands burst the warm, golden flood.

Thousands of eyes were fix'd upon the mountain, and thousands held their breath,
And the vast army, in the valley watching, seemed touched with sudden death.

—*George H. Boker.*

Flodden Field.

[The battle was fought in September, 1513, between the forces of England and Scotland. The latter were worsted, and King James slain with eight thousand of his men. Lord Surrey commanded the English troops.]

A MOMENT then Lord Marmion stayed,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed
Then forward moved his band,
Until Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
Had halted by a cross of stone,
That on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for deadly fray;
Their marshaled lines stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed.
"Here by this cross," he gently said,
"You may well view the scene;
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O, think of Marmion in thy prayer!
Thou wilt not?—well—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain—
But, if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid
When here we meet again."

He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurred amain,
And, dashing through the battle-plain,
His way to Surrey took.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!

No hope of gilded spurs to-day.
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fixed his tent,"
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
No martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times their warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air:
O, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first, the ridge of mangled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew;
As in the storm the bright sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave,
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear.
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'Twas vain; but fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By heaven and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your bead, and patter prayer—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large—
The rescued banner rose,
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.
Ask me not what the maiden feels.

Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scattered van of England wheels;
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly! or maddened by despair
Fight but to die—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By St. George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped—
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace, "peace!"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's: Fly!
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring:
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down; my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left,
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the pitying accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran;
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where waged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn! behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head,
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died—at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wouud;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!" he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
  Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
  Might bribe him for delay
It may not be?—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clare bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
  For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
    dying!"
  So the notes rung:
"Avaunt thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine:
  O, think on faith and bliss:
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
  But never aught like this."

The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
  And STANLEY! was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He took the fragment of his blade,
  And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Balaklava.

O THE charge at Balaklava!
    O that rash and fatal charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava,
    On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day the Russian columns,
    Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
Poured their dread destructive volumes
    On the French and English ranks—
    On the gallant allied ranks!
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud incessant thunder!
When a strange but stern command—
Needless, heedless, rash command—
Came to Lucan's little band—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces:
"England's lost unless you save her!
Charge the pass at Balaklava!
    O that rash and fatal charge,
    On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian eagles
    Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
    Dense and countless, round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!
    Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
    Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies—
    Float as erst at old Ramillies!
    And beside them, lo! the Lion!
    With her trophied cross, is flying!
Glorious standards! shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by heavens! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Lucan's little band!
    Brave six hundred! lo! they charge,
    On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli—
Down that gorge they swept away!
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets see!
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause—
To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Noland, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend that little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
Now but lifeless clods of clay—
Now but bleeding clods of clay!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!
Yet your remnant, brave six hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
Till they storm the bloody pass—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass,
Sabering Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
In that wild, shot-rended valley—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava!
O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corses,
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave two hundred!
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded, you retire
From that hurricane of fire—
That tempestuous storm of fire—
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava—
Honor to each hero's name!
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn—
So gallantly, but madly shorn
In that fierce and fatal charge,
On that battle's bloody marge.

—*Alexander Beaufort Meek*

Charge of the Light Brigade.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred!

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred!

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made.
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

—*Alfred Tennyson*

The Drummer Boy.

[An incident of the Crimean War.]

"CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—
Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro';
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair:
For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,
And I've nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying,
On the curl-encircled head,
She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was sadly dreamiag
Of a benison, long ago,
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra——?
One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
You will know 'tis surely me
Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night-wind softly whispered,
When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirit over
Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
Death and daisies from the sod—

Captain Graham walked swift onward,
While a faintly-beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together—
"Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
Wounded, lonely lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
See—the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer boy,
And lifted up his drooping head:

"Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter—
Morning—and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure,
Mother will not see me come;
But you'll tell her, wont you, Captain—"
Hush, the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

The Drummer Boy's Burial.

ALL day long the storm of battle through the startled valley swept;
All night long the stars in heaven o'er the slain sad vigils kept.

O, the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely through the night,
O, the heaps of mangled corses in that dim sepulchral light.

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length the morning broke,
Once again the night dropped round them—night so holy and so calm
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all the rest,
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay as if in sleep;
E'en his mother scarce had shuddered at that slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance to the face,
And the hand of cunning sculptor could have added naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passionless repose,
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard, unpitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's short story told:
How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem of stars,
While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery planet Mars.

Hark! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices whispering low,
Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the brooklet's murmuring flow?

Clinging closely to each other, striving ne'er to look around,
As they passed with silent shudder the pale corses on the ground,

Came two little maidens—sisters—with a light and hasty tread,
And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with throbbing hearts, they stood
Where the drummer-boy was lying in that partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from their wardrobe's scanty store,
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing back the pitying tears,
For they had no time for weeping, nor for any girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of maiden shame
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that hour of sorest need,
And they felt that death was holy, and it sanctified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when their new, strange task was o'er,
And the form that lay before them its unwonted garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave they hollowed out,
And they lined it with the withered grass and leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy work was done,
And in crimson pomp the morning heralded again the sun.

Gently then those little maidens—they were children of our foes—
Laid the body of our drummer boy to undisturbed repose.

The Battle of Waterloo.

STOP! for thy tread is on an empire's dust;
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below;
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None, but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow
And this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields, king making victory!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered here
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a widened niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear:
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who would guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers

With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

—*Byron.*

Incident of the French Camp.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy!
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief 's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief 's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

—*Robert Browning.*

Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er.

[From "The Lady of the Lake."]

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
  While our slumberous spells assail ye,
Dream not, while the rising sun,
  Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den,
  Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
  How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For, at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Wounded to Death.

STEADY, boys, steady,
  Keep your arms ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
  Don't let me be taken;
  I'd rather awaken,
  To-morrow, in—no matter where,
Than lie in that foul prison hole—over there.

  Step slowly!
  Speak lowly!
  These rocks may have life,
  Lay me down in this hollow,
  We are out of the strife.
By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.

No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is pickaxe and spade.
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on ye, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means!

Well! well! I *am* rough; 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know;
  But wasn't it grand [sand!
When they came down the hill over sloughing and
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
  Did you mind the loud cry
  When, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
  O, wasn't it grand!

God help the poor wretches that fell in that fight;
No time was there given for prayer or for flight;
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.
  Huzza!
Great heavens! this bullet hole gapes like a grave;
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
  Pray!
  Pray!

Our Father! Our Father! . . . why don't ye proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
Ebbing away!
  Ebbing away!
  The light of the day
  Is turning to gray.
  Pray!
  Pray!

Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
There's something about the forgiveness of sin—
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words, and say an amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand;
And Wilson, my comrade—O, wasn't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud! [head;
Where's Wilson, my comrade?—Here, stoop down your
Can't *you* say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ God, who died for sinners all,
Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye.
"Throw wide thy gates to let him in,
And take him, pleading, to thine arms;
Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for saying that hymn;
It is light to my path when my eye has grown dim.
I am dying—bend down till I touch you once more—
Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war!
Confusion to traitors!—keep hold of my hand—
And float the OLD FLAG o'er a prosperous land!

—*John W. Watson.*

Searching for the Slain.

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, you would be a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—yon think so; and I
Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps—my heart will lead right,
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of slain,
All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could never more know
Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all—
Not 'mid the stragglers—where he fought he would fall.

There's the moon through the clouds: O Christ what a scene!
Dost Thou from Thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of Thine?

Hark! a groan! there another—here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek; poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled down 'mong the dead.

But first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth. Oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned sick;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of War.

He's not here—and not here. What wild hopes flash through
My thoughts, as, foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old sight
Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!

There, lift off your arms ; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch ; was it for this ?

He was yours, too ; he *loved* you ? Yes, yes, you're right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.
Don't moan so, dear child ; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes ; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again ;—ah, don't lay your face there ;
See the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are ! Has she fainted ?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me—speak !
Am I crazed ? Is she dead ? Has *her* heart broke first ?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead ;
Those corpses are stirring ; God help my poor head !

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing ! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy ; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby lullaby ; sleep, sweet darling, sleep !
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep !

—*Anonymous.*

To Their Memory.

TO the memory of the dead,
Lay above the honored head,
Flowers, sweet flowers,
Over hearts that ceased to beat,
In the battle's smoke and heat,
Scatter flowers, rare flowers.

To the memory of that time,
Brave soldiers touched the battle line,
Gather flowers, bright flowers.
Let their fragrant incense rise,
To greet their souls in Paradise,
Where flowers never die.

To the memory of those years,
So full of sadness, yet how dear ;
Offer flowers, pure flowers.
Not a gold or silver flower,
But from Nature's fairest bower,
Cull the flowers, true flowers.

To the memory of the woe
That filled a nation long ago ;
Bring flowers, sad flowers.
But for the victory nobly won,
By a Nation's bravest sons,
Lay immortelles o'er each one.

—*Francis Mallette Hawley.*

Sheridan's Ride.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of that stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away,

Still sprung from those hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master

Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind.
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

—*Thomas Buchanan Read*

The Blue and the Gray.

[Many of the women of the South, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They have strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.]

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossom blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*F. M. Finch.*

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

COME, cheerily, men, pile on the rails,
And stir the camp-fires bright!
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll have a roaring night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way!

We see him now—his old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,
His shrewd, dry smile, his speech so pat,
So firm, so bold, so true:
The blue light Elder knows 'em well,
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell!
Lord save his soul—we'll give him hell!"
That's Stonewall Jackson's way!

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Hats off!
Old Stonewall's going to pray!
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! 'Tis his way!
Kneeling upon his native sod
In forma pauperis to God—
"Stretch forth thine arm! Lay bare thy rod!
Amen!" That's Stonewall's way!

He's in the saddle now—"Fall in!
Steady, the whole brigade!
Hill's at the Ford, cut off! We'll win
His way out, ball or blade!
No matter if our shoes be worn,
No matter if our feet be torn—
Quick step! We'll with him before morn,
In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed by an ugly gorge;
"Pope and his Yankees, whipped before!
Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Ashby! Pay off Stuart's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

Ah, woman! wait and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band
Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, maiden weep on, hope on, pray on,
Thy lot is not so all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in a sheet or shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow, [head,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

LABOR.

Labor.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower,
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth.
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

—*F. S. Osgood*

The Achievements of Labor.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the "wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone,

and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with the dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low;" labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, and compete with lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

Labor, the mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the temple of religion rears its lofty front; a forest of masts rises from the harbor. On every side are heard the sounds of industry and gladness.

Labor achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battlefields into gardens, and erects monuments significant of better things.

—*Anonymous.*

Labor Song.

[From "The Bell-Founder."]

Ah! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the lankness that kills.
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slumber enjoys
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that destroys;
Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony rippling it o'er, with its breath;
Nothing but dullnes and lethargy, weariness, sorrow [and death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel, or pencil, with rudder or plowshare or pen,

Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,—love worshiped children and wife,
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosoms of kings—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.

—*Denis Florence Macarthy.*

Labor.

ALL life is labor, only death is rest:
Nature again prepares her flow'r and leaf
When sun-browned autumn reels with fruit and sheaf,
And woods are in their golden vesture drest;
The mountain drains the torrent from the breast
Of clouds full pastured where the tropic reef
Is ocean-foamed, and pours along its fief
Of purple plain, wide flowing rivers prest
With clover banks and slopes of waving corn;
Th' unwearied sun keeps evermore his round
Among the siren stars, as on the morn
He first rose up amid the blue profound,
Of God's almighty will and labor born,
While angels gazed and sang in heaven's bound.

Work Away.

WORK away!
For the master's eye is on us
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day.
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away.

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold:
Work away!

Work away!
For the leader's eye is on us
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day.
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us
Deep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannas green,
Rivers sweep and roll between;
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungled swamp and thicket shade
Give to-day!
O'er the torrent fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair—
They that follow far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
From the dawn to dusk o' day,

Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day.
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and prayer and love the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way.
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay:

Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast;
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure more pleasant,
Cometh soon our holiday;
Work away!

Labor.

LABOR is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth.
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not—though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

—*Francis S. Osgood.*

Never Despair.

THE opal-hued and many-perfumed morn
From gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon night
The stars shed light;

Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
Come summer flowers;

The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed;
Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope;
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair!

Three Fishers.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down.
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Settler.

HIS echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And, rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb the wildwood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare that reigned
Where men their crowds collect:
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest tamer decked.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The stream whose bright lips kissed their flowers
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast, the green arcade,
The nesting vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave, and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot,
'Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought his snow;
And still the lone one labored there,
His shout and whistle broke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

—*Alfred B. Street.*

The Angler.

BUT look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,
Swinging his rod with skillful hand;
The fly at the end of his gossamer line
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,
Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,
It touches the pool beyond the froth.
A sudden, the speckled hawk of the brook
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy tapering slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings
The spray from the flash of his finny wings;
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright
Is towed to the shore like a staggering barge,
Till beached at last on the sandy marge,
Where he dies with the hues of the morning light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.
The angler in the basket lays
His speckled prize, and goes his ways.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

The Ploughman.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sun burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod.
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.
These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines that heaven commanded-toil
Shows on his deed—the charter of the soil!

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tassel'd corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No, by these hills whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed;

By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines—
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained ban-dog faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that, bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plow,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand;
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run—
The sword has rescued what the plowshare won!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The Useful Plow.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark,
Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep
While every pleasant park [singing,
Next morning is ringing with birds that are
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow.

—*Anonymous.*

The Mowers.

THE sunburnt mowers are in the swath
Swing, swing, swing!
The towering lilies loath
Tremble, and totter, and fall;
The meadow rue
Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the plumed grass
Fall in a smothered mass;
Hastens away the butterfly;
With half their burden the brown bees hie;
And the meadow lark shrieks distrest,
And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
Totters the Jacob's ladder tall,
And sadly nod
The royal crowns of the golden rod;
The keen blade moweth all!

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring—
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!
And the mower now
Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
A moment he scans the fleckless sky,
A moment, the fish-hawk soaring high,
And watches the swallows dip and dive
Anear and far;
They whisk and glimmer, and chatter and strive;
What do they gossip together?
Cunning fellows they are—
Wise prophets to hive;
"Higher or lower they circle and skim,
Fair or foul to-morrow's hay weather!"
Tallest primroses or loftiest daisies
Not a steel-blue feather
Of slim wing grazes!
"Fear not! fear not!" cry the swallows.
Each mower tightens his snath ring's wedge,
And his finger daintily follows
The long blade's tickle-edge;
Softly the whetstone's last touches ring,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!

"Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee,
Of to-morrow's weather know little as we,"
Says Farmer Russet; "'tis hidden in shower
Or sunshine; to morrow we do not own;
To-day is ours alone.
Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour.
Grasp tightly the nibs—give heel and give toe,
Lay a goodly swath shaved smooth and low!
Prime is the day—
Swing, swing, swing!"
(Farmer Russet is aged and gray—
Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring;
Straight is he
As a balsam tree,
And with heart most blithe and sinews lithe,
He leads the row with a merry scythe).
"Come, boys! strike up the old song
While we circle around—
The song we always in hay time sing;
And let the woods ring,
And the echoes prolong
The merry sound!"

SONG.

June is too early for richest hay
(Fair weather, fair weather);
The corn stretches taller the livelong day,
But grass is ever too sappy to lay
(Clip all together);
June is too early for richest hay,

(*Chorus.*)

O, we will make hay now while the sun shines,
We'll waste not a golden minute!

The blue arch to-day no storm-shadow lines,
We'll waste not a minute,
For the west wind is fair·
O, the hay-day is rare!
The sky is without a brown cloud in it!

August's a month that too far goes by
(Late weather, late weather);
Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high,
And grass that's standing is fodder scorched dry
Pull altogether);
August's a month that too far goes by.

July is just in the nick of time!
(Best weather, best weather ;)
The midsummer month is the golden prime
For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme ;
(Strike all together !)
July is just in the nick of time!

Still hiss the scythes!
Shudder the grasses' defenceless blades—
The lily-throng writhes ;
And, as a phalanx of wild geese streams,
Where the shore of April's cloudland gleams,
On their dizzy way, in serried grades—
Wing on wing, wing on wing,

The mowers, each a step in advance
Of his fellow, time their stroke with a glance
Of swerveless force ;
And far through the meadow leads their course,
Swing, swing, swing!

—*Myron Buell Benton.*

The Weaver.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom
A-flinging the shuttle fast
And a thread that would last till the hour of doom
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning upraids from the sun,
All jeweled over with dew.

All fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich soft web were bedded ;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours,
Nor yet were Time's feet leaded.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell ;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly ;
For thought has a wearisome spell.

And the thread that next o'er the warp was lain
Was of a melancholy gray,
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray ;
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves weregone
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark, and still darker, and darker grew
Each newly woven thread,
And some were of a death mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in,
Sighs, down-crushed hopes and fears,
And the web was broken, and poor and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A-weaving those life-cords in.

And as he wove, and weeping still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with glowing words he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye—

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head,
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.

And after, I saw, in a robe of light,
The weaver in the sky;
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale, it nigh.

And I saw 'mid the folds all the iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung,
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down
Gleamed out a diamond rare,
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were footprints left by care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh
Was left a rich perfume,
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky
Shone the labor of sorrow and gloom.

And then I prayed: "When my last work is done,
And the silver cord is riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven."

—*Anonymous.*

The Village Blacksmith.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow,
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Your Mission.

IF you cannot, on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,—
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you!
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

—*Anonymous.*

The Miner

THE eastern sky is blushing red,
The distant hill-top glowing;
The brook is murmuring in its bed,
In idle frolics flowing;
'Tis time the pickaxe and the spade,
And iron "tom" were ringing,
And with ourselves, the mountain stream,
A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us,
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us;
We ask no magic Midas' wand,
Nor wizard-rod divining,
The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining.

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fare returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning;
The mountain sod our couch at night,
The stars shine bright above us,
We think of home and fall asleep,
To dream of those who love us.

—*John Swift.*

The Song of Steam.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
O, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range
Nor wait for wind or tide!

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power;
The world, the world is mine!

The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf,
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself!
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns the chain.

—*George W. Cutter.*

The Laborer.

TOILING in the naked fields,
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy labor dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.

Though all's in vain to keep him warm,
Poverty must brave the storm,
Friendship none its aid to lend,
Constant health his only friend,
Granting leave to live in pain,
Giving strength to toil in vain.

—*John Clark.*

The Good Time Coming.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And right, not might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be,
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil,
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;
Wait a little longer.

—*Charles Mackay.*

Onward.

THERE is a firefly in the Southern clime
Which shineth only when upon the wing:
So it is with the mind when once we rest,
We darken. On! said God unto the soul
As to the earth forever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite—
As a bird of air—an orb of heaven.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

The Housekeeper's Soliloquy.

HERE'S a big washing to be done—
One pair of hands to do it—
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants—
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up the kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P— comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairywoman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,
For the sake of being supported!

—*Mrs. F. W. Gage.*

The Busy Housewife.

THE farmer came in from the field one day;
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of the land;
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her husband's band,
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out,
The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about;
The brook babbles softly in the glen,
While he works so bravely for the good of men;
For he sows,
And he mows,
And he hoes,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;
The fire goes out, flies buzz about—
For the dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of home.

When the day is o'er, and the evening is come,
The creatures are fed, the milking done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free:
Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But his faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes her burden up that's never done:
There is no rest, there is no play,
For the good of the house she must work away
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last;
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care;
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest,
For after the test,
Comes the rest,
With the blest,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

—*Anonymous.*

The Song of the Shirt.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch, stitch, stitch.
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

Work, work, work,
While the cock is crowing aloof,
And work—work—work,
Will the stars shine through the roof,
It's O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work.

Work—work—work,
Till the brain begin to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

O men, with sisters dear;
O men with mothers and wives
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work!
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs.
And twit me with the spring.

Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wakes the bitter soul that slumbers
To a holy, calm delight;

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!
With fingers weary and worn,
And eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

—*Thomas Hood.*

The Shepherd Boy.

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lonely lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what hast thou not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast?

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

—*Letitia E. Landon.*

Love Lightens Labor.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If *maidens* but knew what *good wives* know,
They would not be in haste to *wed!*"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this; that you were the best.
And the *dearest* wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
In a smiling, absent way
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all cried in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's *not* strange that *maids will wed!*"

—*Anonymous.*

Industry.

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words: industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them everything.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains. Then help, hands, for I have no lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade, hath an estate, and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, at the working man's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Poor Little Pearl.

"POOR little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sighed every kindly neighbor;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender, doom'd to labor.

A wee bird flutter'd from its nest
Too soon was that meek creature;
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond nature.

God shield poor little ones, where all
Must help to be bread-bringers!
For once afoot, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl! she had no time to play
The merry game of childhood;
From dawn to dark she work'd all day,
A wooding in the wildwood.

When others play'd, she stole apart
In pale and shadowy quiet;
Too full of care was her child heart
For laughter running riot.

—*All the Year Round: "Legend of Little Pearl."*

TEMPERANCE.

Moral Cosmetics.

YE who would have your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan,—
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In God, his word, his work, not leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Is the sole scale by which to measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

—*Horace Smith.*

A Farewell to Tobacco.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, great plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine!
Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the laboring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy heightening [steam,

Does like a smoking Etna seem;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
Monsters—that who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

—*Charles Lamb.*

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

TRAMP, tramp, the boys are marching; how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp—comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast,—that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Old Age of Temperance.

ADAM. Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Go, Feel What I have Felt.

[By a young lady, who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors.

GO, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn:
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling-fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to a mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed—*'T is drink and die!*

Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

—*Anonymous.*

The Drunkard's Death.

AT last, one bitter night, he sank down on the doorstep, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a cheerful, happy home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then. Looks that he had forgotten were fixed upon him

once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again. He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice rich food—they were before him; he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand, and take them—and though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the raindrops as they pattered on the stones; that death was coming upon him by inches—and that there were none to care for or help him. Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan!—another! His senses were leaving him; half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side. He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that led from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life, half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment still and quiet—so quiet, that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the water.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's

breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom. Again he rose and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast-flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sank, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterward the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since moldered away!

The Water Drinker.

O, WATER for me! Bright water for me!
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
O, water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
My hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.

O, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb.
To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength,
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

—*Edward Johnson.*

A Warning to Young Men.

THERE is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wife asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weak

ness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers, fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that, and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villanies; the father of all crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Home Again.

HOME again, mother, your boy will rest
For a time, at least, in the old home nest;
How good to see you in your cornered nook
With knitting, or sewing, or paper, or book,
The same sweet mother my boyhood knew,
The faithful, the patient, the tender and true.

You have little changed; ah, well, maybe
A few gray hairs in the brown I see;
A mark or two under smiling eyes,
So lovingly bent in your glad surprise;
'Tis I who have changed; ah, mother mine,
From a teasing lad, to manhood's prime.

No longer I climb on your knee at night
For a story told in the soft firelight;
No broken slate or book all torn,
Do I bring to you with its edges worn;
But I'll come to you with my graver cares,
You'll help me bear them with tender prayers.

I'll come again as of old—and you
Will help the man to be brave and true;
For the man's the boy, only older grown,
And the world has many a stumbling stone.
Ah, mother mine, there is always rest
When I find you here in the old home nest.

—Abbie C. McKeever.

POEMS OF FANCY.

Delights of Fancy.

[From "The Pleasures of Imagination."]

AS Memnon's marble harp renowned of old
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; e'en so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportioned form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve; all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonicus movement from without,
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment; Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss; the Intellectual Power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles; the passions gently soothed away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy serene
As airs that fan the summer. O attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of nature warms. O listen to my song,
And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

—*Mark Akenside.*

Hallo, My Fancy---1650.

IN melancholic fancy
Out of myself,
In the vulcan dancy,
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping,
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapors,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapers;
Why the clouds benight us
And affright us,
While we travel here below.
Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder,
And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are on which we gaze and wonder.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason
Why the little ant,
All the summer season,
Layeth up provision,
On condition
To know no winter's want:

And how housewives, that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful;
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

* * * * *

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me
All the world's a-gadding,
Running madding;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?
Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
Stay, stay at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow,
For thou hast betrayed me,
And bewrayed me;
It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring;
For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing:
Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me.

—*William Cleland.*

Origin of the Opal.

A DEWDROP came, with a spark of flame
He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown;
But she smiled all at once, to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky, so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning, an *opal* found.

—*Anonymous.*

The Minuet.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago),
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—,
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way
Long ago."

—*Mrs. Mary M. Dodge.*

Epitaph on the Unmated.

O CHOSEN spot of ground she called her own,
In pilgrim guise o'er earth she wandered on;
Yet always in her path some flowers were strewn.
No dear ones were her own peculiar care,
So was her bounty free as heaven's air;
For every claim she had enough to spare.
And, loving more her heart to *give* than lend,
Though oft deceived in many a trusted friend,
She hoped, believed, and trusted to the end.

She had her joys; 'twas joy to her to love,
To labor in the world with God above,
And tender hearts that ever near did move.
She had her griefs; but they left peace behind,
And healing came on every stormy wind,
And still with silver every cloud was lined.
And every loss sublimed some low desire,
And every sorrow taught her to aspire,
Till waiting angels bade her "Go up higher."

—*E. S*

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy mantled tower
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil!
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the song of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, with that dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne;
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to misery all he had—a tear! [friend.
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and His God.

—*Gray.*

Millionaire and Barefoot Boy.

'TIS evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to their nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go,
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he,
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, siree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better be the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants, and chill with dew to go—
With a stone bruise upon either heel, and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home."

—*G. T. Lanigan.*

A Fragment.

ONLY a scrap of paper,
With a girlish writing crossed—
Only a yellow leaf of the past
Into the present tossed;
But it opened the gates of dreamland,
And I wander, memory-led,
Through the mellow haze
Of October days,
'Neath maples that round me shed
Their leaves of gold and of crimson
Till the sad, gray earth grows warm
And bright with the fallen glory
Of the frosted trees, wind shorn;
Gilding the borders of woods and fields,
The plumy golden rods stand,
Recalling the summer's vanished bloom,
Like a fairy's magic wand:
And a few late asters lift purple heads
Where the brooklet winding strays,
Like beautiful thoughts that the year has kept
To gladden its autumn days.

—*L. B. Sanford.*

Longing.

OF all the myriad moods of mind,
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so good, so kind.
So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendant moment,
Before the present, poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.
Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthly striving;
We quench it, that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Oh! let us hope that, to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we were simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Honest Poverty.

IS there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils' obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' man for a' that!

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, sta' and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that:
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with a strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night—
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

—*Henry W Longfellow.*

Paddy's Excelsior.

'TWAS growin' dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shillaleh he swung to and fro,
Saying: "It's up to the top I am bound for to go,
Be jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad, and his eye was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night;
And niver a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up wid this bodthersome shnow
Be jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw, as he thraveled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm,
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;
Wid a shnivel and groan, "By St. Patrick!" he said,
"It's up to the very *tip-top* I will rush,
And then if it falls, it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose hair was white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
"Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
Fur the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad"
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go to the top, if he went on his head,
Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes to be kissed,
Axed him wouldn' he stop, and how *could* he resist?
So shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this reply—
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But, as yer shwate self axed me, I may as well shtop,
Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day—
And ye mustn't be axin whin he did go away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin his darlint in the swate honeymoon?
Whin the owld man has praties enough and to spare,
Shure he might as well shtay if he's comfortable, there
Be jabbers!

—*Paddy.*

THE heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or 'mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections—still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure
And pleasant to behold.

Gradation.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
The plumpest fly; all, all unheeded
Were struggles, cries, and agony,
As for his life the victim pleaded.
"Nay," quoth the sparrow, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A hawk surprised him at his meal
And in a trice poor Sparrow spitted;
In vain he gasped his last appeal:
"What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed?"
"Peace," quoth the captor; "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

Down swooped an eagle, who had spied
With grim delight the state of matters;
"Release me, king," the victim cried,
"You tear my very flesh to tatters."
"Nay," quoth the eagle, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A bullet whistled at the word,
And struck him ere his feast was ended;
"Ah, tyrant!" shrieked the dying bird,
"To murder him who ne'er offended!"
"Oh," quoth the sportsman, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

—*Anonymous*

Ungranted.

WHERE do they go to—the ungranted prayers,
The baffled hope, lost love, and wasted yearning;
The sweet, vain dreams, the patient slighted cares,
Cast on the tireless tide that has no turning?
The sleepless nights, the weary, anxious days,
The eager joy that blossoms but for blighting,
The mocking gleams that glitter on our ways,
To vanish in one moment of delighting?

Are they stored up in some great solemn bank,
Where time holds for eternity the key?
As the rich hues, that in the westward sank,
May sleep, enshrined beneath the sleeping sea?
Or do they, blended in a gracious breath,
Pervade the atmosphere of common life,
Softening the terror of the doom of death,
Lulling the fret and fever of the strife?

Who knows, who knows? Our darlings from us glide,
Imploring clasp and passionate prayer are vain;
Our trust betrayed, missed aim, or shattered pride,
The great dumb river sweeps them to the main.
And yet, for something every gift is given,
Through age on age, so priest and poet saith,
Cling fast, fond hands; look up, true eyes to heaven;
Through dusk and doubt hold to the saving faith!

—*Anonymous*

The Fire-Fiend.

IN the deepest dearth of midnight, while the sad and solemn swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the Forest chapel bell—
Fainting, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air
That were through the midnight rolling, chafed and billowy with the tolling—
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the firelight's fitful gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart fore-doomed to care!

How I revel on the prairie! How I roar among the pines!
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red flame shines,
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a life in every breath!
How I scream with lambent laughter, as I hurl each crackling rafter [higher!
Down the fell abyss of fire, until higher! higher!
Leap the high priests of my altar in their merry dance of death!

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

" 'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

KINDRED SOULS

The bard has sung: God never formed a soul,
Without its own peculiar mate to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to own the whole;
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

"I am monarch of the fire! I am vassal-king of death!
World-encircling, with the shadow of its doom upon my breath!
With the symbol of hereafter flaming from my fatal face!
I command the eternal fire! Higher! higher! higher! higher!
Leap my ministering demons, like phantasmagoric lemans
Hugging universal nature in their hideous embrace!"

Then a somber silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded sleep,
And I slumbered, like an infant in the "Cradle of the Deep,"
Till the belfry in the forest quivered with the matin stroke,
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidded ledges,
Shimmered through the russet arches where the light in torn files marches,
Like a routed army struggling through the serried ranks of oak.

Through my ivy casement filtered in a tremulous note
From the tall and stately linden where a robin swelled his throat:
Querulous, quaker-crested robin, calling quaintly for his mate!
Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber nightmare ridden,
With the memory of that dire demon in my central fire,
On my eye's interior mirror like the shadow of a fate!

As the last long lingering echo of the midnight's mystic chime—
Lifting through the sable billows to the thither shore of time—
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace,
In a quivering sigh departed; from my couch in fear I started:
Started to my feet in terror, for my dreams phantasmal error
Painted in the fitful fire, a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

On the red hearth's reddest center, from a blazing knot of oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom when in terror I awoke,
And my slumberous eyelids straining, as I staggered to the floor,
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze toward the gleaming
Hearth, and—there!—oh, God! I saw it! and from out its flaming jaw it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream of gore!

Speechless, struck with stony silence, frozen to the floor I stood,
Till methought the brain was hissing with that hissing, bubbling blood:
Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those lambent lips:
Till the demon seemed to name me: then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death damp stiff and gluey,
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul eclipse!

Then, as in death's seeming shadow, in the icy pall of fear
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my ear!
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their sleep:
Muttering, "Higher! higher! higher! I am demon of the fire!
I am arch-fiend of the fire! and each blazing roof's my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims weep!

Ah! the fiendish fire had smoldered to a white and formless heap
And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my sleep; [shone,
But around its very center where the demon's face had
Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with a spectral finger
To a Bible, massive golden, on a table carved and olden—
And I bowed and said, "All power is of God, of God alone."

—*C. D Gardette.*

A Musical Instrument.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry, empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

A Chain.

THE bond that links our soul together,
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it molder and decay,
As the long hours pass away?
Will it stretch if Fate divide us,
When dark and weary hours have tried us?
Oh, if it look too poor and slight,
Let us break the links to-night!

It was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands:
Save thine and mine, no other eyes
The slender link can recognize:
In the bright light it seems to fade,
And is hidden in the shade;
While Heaven nor Earth have ever heard,
Or solemn vow or plighted word.

Yet, what no mortal hand could make,
Nor mortal power can ever break:
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And, if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes, save thine and mine.

And see! though slender, it is made
Of Love and Trust, and can they fade?
While, if too slight it seem, to bear
The breathings of the summer air,
We know that it could bear the weight
Of a most heavy heart of late,
And as each day and hour flew
The stronger for its burthen grew.

And, too, we know and feel again
It has been sanctified by pain;
For what God deigns to try with sorrow
He means not to decoy to-morrow:
But through that fiery trial last,
When earthly ties and bonds are past;
What slighter things dare not endure
Will make our love more safe and pure.

Love shall be purified by pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again:
So let us now take heart, and go
Cheerfully on through joy and woe:
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or the inconstant skies of spring,
Or the bleak winter's stormy weather,
For we shall meet them, Love, together!

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

The Origin of the Harp.

'TIS believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright billow roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—
While her sea beauties gracefully curled round the frame;
And her hair shedding teardrops from all its bright rings,
Fell o'er her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

—*Thomas Moore.*

Out of Tune.

ALL through this life of mine,
Through months and years of time,
Borne on an alien breeze,
Low 'neath the whisp'ring trees—
Came that sweet minor chord,
Played out of tune.

In this faint heart of mine
To-day and for all time,
Is a great surging flood
Saps in my veins the blood—
Falls that sad minor chord,
Played out of tune.

Deep in this soul of mine,
Moved not for space or time,
Fearing the world's cold scorn,
Living, yet all unborn,
Lies that great minor chord
Played out of tune.

—*Stella C. Aikens.*

Only One.

'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

—*H. Bonar.*

Wouldn't You?

HE told me my face was the fairest
And purest he ever had known.
The bobolink ended my singing,
The nightingale mimicked its tone:
My dimples they quarreled with cherries
Just under eyes tender and blue,
My tresses they angered the sunbeam—
I half disbelieved, wouldn't you?

He told me my fingers were dainty,
My lips only modeled to kiss,
And "Would I give one of the sweetest
For such a poor bauble as this?"
Maybe I should not have done it,
But he looked so pleading and true,
The ring was so pretty—I took it,
And gave him the kiss, wouldn't you?

He told me there was a dear cottage
Just down near the rocks by the sea,
There sweet roses nodded a welcome,
And mocking birds waited for me.
With himself, of course, for the master—
'Twas made plenty large for us two;
I forget what I said, but I'm thinking
I kissed him again, wouldn't you?

—*Lydia F. Hinman.*

Rub or Rust.

IDLER, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky,
"Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough,—
"Better rub than rust:
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
Die when die thou must;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want;
Naught for naught is just,—
Wont do, *must* do, when he *can't;*
"Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust."

—*Ebenezer Elliot.*

The Blessed Damozel.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ingirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service neatly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
The path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong level flight,
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

Kitty of Coleraine.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now—'t was looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Clary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
Not a buttermilk pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Fantasy.

[From "The Vision of Delight."]

BREAK, Fantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings,
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and naught of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odor rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

—*Ben Jonson.*

The Fairy Queen.

[From "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence."]

COME, follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be;
Which circle on the green,
Come, follow Mab, your queen.
Hand in hand let 's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in the nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl
Up stairs we nimbly creep
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighs;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
For we use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glowworm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

—*Anonymous.*

The Fairies.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!
Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs,
All night awake

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He 's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.
They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
To any man so daring
To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

The Band in the Pines.

O, BAND in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loved triumphant strain;
And the dear bright eyes of long dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar,
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more.

O, band in the pine wood cease!
Or the heart will melt in tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips
And the voices of old years.

The Philosopher Toad.

DOWN deep in a hollow, so damp and so cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mold,
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.
Now within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,
A toad has been sitting more years than is known;
And strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems
The world standing still while he's dreaming his dreams,
Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerful abode
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,
Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with light,
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel round;
Long years have passed by since its bed became dry,
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse of the sky
Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,
When the glowworm at noonday is trimming his lamp,
And hardly a sound from the thicket around,
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground,
Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come,
The shade is too black for a flower;
And jewel-winged birds, with their musical hum,
Never flash in the night of that bower;
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the brake,
Lies amid the rank grass, half asleep, half awake;
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in its trail,
Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like a toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown;
Their streams may go dry, and the wheels cease to ply
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,
Still they hug to their breast every time-honored guest
And slumber and dose in inglorious rest;

For no progress they find in the wide sphere of mind,
And the world's standing still with all of their kind;
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,
Or move like the snail in the crust of his shell,
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of stone,
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

—*Rebecca S. Nichols.*

The Toad's Journal.

[It is said that Belzoni, the traveler in Egypt, discovered a living toad in a temple, which had been for ages buried in the sand.]

IN a land for antiquites greatly renowned
A traveler had dug wide and deep under ground
A temple, for ages entombed, to disclose—
When lo! he disturbed, in its secret repose,
A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears
It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of years.
The roll which this reptile's long history records,
A treat to the sage antiquarian affords:
The sense by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,
Deep learning at length, with long labor revealed.
The first thousand years as a specimen take—
The dates are omitted for brevity's sake:
"Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked with one eye;
Half opened the other, but could not tell why;
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,
Then drew all together, and slept for a year.
Awakened, felt chilly—crept under a stone;
Was vastly contented with living alone.
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,
Could not get it away—had the cramp in my leg,
Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand;
Pulled harder, then dozed, as I found 't no use—
Awoke the next summer, and lo! it was loose.
Crawled forth from the stone when completely awake,
Crept into a corner, and grinned at a snake.
Retreated, and found that I needed repose;
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze;
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,
And did not awake for a century or more;
But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe;
Methought it was light, and a fine summer eve;
And I in some garden deliciously fed
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry bed.
There fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,
And others that hopped, most enchanting to see.
Here long I regaled with emotion extreme—
Awoke—disconcerted to find it a dream;
Grew pensive—discovered that life is a load,
Began to get weary of being a toad;
Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears"—
Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

MORAL.

It seems that life is all a void,
On selfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood.

—*Jane Taylor.*

Work and Hope.

HOW speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.
What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sunward!
Look! where the light fringes the far-rising slope,
Day cometh onward.
Watch, though so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side
Than armies of Satan against thee allied.

"'Ostler Joe."

I STOOD at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin, with the light of her wanton eyes,
Who sang the song that the Siren sang, on the treacherous Lorelei Height,
Whose face was as fair as a summer day, and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom, I fain, would pluck to-day, from the garden above her dust,
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood red rose of lust;
But a pure white blossom of holy love, that grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

In the summer when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the hostler of the "Magpie," and fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with cheek as white as snow;
He was anything but handsome, was the "Magpie" hostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,
And her matronhood sat lightly, on the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months, and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables, when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them then and there
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the heir;
It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened, and, like babies, grew apace;
He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tempest passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home,
Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam;
Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child.
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly four;
He would call the "pretty gemplun," as he passed the open door;
And one day he ran and caught him, and in a child's play pulled him in,
And the baby Joe had prayed for, brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards had sung,
'Twas a woman weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders, and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted—she was tempted and she fell,
As the angel fell from heaven to the blackest depths of hell;
She was promised wealth and splendor, and a life of guilty sloth,
Yellow gold for child and husband, and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the hostler with a cheery cry of "Wife,"
Finding that which blurred forever, all the story of his life.
She had left a silly letter, through the cruel scrawl he spelt;
Then he sought his lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands and knelt.

'Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she aint to blame," he cried,
"For I ow't t'a seen her trouble, and 'agone away and [died.

Why, a wench like her—God bless her! 'twasn't likely as her'd rest
With that bonny head forever on a hostler's rugged breast.

"It was kind of her to bear me all this long and happy time,
So, for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a crime;
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me: for you see
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage, from the woman who had flown;
Joe, the baby died that winter, and the man was left alone,
Ne'er a word he uttered but in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told the horses, saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London, rose the woman into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in her shame.
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her, as the stars beside the sun.

For she trod the stage half naked, and she dragged a temple down,
To the level of a market for the woman of the town
And the kisses she had given to poor hostler Joe for nought,
With their gold and priceless jewels, rich and titled roues bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at its height,
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned to night,
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow,
Of the thousands who had worshiped, never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forget her very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame.
And the papers in their gossip, mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker day by day.

One there was who read the story, in a far off country place,
And that night the woman dying, woke and looked upon his face.
Once again the strong arm clasped her, that had clasped her years ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of hostler Joe.

All the past had he forgiven, all the sorrow and the shame—
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim,
Since the grand folks who had known her, one and all, had slunk away,
He could clasp his long lost darling, and no man would say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her spirit fled:
And his tears came down in torrents, as he knelt beside her dead.
Never once his love had faltered, through her base, unhallowed life;
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of wife.

That the blossom I fain would pluck to-day, from the garden above her dust
Not the langourous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood red rose of lust;
But a sweet white blossom of holy love, that grew in the one green spot,
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

—*George R. Sims.*

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new, [fears;
And hope is brightest when it dawns from
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

The Weight of a Word.

HAVE you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth,
And garlands with cedar the banner of truth,
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain,
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root!

I saw a farmer at break of day
Hoeing his corn in a careful way;
An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,
Discouraged the worker, and hurried by.
The keen-edged blade of the faithful hoe
Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;
The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed
Over the field, and the crop was—lost.

A sailor launched on an angry bay
When the heavens entombed the face of the day;
The wind arose, like a beast in pain,
And shook on the billows his yellow mane;
The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,
And the waves held up a dripping shroud—
But, hark! o'er the waters that wildly raved
Came a word of cheer, and he was—saved.

A poet passed with a song of God
Hid in his heart, like a gem in a clod.
His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,
And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;
Feeble at first was the happy trill,
Low was the echo that answered the hill,
But a jealous friend spoke near his side,
And on his lips the sweet song—died.

A woman paused where a chandelier
Threw in the darkness its poisoned spear:
Weary and footsore from journeying long,
She had strayed unaware from the right to the wrong
Angels were beckoning her back from the den,
Hell and its demons were beckoning her in;
The tone of an urchin, like one who forgives,
Drew her back, and in heaven that sweet word—lives.

Words! words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
They rescue a nation, an empire save—
They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lie so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead.
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

—*Anonymous.*

The Deserted Village.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurps the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

The Changeling.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At 'set of harvest day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two years' bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"O, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and ringlets of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake opon the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother,
Turn her again to her child.

'Make her lips like the lips of Mary,
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of its mother,
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin;
And she bared her snow white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman
As lovest thine own soul!
Woe's me if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse was saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he—
Now through the great black woodland;
Now by the white beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river
He swam to Newberry town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace);
Set his name to the jailor's warrant
For Goody Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cock crow,
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

—*Whittier.*

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

HAMELIN towers in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles—
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking,
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our corporation—shocking!
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or wont determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one, "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table,
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check,
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled)

"Yes," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press' gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-saltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me,
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."
You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,
With a gipsey coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain driver.
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How!" cried the Mayor; "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?"
The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime.
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters

However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed,
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way.
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And the dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher s pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes the camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long afterward happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's street,
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor,
Nor suffered their hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn,
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a trib
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned,
Long time ago, in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

—*Robert Browning.*

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty:
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ANNABEL LEE

The moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so all night-time I lie by the side
  Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea—
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

YOUTH

Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two and twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

Not a Mistake.

OUR neighbor over the way passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a *mistake* in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever bloom for her. The young people think of her solitary hours of bitter regret, and please their imaginations with fancying her hard struggle with the conviction that she has lost all that makes life beautiful. But this old maid who is thus pitied for a secret sorrow, is a woman whose nature is a tropic, in which the sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom forever. There are no regrets, no doubts and half wishes, but a calm sweetness, a transparent peace.

—*G. W. Curtis.*

Niagara.

FLOW on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yes, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet.—And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally,—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth;
Heard thy deep anthem—and those wrecking fires
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unfathomed page.—Each leafy bough
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
And tremble at the baptism.—Lo! yon birds
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wings
Amid thy foam and mist,—'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem—or lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath—
Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof.—But as for us—it seems
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
Familiarly of thee.—Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to a tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And check its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

—*Lady H. Sigourney.*

Her Letter.

I'M SITTING alone by the fire,
Dress'd just as I came from the dance
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
I left in the midst of a set ;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed ;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soiree* of the year,"
In the midst of a *gaze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance we had on "The Fork ;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festoon'd over the wall ;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go ;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow ;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest ;
Of—the something you said at the gate ;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork and all that,
Just to dance with old Follansbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be finished by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night—here's the end of my paper,
Good-night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

—*Bret Harte.*

The Beauties of English Orthography.

A PRETTY deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair,
A hart I love with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane,
To have a pair of pears,
Although a rake may take a rake
To tear away the tares.

A scribe in writing right may write,
May write and still be wrong ;
For write and rite are neither right,
And don't to right belong.

Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burt's son,
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun,
And everybody's sun.

Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.

The person lies who says he lies,
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.

Quails do not quail before the storm,
A bow will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies—
To dye he's always trying;
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son,
And Deys must have their days;
And every knight should pray each night
To him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed one's future son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

The springs shoot forth each spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might think it stale;
So we'll suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

—*Anonymous.*

My Kate.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Deep to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days:
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movement a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth:
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence, and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar, yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone:
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer;
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her:
My Kate.

She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side,
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown:
My Kate

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went:
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener e'en *here* with her grave:
My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wert alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest, and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smile used to do thyself, my sweetheart?
My Kate.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

The Maniac.

STAY, jailor, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee!
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
O jailor, haste that fate to tell!
O, haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate, I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold! no warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not *mad; no, no, not mad!*

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! *I*, the child of rank and wealth—
Am *I* the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which nevermore my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not *mad; no, 'tis not mad!*

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away!
They'll *make* me mad, they'll *make* me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child,
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

O hark, what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes—I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes.
Help! Help!—he's gone!—O fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain—I know, I know
I am *not* mad, but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon; for lo, yon! while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Aye, laugh, ye fiends; I feel the truth;
Your task is done—I'M MAD! I'M MAD!

—*Matthew Gregory Lewis.*

Skipper Ireson's Ride.

OF all the rides since birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings adroop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.

Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Marble 'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds, with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futhered an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Marble 'ead!"

Small pity for him!—he sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him,
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore,
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed,
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue,
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol, glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear,
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Marble'ead!"

'Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin,
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God, and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent to the fish horn's bray,
Sea worn grandsires, cripples bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist, and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Marble'ead!"

The wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and with rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they let him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone in his shame and his sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I—
I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not tell the reason why,
But O, I trembled like an aspen!

Her father's love she bade me gain;
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

Over the Hills to the Poor House.

OVER the hill to the poorhouse I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman, that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—I can't make it quite clear!
Over the hill to the poorhouse—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day,
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby, for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had a half a dozen, an' all growed lean and neat,
An' went to school like others, and had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'r'n, and raised 'em every one; [to 've done,
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys and girls were grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone,
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he came one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle; an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style:
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an eddication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine 'twas carryin' things too fur:
An' told her once 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I have never seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try,

But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sister, and what with child'rn three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' buildings'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was coming there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca—my girl who lives out West,
An' to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there, for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poormaster, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—my children dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

—Will M. Carleton

Blind Men and the Elephant.

IT was six men of Industan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee,
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain" quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth who chanced to touch the ear
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most.
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
ail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

The Butterfly's Ball.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast.
The trumpeter, Gad-fly, has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng,
And on the smooth graas, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,

Saw the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back.

And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange and blue.
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet, in jacket of yellow and brown;

Who with him the Wasp, his companion did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the Mole.

And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell,
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water dock leaf, which a tablecloth made.

The viands were varions, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies.

And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Mounted high overhead, looked down from a tree.
Then out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along.
But just in the middle—Oh! shocking to tell—
From his rope in an instant, poor harlequin fell.

Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.
Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing.

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance.

But they all laughed so hard that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glowworm, came out with a light.

Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me,
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

—*Mrs. Henry Roscoe.*

HUMOROUS.

The Bachelors.

THE naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features;
The Benedicts think that their senses are small.
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough:—
The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And every where known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herb give a Bachelor's ball;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending:
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at whist;
And they whirl and they twirl—they whisk and are brisk,
And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping and jumping, and stumping, and thumping—
Sounding and bounding around and around.
And sliding and gliding with minuet pace—
Pirouetting, and sitting with infinite grace.
They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows,
Or, what's propera, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie! fie, sirs, for shame!
At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.

But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,—
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told,
He then repents at last!

When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty—in fine
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine
And he rates and he prates and reads and debates,
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cosing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away,
And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty;
Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling;

Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering;
Waking, and aching, and quaking and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning and moaning, his selfishness owning;
And crying and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
But wealth and ill-health, and his pelf, and himself.
Nobody grieves him, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries;
For whether a fool, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen, mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath
Attested by all who are in at the death.
Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil,
But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about *making his will;*
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.

Bachelor's Hall.

BACHELOR'S Hall, what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from such all the days of my life!
Sure but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commodities,
Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had niver been neighbors before.

Say the old bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,
Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough,
If he were prisint, to fight with the squire!

He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is scourin' it!
Sure, at a baste like that, swearin''s no sin;
His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it—
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his male's over, the table's left sittin' so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can;
Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye,—
Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',
Say the old bachelor kneeding his dough;
Troth, if his bread he could ate without swallowin',
How it would favor his palate, ye know!

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin',
Niver a bit is the bed made at all;
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin';—
Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!

—*John Finley.*

Grumbling Jim.

HE sat at the dinner table
With a discontented frown;—
"The potatoes and steak were underdone,
The bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the roast was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt;
Sure, 'twas hardly fit for the cat."

"I wish you could eat the bread and pies
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age,
Just now I'm but a beginner,
But your mother has come to visit,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

—*Anonymous.*

The Song of the Housekeeper.

SING a song of cleaning house,
Pocket full of nails,
Four and twenty dustpans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails,
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing:

'Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture; won't you dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw,
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done.
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there;
The bureau drawer must have a knob—
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you put a bracket here?"

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle;
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

Putting Up o' the Stove; or, the Rime of the Economical Householder.

THE melancholy days have come that no householder loves,
Days of the taking down of blinds, and putting up of stoves;
The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,
Dinged out of symmetry they be, and all with rust are red;
The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,
And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.

So i red it with good Mister Brown when his spouse remarked: "Behold!
Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold
Swift be yon stoves and pipes from out their storing place conveyed,
And to black lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,
For he was married many years, and had been there before.

And timidly he said, "My love, perchance the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of pelf, [self."
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up my-

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had sealed his doom:
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimme down that broom,"
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the doors he hove
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the stove.

Round 1.—They faced each other; Brown, to get an opening, sparred
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its guard.
Brown led off with his left to where a length of stove-pipe stood

And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed First Blood.*)

Round 2—Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a weary while;
At last the leg he held gave way, flat on his back fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the *First Knock-down.*

* * * * * *

The fight is done, and Brown has won; his hands are rasped and sore,
And perspiration and black lead stream from every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,
He cries, "Where my good angel, shall I *put* this blessed stove?"
And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the spot,
And bids him keep his temper, and remarks that he looks hot,
And now comes in the sweet o' the day; the Brown holds in his gripe
And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends and shakes; while his wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid in air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe and the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a fighting for the crown;
While Mistress Brown she cheerily says to him, "I expec'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in the air,"
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained down
Chairs, tables, tubs and stovepipes, anathemas and—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on the cat;
She was too thick for a bookmark, but too thin for a mat,
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the soot.

"O wedded love how beautiful, how sweet a thing thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw him falling, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her inmost heart-strings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mister Brown, as one that has been wode
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice was sharp and shrill),
"I have not madam, but by—by—by the nine gods, I will."

He swung the pipe above his head, he dashed it on the floor,
And that stove pipe, as a stove-pipe, it did exist no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was stern and wan,
As in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed: "Send for that tinsmith's man."

—*Anonymous.*

Holy Willie's Prayer.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven, ane ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for onie guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
Whan thousands Thou has left in night,
That I am here afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burning an' a shining light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get such exaltation?
I, wha deserve such just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Where damned devils roar and yell,
Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singing there and dancing here,
Wi' great and sma'
For I am keepit by Thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust,
An' sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust—
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
Less he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, Thy hand maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

Lord bless thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha brings Thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' great and sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa',

An' when we chastened him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' prayer,
Against that Presbyt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare
Upo' their heads;
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin'
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin,
An' swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hinging lips gaed snakin',
An' hid his head.

Lord, in the day o' vengeance try him,
Lord visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their prayer;
But for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But Lord remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for gear and grace may thi
Excelled by none,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

—*Robert Burns.*

SHE walked into the drygoods store
With stately step and proud,
She turned the frills and laces o'er,
And pushed aside the crowd.
She asked to see some rich brocade,
Mohairs and grenadines,
She looked at silk of every shade—
And then at velveteens.
She sampled jackets blue and red,
She tried on nine or ten,
And then she tossed her head and said,
She "guessed she'd call again."

—*Texas Siftings.*

A Housekeeper's Tragedy.

ONE day as I wandered, I heard a complaining,
And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom;
She glared at the mud on her doorsteps ('t was raining)
And this was her wail as she wielded the broom:

"O, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,
And beauty will fade, and riches will flee;
And pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet;
There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt;
There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it;
There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in December;
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust;
In fall, the leaves litter; in muggy September
The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses,
And ants in the sugar, and mice in the pies;
The rubbish of spiders no mortal supposes,
And ravaging roaches and damaging flies.

"It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven;
It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine;
It's potting and panning from ten to eleven;
We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to cent'r,
Forever at war, and forever alert,
No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter—
I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever
On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea;
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor
To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it!
I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!"
She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded,
Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.

—*Anonymous.*

Mr. Meek's Baby.

THE voice of nature cries aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger were a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on his arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to know why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poison? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose. Was I expected to be the father of a French roll, that the brushes of all nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that his sensitive skin was ever intended by nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small plaited? Or is my child composed of paper or of linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, prac-

ticed by the laundress, are to be printed off all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries? Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek and Jack Shepherd? Analyze castor oil at any institution of chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance in taste it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane to administer to Augustus George? Yet, I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with systematically forcing castor oil on my innocent son, from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised? What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodgit require for the use of my son an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonizing sight. I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Mrs. Prodgit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodgit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature, having nothing on but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage—I should say of several yards in extent. In this I saw Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upward, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it and smile?

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Anybody? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I don't want to be of any account. But Augustus George is a production of nature (I cannot think otherwise), and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to nature. In my opinion Mrs. Prodgit is from first to last, a convention and a superstition.

—*Charles Dickens.*

Love and Lace Work.

OF course I love him. (One, two, three,
And slip the fourth.) Dear fellow, yes,
He fairly worshiped me. (Now look:
This time you take two stitches less.)
Quite tall, well built; his eyes were gray—
(You pull that thread the other way
Two loops.) A dimple in his chin,
The sweetest hair. (My dear, observe)
He was a poet. (This begins
The second row, and makes a curve.)
I'm sure you'd like to read the rhymes
He wrote me. ('Round the edge three times).

Poor boy! His fate was very sad;
He died quite young. (Another one,
But not so tight.) It broke my heart.
(There, that is very nicely done.)
He was my first love, and—my last,
(Be careful dear; don't go so fast.)

My husband! Oh, the kindest soul!
I met him (now the pattern shows),
In Europe. We were married there;
And—oh, well yes—as marriage goes,
I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight,
Or it will tangle.) Such is fate!

Anonymous.

A Sociable.

THEY carried pie to the parson's house,
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple parings for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilled his tea on the pianoforte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees,
With his wife—but not to pray;
O no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

A Love Letter from Dakota.

SWEET Jinney, I write on me knee
Wid the shtump of a limitid pincil.
I would write on my desk, but you see
I'm widout that convanient utinsil.
I've a house of my own, but as yet
Me furniture's homely and shlinder;
It's a wife I am afther, to let
Her consult *her* ideals of shplindor.
If I should buy tables and chairs,
An' bureaus, an' carpets, an' vases,
An'—bother the lingo of wares!—
An' curtains wid camel-hair laces,
Perhaps whin I married a wife
She would turn up her nose at me choosin',
Or waysht the shweet bloom of her life
Wid pretinse of contint at their usin'.
So now, I've no carpets to shweep,
Nor tables nor chairs to tip o'er;
Whin night comes I roll up an' shleep
As contint as a pig on the floor.
But ah, the shweet dreams that I dream
Of Erin's most beautiful daughter!
Until in me visions you seem
On your way to me over the wather.
(—Please pardon me method ungainly.
But, hopin' the future may yoke us,
I'll try to be bould an' speak plainly,
An' bring me note down to a focus:—)
Would you marry a man wid a farrum,
An' a house most ixquisitely warrum,
Wid walls so ixcaidin'ly thick, ma'am,
For they're built of a single big brick, ma'am
Touchin' Mexico, Texas, Nebrasky—
The thickest walls iver you thought of,
Why, they cover the country we bought of
The sire of Alexis—Alasky!
For sure its great walls are the worruld—
In fact, it's a hole in the ground;
But oh, it's the place to be curruled
Whin the whirlwinds are twirlin' around!
It is ivery bit basemint ixcipt
The parlor, that lies out-of-doors
Where the zephyr's pure fingers have swept
Its million-ply carpeted floors.
Forgive me ixtravigant speeches,
But it's fair as the dreams of a Hindoo
Wid me parlor's unlimited reaches
An' the sky for a sunny bay-window.

Me darlint, Dakota is new,
Sod houses are here widout number,
But I'll build a broad mansion for you—
Whin I'm able to purchase the lumber.
An' sure 'twill not take very long
Where the soil is so fertile, I'm tould:
Whin you tune up your plow for a song,
The earth hums a chorus of gould.
Thin come to your Dinnis O'Brion,
An' let his fidelity prove
That his heart is as strong as a lion,
Ixcipt that it's burstin' wid love.

—*W. W. Fink.*

Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles.

O REVEREND sir, I do declare,
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a lying there,
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wives' departer
Without sich trouble as this ere
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
Are sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cure you up,
If 't wouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.

—*Frances Miriam Whitcher.*

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

THE jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair
Bishop and abbot and prior were there,
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In truth a goodly company,
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never I ween
Was a prouder scene,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims
In and out
Through the motley rout
That little jackdaw kept hopping about,
Here and there
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all.
With a saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"WE TWO are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little Singing-boys—dear little souls
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,—
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,

Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender water and eau-de-Cologne ;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope !
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."
The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white ;
From his fingers he draws
His costly turquoise :
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on His Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !
* * * * * *
There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out ;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels.
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs ;
But no !—no such thing,—
They can't find THE RING !
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it !"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book.
In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a fright.
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking,
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying !—
Never was heard such a terrible curse !
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse !
The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn ;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay,
As on yesterday ;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped,—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM !—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing.
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !"
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way !"
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw !
Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took :
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd :
He grew sleek and fat ;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !
His tail waggled more

Even than before ;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair :
He hopped now about
With a gait so devout ;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw !"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more !"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw !"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint.
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom of Rome new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow !

—*Richard Harris Barham.* (*Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq*).

The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-horse shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon *swore*—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, " 'tis mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain
'N' the way t' fix in uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;

The hubs from logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips;
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died,
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away.

Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

Eighteen hundred—it came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty—and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it. You're welcome—no extra chnrge.)

First of November—the earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay.
A general flavor of mild decay—
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor;
And the whiffletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meetin' house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin' house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as the bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is *logic*. That's all I say.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

American Aristocracy.

(From the "Proud Miss McBride.")

OF all the notable things on earth
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years
Without a prop to save it from sneers
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*,
A thing for laughter, slurs and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English, Irish, French and Spanish,
Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
Too subtle a tangle of blood, indeed!
No heraldry blarney will ever succeed
In finding circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

Swell's Soliloquy.

I DON'T appwove this hawid waw;
Those dweadful bannahs hawt my eyes;
And guns and dwums are such a baw,—
Why don't the pawties compwamise?

Of cawce, the twoilet has its chawms;
But why must all the vulgah cwowd
Pwesist in spawting unifawms,
In cullahs so extwemely loud?

And then the ladies, pwecious deahs!—
I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow;
Bah Jove! I weally have my feahs
They wathah like the hawid wow!

To hear the chawming cweatures talk,
Like patwons of the bloody wing,
Of waw and all its dawty wawk,—
It doesn't seem a pwappah thing!

I called at Mrs. Gweene's last night,
To see her niece, Miss Mawy Hertz,
And found her making—cwushing sight!—
The weddest kind of flannel shirts!

Of cawse, I wose, and sought the door,
With fawyah flashing from my eyes!
I can't appwove this hawid waw;—
Why don't the parties compwamise?

—*Anonymous.*

The Toothache.

MY curse upon thy venomed stang
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
An' through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance!
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines.

When fevers burn, or ague freezes;
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan.

Adown my beard the slavers trickle;
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,
I'll har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
(Sad sight to see!)
The tricks o' knaves or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

—*Robert Burns.*

The Modern Belle.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair.
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint,
Remains of her last night's blushes
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven
And men with "flowing hair;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air.

She talks of Italian music
And falls in love with the moon,
And if a mouse were to meet her
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white
Her jewels so very heavy
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
(Though this she never will own),
Her body is mostly of cotton,
Her heart is wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair!
One of the very best matches,—
Both are well mated for life—
She's got a fool for a husband
He's got a fool for a wife!

—*Stark.*

Rudolph The Headsman.

RUDOLPH, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box, "Now then, if you please:"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, bowled along the floor,
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

City and Country.

(Read at a Festival Gathering of the Sons of Berkshire, Mass.)

COME back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants for riches and fame!
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your lanes,
And breathe, like our eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare 't is all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go
The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens,
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
With the burrs on his legs and the grass at his heels!
No *dodger* behind his bandanas to share,—
No constable grumbling, "You mustn't walk there!"

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito, and brushes a tear;
The dewdrops hang round him on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old schoolhouse, hard by the old church;
That tree by its side had the flavor or birch;
O, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks!"

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps,
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart, and a cold in his head.

'T is past,—he is dreaming,—I see him again;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain;
His mustache is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossoming gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
"A 1.—Extra super.—Ah! isn't it prime!"

O, what are the prizes we perish to win,
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin?
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties and parts to our feast;
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old—water—at nothing a glass.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Epigrams by S. T. Coleridge.

IN Koln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches—
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience.
He took his honor, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.
But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Tuofold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse!

Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse
To all, and at all times,
And finds them both divinely smooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.

Yet folks say Mævius is no ass;
But Mævius makes it clear
That he's a monster of an ass—
An ass without an ear!

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

The Razor Seller.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard—
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave;*
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
  Just like a hedger cutting furze;
'T was a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors. "Ah !" Hodge sighed,
  "I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
  He cut, and dug, and minced, and stamped, and swore;
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, made wry faces,
  And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er;

His muzzle formed of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loose its ruff;
  So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance with clenched claws,
  On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

"Razors ! a mean, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun:
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 't is fun,
  That people flay themselves out of their lives.
You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
  With razors just like oyster knives.
Sirrah ! I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave !"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave;
  As for the razors you have bought
  Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would *shave*." [dering eyes,
"Not think they'd *shave!*" quoth Hodge, with won-
  And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for, then, you dog ?" he cries.
"*Made*," quoth the fellow with a smile—"*to sell.*"

—*Dr. Wolcott* (*Peter Pindar*).

Railroad Rhyme.

SINGING through the forests,
  Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
  Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains
  Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  Riding on the rail?

Men of different "stations"
  In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
  Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
  Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
  Traveling together.

Gentlemen in shorts,
  Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
  Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
  With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
  Looking rather green:

Gentleman quite old,
  Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
  In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
  Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed,
  Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right
  Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
  Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker—
  Wonder what they mean!
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
  Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left
  Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
  Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
  Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
  From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
  Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
  'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish looking fellow,
  Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
  She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
  Sitting *vis-a-vis*,
Baby keeps a-squalling,
  Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
  Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
  Are so very shocking!

Market woman, careful
  Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
  Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
  If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
  Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
  Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
  Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
  Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  Riding on the rail!

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

To a Fly.

[Taken out of a bowl of punch]

AH! poor intoxicated little knave,
  Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
  Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;
Lost to the world, thou busy, sweet-lipped soul—
Thus death, as well as pleasure, dwells with punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
  Forever hankering after pleasure's cup,
Though fate, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose—they must, will sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untamed!
  When prudence mounts their backs to ride them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflamed,
  Insisting on their own sole will so wild,

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The fates, so kind, have not yet snapped thy thread;
By heavens, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again, thou mov'st another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose,
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
  And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands,
Much as to say, "I'm glad I'm here again."

And well mayst thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
  That near wert thou to death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt;
  Now turnest—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track;
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back;
  Now fluttering nectar from thy silken wings;
Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewell, fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—
  There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
That saw thee, drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
And now sits groaning for thy precious life.
Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
These will delight and feed and work no harm—
  While punch, the grinning merry imp of sin,
Invites the wary wanderer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face as though he meant him bliss,
Then like an alligator, drags him in.

—*John Wolcott* (*Peter Pindar*).

The Baggage Fiend.

'TWAS a ferocious baggage-man, with Atlantean back,
And biceps upon each arm piled in a formidable stack,
That plied his dread vocation beside a railroad track.

Wildly he tossed the baggage round the platform there, pell-mell,
And crushed to naught the frail bandbox where'er it shapeless fell,
Or stove the "Saratoga" like the flimsiest eggshell.

On ironclads, especially, he fell full ruthlessly,
And eke the trunk derisively called "Cottage by the Sea;"
And pulled and hauled and rammed and jammed the same vindictively,

Until a yearning breach appeared, or fractures two or three,
Or straps were burst, or lids fell off, or some catastrophe
Crowned his Satanic zeal, or moved his diabolic glee.

The passengers surveyed the wreck with diverse discontent,
And some vituperated him, and some made loud lament,
But wrath or lamentation on him were vainly spent.

To him there came a shambling man, sad-eyed and meek and thin,
Bearing an humble carpet bag with scanty stuff therein,
And unto that fierce baggage-man he spake, with quivering chin:

"Behold this scanty carpet bag! I started a month ago,
With a dozen Saratoga trunks, hat box, and portmanteau,
But baggage-men along the route have brought me down so low.

"Be careful with this carpet bag, kind sir," said he to him. [grim.
The baggage man received it with a smile extremely
And softly whispered, "Mother, may I go out to swim?"

Then fiercely jumped upon that bag in wild, sardonic spleen,
And into countless fragmeuts flew—to his profound chagrin—
For that lank bag contained a pint of nitro-glycerine.

The stranger heaved a gentle sigh, and stroked his quivering chin,
And then he winked with one sad eye, and said, with smile serene,
"The stuff to check a baggage-man is nitro-glycerine!"

Orator Puff.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so;*
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say, [pray?"
"My voice is for war!" asked, "Which of them,
O! O! Orator Puff, etc.

Reeling homeward one evening, top heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking fund" the last words as his noddle came down.
O! O! Orator Puff, etc.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
"Help me out! *Help me out!* I have broken my bones!"
"Help you out?" said a Paddy who passed, "what a bother!
Why, there's two of you there—can't you help one another?"
O! O! Orator Puff,
One voice for a orator's surely enough.

— *Thomas Moore.*

The Puzzled Dutchman.

I'M a proken-hearted Deutscher,
  Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
I dells you vot der drouple ish:
  I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
  Ven you der schtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
  It vas so shtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins;
  Dey vas me und mine broder;
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
  No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was "Yawcob."
  Und "Hans" der oder's name:
But den it made no tifferent;
  Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von off us got tead—
  Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
  Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples,
  I gan't kit droe mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
  Or Yawcob vot is tead!

—*Charles F. Adams.*

Ring the Bells.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore,
  Young love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door,
So he called upon Lucy, 'twas just ten o'clock,
Like a spruce single man with a smart double knock,
I ne'er saw a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at
But will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat,
And question the stranger, and answer the door.
The meeting was bliss; but the parting was sore;
For the moment will come when such comers must go,
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing,
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

—*Thomas Hood.*

Hans Breitman's Party.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,
  Dey had biano blayin;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
  Her name was Madilda Yane.
She had haar as prown ash a pretzel,
  Her eyes wer himmel plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
  Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty.
  I vent dere you'll pe pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
  Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
  She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
  She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
  I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more as sefen kecks
  Of foorst-rate lager beer.
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
  De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a party,
  Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
  Dere all vas Souse und Brouse.
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
  Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
  De Bratwurst und Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendussen down,
  Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
We all cot troonk as bigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
Dill the coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty--
Where ish dat barty now!
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer.
Afay in de Ewigkeit!

—*Charles G. Leland.*

Der Drummer

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der shell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles of der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say,
'Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness righdt avay?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
But let's them go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine!"
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goods to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis way,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der drummer.

—*Charles F. Adams.*

Shacob's Lament.

OXCOOSE me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose avay;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't pelief I krow.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this colt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a stocking stout,
I put avay my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

Before der vedding day vos set,
She vhispers in mine ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad stock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In vhich dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:
Der rose vos redt
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

—*Unknown.*

Yawcob Strauss.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes shust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der shticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious dot vas drue!

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
He kicks oop sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese;
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmooth blace oudt
From der hair upon mine hed!

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der gllm I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;

But vhen he vas ashleep in ped,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

—*Charles F. Adams*

The Height of the Ridiculous.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Saved by His Wit.

(A sailor, having been sentenced to the cat-o'-nine tails, when tied for punishment, spoke the following lines to his commander, who had an aversion to a cat.)

BY your honor's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hampered and stripped, and if I am whipped,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:
N. B. He was pardoned.

Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if fate and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm informed, like a cat;
Why, your honor's aversion is mine:
If puss then with one tail can make your heart fail,
O save me from that which has nine!

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:—

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I fairly felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:—

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig"

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn:—

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul);
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin', shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be bowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you 'll be.
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

'Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you?'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'T will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

—*W. S. Gilbert*

UNTO a little negro,
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly,
A hungry crocodile.

Who, with that chill politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please."

Gluggity Glug.

[From "The Myrtle and the Vine."]

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper:
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged at the bottle,
Which went gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
'T was the friar's road home, straight and level;
But when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scampered due north, like a devil:
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,
"I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill;
And 't is cheap—for he never can eat off his head
While I am engaged at the bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The steed made a stop—in a pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking than grazing; [trot,
Quoth the friar, "'T is strange headless horses should
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose,
I wish I were over a bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

—*George Coleman, the Younger.*

The Vagabonds.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger s my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp,—
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings,)
Then a few nice buckwheats, hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

* * * * * *

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgettiug the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune and friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink,—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part.—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL YOU

ANNIE LAURIE

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me to talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

Socrates Snooks.

MISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation:
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When one morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife.
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now Socrates dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd;*
Now whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* garden, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"
Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true;

For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion,
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian;
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate:
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"
"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks:
Now Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search:
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown:
No more I hear my church's bell;
Than if it rang out for my knell;

At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart;
Nay, what's incredible alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

The Incomplete Revelation.

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,
When coats were drab, and gowns were plain, and speech was staid and slow, [curl,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single frizz or
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet redbird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form, and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting-time and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth day of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed,
I have spoken to the meeting, and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third day."

The cool possession of herself by Friend Sylvanus Moore
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore—
She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, childlike mind—
And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto *me*."
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate—
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of love, free-will and fate

—Richard A. Jackson.

Morning Meditations.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell uf sweet herbs at the morning prime,
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then—if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,"
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up—all up!

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a spoon.

—*Thomas Hood.*

The Lovers.

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught, [scraught.
Though his enemies called him a screecher who

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking and wunk;
While she, in her turn, kept thinking and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove,
For whatever he couldn't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he knole;
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

And they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While Time his swift circuit was winging, and wung;
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught;
What she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught; [scraught.
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

—*Phœbe Cary.*

The Frenchman and the Rats.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover, in the night,
Near the roadside an alehouse chanced to spy,
And being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters: "Hallo! Garcon, if you please,
Bring me a leetle bit of bread and cheese,
And hallo! Garcon, a pot of porter, too!" he said,
"Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."
His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
Our hero, now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap, and bade the world good-night;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,

Under his pillow he had placed with care.
Sans ceremonie soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found,
And while at this they all regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
Who, half awake, cries out, "Hallo! hallo!
Vat is dat nibble at my pillow so?
Ah! 'tis one big—one very big, huge rat!
Vat is it that he nibble, nibble at?"

In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
Then he, on end—antipodes upright
Brawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
"Hallo! Maison! Garcon, I say!
Bring me the bill for what I have to pay!"
The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge: he scarce believed his eyes.
With eager haste, he quickly runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.
"Vy, zounds and zounds!" he cries, "I sall no pay;
Vat! charge ten shelangs for what I have mange?
A leetle sop of porter, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head?"
"Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
"I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
I'll pay him well that can." "Vat's dat you say?"
"I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray:
Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?"
"With all my heart," the jolly host replies.
"*Ecoutez, donc ami;*" the Frenchman cries.
"First den—*Regardez*, if you please,
Bring to dis spot a leetle bread and cheese:
Eh bien! a pot of porter, too;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you:
And after dat—no matter dey be villing—
For vat dey eat, you *charge* dem just *ten shelang:*
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house, *and never come no more.*"

—*Anonymous.*

John Barleycorn.

THERE went three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plow and plowed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
And tied him fast upon the cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgeled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
Then heaved in John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

—*Robert Burns.*

Plain Language from Truthful James.

[Popularly known as "The Heathen Chinee."]

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar:
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply:
But his smile it was pensive and childlike
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies,
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise,

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand,
But he smiled, as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four jacks—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts.
And we found on his nails, which were taper
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

—*Bret Harte.*

The Society upon the Stanislaus.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James:
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that 'tis not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow man;
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head on him!"

Now, nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society.
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal, that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault;
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones' family [vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled upon the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James,
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

—*Bret Harte.*

Faithless Nelly Gray.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs;
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray;
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajo's breaches."

"Why, then" said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot,

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,
And they buried Ben in four cross roads
With a stake in his inside.

—*Thomas Hood.*

To a Mosquito.

FAIR insect, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,
And tell'st how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them freely to thy need:

* * * * *

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth;
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, broad and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth.

* * * * *

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist!
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

O, these were sights to touch an anchorite!—
What, do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain:
Thou art a wayward being—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What sayest thou, slanderer? "Rouge makes thee sick,
And China bloom at best is sorry food;
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood!"
Go 't was a just reward that met thy crime—
But shun the sacrilege another time!

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired,
Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn for me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters, in my cell,
Thy old acquantance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman; and suck the blood
Enriched with generous wine, and costly meat,
In well-filled skins, soft as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and raise thy freckled feet.
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee; and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose,
Shall tempt thee as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Nose and the Eyes.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To whom the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws—
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

'In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear
(And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find)
That the Nose has the spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('T is a case that has happened, and may happen again)
That the visage or countenance had *not* a Nose,
Pray, who *would*, or who *could*, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles, plainly, were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think them equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be *shut*.

—*William Cowper.*

To the Pliocene Skull.

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

["A human skull has been found in California, in the pliocene formation. This skull is the remnant, not only of the earliest pioneer of this State, but the oldest known human being. . . . . The skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, two miles from Angel's in Calaveras County, by a miner named James Matson, who gave it to Mr. Scribner, a merchant, and he gave it to Dr. Jones who sent it to the State Geological Survey. . . . . The published volume of the State Survey on the Geology of California states that man existed contemporaneously with the mastodon, but this fossil proves that he was here before the mastodon was known to exist."—*Daily Paper*]

"SPEAK, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earlies stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene' was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches—
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the Professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that 's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

"Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland,
Songless, silent hushed, with never bird or insect,
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiacea—

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

"Tell us of thy food—those half-marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell, and Brachipods *au naturel*—
Cuttlefish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth's creation—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together;

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectation:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras County,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

—*Bret Harte.*

Sneezing.

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out,—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
How with rapturous torment wrings me!
Now says, "Sneeze you fool,—get through it."
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-ishi—
Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff is a delicious thing.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

Mrs. Caudle's Lecture on Shirt Buttons.

THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's just like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living, now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I wont let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when

you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought to by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say "*ah*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where your buttons were then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go-through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and I shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling. I know that I'm sinking every day; we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. Yes, Caudle, you'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

—Douglass Jerrold.

Sorrows of Werther.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

The Modern House that Jack Built.

BEHOLD the mansion reared by daedal Jack,
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac
Mark how the rats' felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides,—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.
Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt;
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow, with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Ivan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seemed, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chrones' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lac-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn,
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catullian, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
The old mordacious rat, that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that *killed*
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that
Jack built.

—*Anonymous.*

To the Terrestrial Globe.

(By a Miserable Wretch.)

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! [*It rolls on.*

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

Sister "S'lina."

THO'T the deacon liked me,
Jest a leetle bit,
But somehow couldn't be
'Zactly shore uv it.

W'en we met, he'd sigh—
A-eyein' me the w'ile—
An' roll his big bloo eye,
And smile his Sunday smile.

I allus turned fire-red
W'en he eyed me so,
Tho' I, as I've just said,
His 'tentions didn't know.

At meetin', t'other night,
Deacon, spruce an' neat,
Whispered so perlite:
"May I shar' your seat?"

I think I shuck my head—
On this we ain't agreed—
Fur then the parson said;
"Sister S'lina lead."

An' so we knelt in prayer—
Right there in the pew.
(Blush an' tremble? Land,
What else cud I dew?)

Then he softly sighed:
"S'lina, I confess
I feel—er—sanctified
A-techin' uv your dress.'

Sakes alive, but then
My heart jest overrun,
And I cried, "Amen,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

"Wot a healin' balm,
Wot peace, wot joy untold
O, blessed Abraham,
Me to Thy bosom fold."

An' then the worldly lot—
I say it to their shame
Laffed 'cause I'd clean furgot
That was the deacon's name.

Meetin' at an end,
The deacon said, "Neow, come—
I hope I don't erfend—
But let me see you hum."

Tremble? Bless your heart,
Ev'ry leetle sound
Made me blush an' start,
An' quickly look around

W'en we two passed out,
Walkin' kinder slow,
The boys set up a shout,
"S'lina's got a beau."

"Pesky noisy crowd,
Each with waggin' tongue,"
The deacon said out loud;
"Ye'd oughter all be hung."

But I don't keer a cent
For all the boys and girls;
I am quite content,
Tho' grayish be my curls:

Let 'em have their say,
Let 'em wink so sly,
I named the happy day
That very night—O my!

—*Thomas Burke, in Yankee Blade.*

First Appearance in Type.

AH, here it is! I'm famous now;
An author and a poet,
It really is in print. Hurrah!
How proud I'll be to show it.
And gentle Anna! what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines, and know
To whom they are addressed.

Why bless my soul! here's something wrong:
What can the paper mean,
"By talking of the graceful brook,"

That "*ganders* o'er the green?"
And here's a *t* instead of *r*,
Which makes it "tippling rill,"
We'll seek the "shad" instead of "shade,"
And "hell" instead of "hill."

"Thy looks so"—what?—I recollect,
'Twas "sweet," and then 'twas 'kind";
And now, to think—the stupid fool—
For "bland" has printed "blind."
Was ever such provoking work?
('Tis curious, by the by,
That anything is rendered blind
By giving it an *i*).

The color of the "rose" is "nose,"
"Affection" is "affliction."
I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as fiction?
"Thou art a friend!" The *r* is gone;
Whoever could have deemed
That such a trifling thing could change
A friend into a fiend.

"Thou art the same," is rendered "shame,"
It really is too bad!
And here because an *i* is out
My lovely "maid" is mad.
They drove her blind by poking in
An *i*—a process new—
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy, too.

I'll read no more. What shall I do?
I'll never dare to send it.
The paper's scattered far and wide,
'Tis now too late to mend it.
Oh, fame! thou cheat of human life,
Why did I ever write!
I wish my poem had been burnt,
Before it saw the light.

Was ever such a horrid hash,
In poetry or prose?
I've said she was a "fiend!" and praised
The color of her "nose."
I wish I had that printer here
About a half a minute,
I'd bang him to his heart's content.
And with an *h* begin it.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Miss Edith Helps Things Along.

MY sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense; for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone. And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit;
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try! I wont tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it mean!
Well, then, there's the album; that's pretty if you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross,
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't good looking, of course.

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What, maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all her front curls to frizz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used
to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband, and Jack
says that gave him a fright.
You wont run away then, as he did? for you're not a
rich man, they say,
Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now, are
you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I
know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that
naughty Jack said.
But there I must go; sister's coming! But I wish I
could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way
that she used to kiss Lee."

— *Bret Harte.*

Aunt Tabitha.

DEAR AUNT! If I only would take her advice—
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!
And besides I forget half the things I am told:
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare,
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight is pleasure, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me, *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay—
Were men such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked—I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma?
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! who knows?
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad! [sad

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can:
Let us perish to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me—she never did so.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Song of Saratoga.

PRAY what do they do at the Springs?
The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking bird sings,
I'll venture a bit of a song,
To tell what they do at the Springs.

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer:
But the fluid is mingled you know,
With wholesome medicinal things;
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast, or dine;
The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.
Ye gods! what a rustle and rush,
When the eloquent dinner bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is heard by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings:
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shriekiug away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist—
How closely and how fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz,
And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short—as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep,
They read, and they ride, and they dance;
(With other remarkable things:)
They pray, and they play, and they pay—
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

—*John G. Saxe.*

Why Don't the Men Propose.

WHY don't the men propose, mamma?
Why *don't* the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That everybody knows;
You *fete* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they wont propose!

I m sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingue* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
Alas! he wont propose!

I've tried to win by languishing
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books, and talk'd of them
As if I've read them through!
With hair cropped like a man, I've felt
The heads of all the beaux;
But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts*,
And, oh! they wont propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought
That ignorance was bliss;
I felt convinced that men preferred
A simple sort of Miss;
And so I lisped out naught beyond
Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"
And wore a sweet, unmeaning smile;
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again!"
I started, turning pale;
I really thought my time was come,
I blushed like any rose;
But, oh! I found 'twas only at
Ecarte that he'd *propose!*

And what is to be done, mamma?
Oh! what is to be done?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one:
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows;
Why wont the men propose, mamma?
Why *wont* the men propose?

Repudiation.

NEATH a ragged palmetto a Southerner sat,
A-twirling the band of his Panama hat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a load,
By humming the words of the following ode:
"Oh, for a nigger, and oh, for a whip,
Oh, for a cocktail, and oh, for a nip,
Oh, for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher,
Oh, for a crack at a Yankee school teacher,
Oh, for a captain, and oh, for a ship,
Oh, for a cargo of niggers each trip"
And so he kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not content with owing for all he had got.

Tom Darling.

TOM DARLING was a darling Tom,
(Excuse all vulgar puns;)
A type of California's bright
Rising and setting suns.

His father was an austere man—
An oyster man was he,
Who opened life by opening
The shell fish of the sea;

But hearing of a richer clime,
He took his only son,
And came where golden minds are lost,
While golden mines are won.

They hoped to fill their pockets from
Rich pockets in the ground;
And 'midst the boulders of the hills,
None bolder could be found.

For though a mining minor, Tom
Was never known to shirk;
And while with zeal he worked his claim,
His father claimed his work.

Time's record on his brow now showed
A fair and spotless page;
And, as his age became him well,
He soon became of age.

Thinking that he was up to all
The California tricks,
He now resolved to pick his way
Without the aid of picks.

In less than eighteen circling moons
Two fortunes he had made;
One by good luck at trade in stock,
And one by stock in trade.

With health and wealth he now could live
Upon the easy plan;
While everybody said of course,
He was a fine young man.

But Thomas fell, and sadly too,
Who of his friends would thought it!
He ran for office, and alas!
For him and his—he caught it.

Mixing no more with sober men,
He found his morals fleeing;
And being of a jovial turn,
He turned a jovial being.

With governor and constable
His cash he freely spends;
From constable to governor,
He had a host of friends.

But soon he found he could not take,
As his old father would,
A little spirits, just enough
To do his spirits good.

In councils with the patriots
Upon affairs of State,
Setting no bars to drinking, he
Soon lost his upright gait.

His brandy straightway made him walk
In very crooked ways;
While lager beer brought to his view
A bier and span of grays.

The nips kept nipping at his purse—
(Two bits for every dram),
While clear champagne produced in him
A pain that was no sham.

His cups of wine were followed by
The doctor's painful cup;
Each morning found him getting low
As he was getting up.

Thus uselessly, and feebly did
His short existence flit,
Till in a drunken fight he fell
Into a drunken fit.

The doctors came, but here their skill
They found of no avail;
They all agreed, what ailed poor Tom
Was politics and ale.

EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN

'Tis The Last Rose of Summer

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

PERSONAL.

Washington.

[From under the elm, read at Cambridge, July 3, 1875, on the 100th anniversary of Washington taking command of the American army.]

BENEATH our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood,
Which redly foamed around him, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm.
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms has yielded, from the town,
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

* * * * * *

Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self restraint,
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.
Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,
And weave prophetic aureoles around the head
That shines our beacon now, nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all homes of men,
The winged years that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan the flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

* * * * * *

O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
With him so statue-like in sad reserve,
So difficult to claim, so forward to deserve,
Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
That soul serene, impenetrably just,
Modeled on classic lines, so simple they endure?
That soul so softly radiant and so white
The track it left seems less of fire than light,
Cold but to such as love distemperature?
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
That drives rejoicing planets on their course
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
Domestically bright,
Fed from itself, and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
Passionless, say you? What is passion for
But to sublime our natures and control
To front heroic toils with late return,
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
That fire was fed with substance of the soul,

And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
With breath of popular applause or blame,
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.
Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's,—
Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days and nights,
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orbed completeness; and this balanced soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symmetry of self-control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
Still as we look, and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
This energetic passion of repose.

A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys
For ardent girls and boys,
Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,
That habitual full-dress of his well bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days.
His broad-built brain, to self so little kind
That no tumultuary blood could blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze.
It was a world of statelier movement then
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

* * * * * *

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say here "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Washington as a Civilian.

HOWEVER his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar; they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole-star in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration

of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is our earnest prayer to Heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's

The announcement of the afflicting event of his death was made in the House of Representatives as soon as the news reached Philadelphia, by John Marshall, then a member of Congress from Virginia. Both Houses immediately adjourned. The whole country was filled with gloom by the intelligence. Men of all parties in politics, and creeds in religion, united with Congress in paying honor to the memory of the citizen who, in the language of the resolution of Marshall adopted by the House, "was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

These manifestations were no mere outward semblance of grief, but the natural outbursts of the hearts of the people, prompted by the loss of a father. He was indeed everywhere regarded as the "Father of His Country." His remains were deposited in a family vault, on his own estate, on the banks of the Potomac, where they still lie entombed.

Extract from an Oration on James A. Garfield.

ON the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and congratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed· that trouble lay behind him, and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cheerful associations of his young manhood and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning, James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest—from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly

languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care, and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him desolation and great darkness—and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the world and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

—*James G. Blaine.*

Honor to Kane.

ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone.
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone,
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North,
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb

His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim.
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder: such the throng
Of horrors bound the hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself—yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate,
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar waters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial, every fate,
He stands, untril spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore
Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE.

—Fitz-James O'Brien

Washington Allston.

THE element of beauty which in thee
Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
And from all guile had made thy being free,
Now seems to whisper thou canst never die!
For nature's priests we shed no idle tear:
Their mantles on a noble lineage fall:
Though thy white locks at length have pressed the bier
Death could not fold thee in oblivion's pall.
Majestic forms thy hand in grace arrayed
Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,
And hues aerial, that thy pencil stayed,
Its shades with heaven's radiance illume:
Art's meek apostle, holy is thy sway,
From the heart's records ne'er to pass away.

—Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

Daniel Webster.

WHEN, stricken by the freezing blast,
A nation's living pillars fall,
How rich the storied page, how vast,
A word, a whisper, can recall!

No medal lifts its fretted face,
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye;
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,
A living image passes by.

A roof beneath the mountain pines;
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;
The front of life's embattled lines;
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes. A boy appears:
Set life's round dial in the sun,
Count the swift arc of seventy years,
His frame is dust; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,
Ere the declining sun has laid
His bleaching rays on manhood's power,
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,
No change uncrown his brow; behold!
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed
Earth has no double from its mold!

Ere from the fields by valor won
The battle smoke had rolled away,
And bared the blood-red setting sun,
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip
Black with the strife that made it free;
He lived to see its banners dip
Their fringes in the western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,
His words the mountain echoes knew;
The northern breezes swept his fame
From icy lakes to warm bayou.

In toil he lived; in peace he died;
When life's full cycle was complete,
Put off his robes of power and pride,
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves,
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,
Whose heart was like the streaming caves
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow
Laid softly on the furrowed hill;
It hides the broken seams below,
And leaves the summit brighter still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids;
His name a nation's heart shall keep,
Till morning's latest sunlight fades
On the blue tablet of the deep!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

William Ellery Channing.

THOU livest in the life of all good things;
What words thou spakest for freedom shall not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy love hath wings
To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

Farewell, good man, good angel now! this hand
Soon, like thine own, shall lose its cunning too;
Soon shall this soul, like thine, bewildered stand,
Then leap to thread the free, unfathomed blue.

When that day comes, oh, may this hand grow cold,
Busy, like thine, for freedom and the right!
Oh, may this soul, like thine, be ever bold
To face dark knavery's encroaching blight!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Abraham Lincoln.

LIFE may be given in many ways
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man.
Limbs like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief;
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on this world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be.
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-gained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity

They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill;
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven, and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

*Abraham Lincoln.**

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truths seem more true
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there 's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks;

* This tribute appeared in the London "Punch," which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and maligned him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train.
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers.

John C. Fremont.

THY error, Fremont, simply was to act
A brave man's part, without the statesman's tact,
And, taking counsel but of common sense,
To strike at cause as well as consequence.
O, never yet since Roland wound his horn
At Roncesvalles has a blast been blown
Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,
Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn!
It had been safer, doubtless, for the time,
To flatter treason, and avoid offense
To that Dark Power whose underlying crime
Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.
But, if thine be the fate of all who break
The ground for truth's seed, or forerun their years
Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts make
A lane for freedom through the level spears,
Still take thou courage! God has spoken through thee,
Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free!
The land shakes with them, and the slave's dull ear
Turns from the rice swamp stealthily to hear.
Who would recall them now must first arrest
The winds that blow down from the free Northwest,
Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll back
The Mississippi to its upper springs.
Such words fulfill their prophecy, and lack
But the full time to harden into things.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Washington Irving.

WHAT! Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor that ever was there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair.
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel;—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison minus the chill, [will,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good
Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The "fine old English gentleman;"—simmer it well:
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain;
Let stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves;
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.

Hawthorne.

HOW beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed:
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hilltop hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The finished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

William Lloyd Garrison.

[Some time afterward, it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a very few insignificant persons of all co ors.—*Letter of H. G. Otis.*]

IN a small chamber, friendless and unseen, [man;
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young
The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean:
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how types were set,
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which systems grow:
Mass after mass become inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through the splendors of the New Day burst!

What, shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered yes; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

Whatever can be known of earth we know, [curled;
Sneered Europe's wise men, in their snail shells
No! said one man in Genoa, and that no
Out of the dark created this New World.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it that thwarts and bilks the inward Must?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown

Men of a thousand shifts and wilds, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on His Birthday Feb. 27, 1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years,
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears –
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;
Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door,
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shaft
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent rayed,
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

[Read at the unveiling of his statue in Central Park, May, 1877.]

AMONG their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O city of his love! make room
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time,
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,
And through a tender atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew,
The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathe
The flower he culled for Burns

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas!—Of all who knew
The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face, how few
Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O, brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
The lines of Halleck's name.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Browning.

AMONG the wondrous ways of men and time
He went as one that ever found and sought
And bore in mind the lamplike spirit of thought
To illumine with instance of its fire sublime
The dusk of many a cloud-like age and clime.
No spirit in shape of light and darkness wrought,
No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture, naught
That blooms in wisdom, naught that burns in crime,
No virtue girt and armed and helmed with light,
No love more lovely than the snows are white,
No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's tomb,
No song-bird singing from some live soul's height
But he might hear, interpret or illume
With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

—*Algernon C. Swinburne.*

Shakespeare.

THE soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abyssmal dark
Of the unfathomed center. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 't was thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own fame.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

To Milton.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Epitaph on Shakespeare.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

—*John Milton.*

Macaulay.

THE dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves.
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.

Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead.
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

To the Memory of Thomas Hood.

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever mirth
Gave to be reared by sorrow!
'T is hard—while rays half green, half gold,
Though vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond mirrors hold
To Summer's face returning—
To say we're thankful that his sleep
Shall nevermore be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

But all the more intensely true
His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental love—each hue
And grace of golden nature—
The deeper still beneath it all
Lurked the keen jags of anguish;

The more the laurels clasped his brow
Their poison made it languish.
Seemed it that, like the nightingale
Of his own mournful singing,
The tenderer would his song prevail
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn
Did fount bring freshness deeper
Than that his placid rest this morn
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
That rest may lap his weary head
Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, 'mid woodlands, by his bed
The wren shall wake its ditty;
But near or far, while evening's star
Is dear to hearts regretting,
Around that spot admiring thought
Shall hover, unforgetting.

—*Bartholomew Simmons.*

To Wordsworth.

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices;—by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound; for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast in sunny garden bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
Then let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hushed the woods, with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music linked with household words;
While, in pleased murmurs, woman's lip might move,
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling as of spring, around,
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy! Thou art e'en as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie;
Unseen awhile they sleep, till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wanderer free.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

To Ben Jonson.

AH Ben,
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

—*Robert Herrick.*

Dickens in Camp.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow

The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountains solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Bend with the breath that thrills
With hop vines' increase all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine.

—*Bret Harte.*

Prayer to Ben Jonson.

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed for thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I 'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

—*Robert Herrick*

Heine's Grave.

"HENRI HEINE"—'it is here!
The black tombstone, the name
Carved there—no more! and the smooth
Swarded alleys, the limes
Touched with yellow by hot
Summer, but under them still
In September's bright afternoon
Shadow and verdure and cool!
Trim Montmartre! the faint
Murmur of Paris outside;
Crisp everlasting flowers,
Yellow and black on the graves.

Half blind, palsied, in pain,
Hither to come, from the streets'
Uproar, surely not loth
Wast thou, Heine,—to lie
Quiet! to ask for closed
Shutters, and darkened room,
And cool drinks, and an eased
Posture, and opium, no more!
Hither to come, and to sleep
Under the wings of Renown.

Ah! not little, when pain
Is most quelling, and man
Easily quelled, and the fine
Temper of genius alive
Quickest to ill, is the praise
Not to have yielded to pain!
No small boast for a weak
Son of mankind, to the earth
Pinned by the thunder, to rear
His bolt-scathed front to the stars,
And, undaunted, retort
'Gainst thick-crashing, insane,
Tyrannous tempests of bale,
Arrowy lightnings of soul!

Hark ! through the alley resounds
Mocking laughter ! A film
Creeps o'er the sunshine; a breeze
Ruffles the warm afternoon,
Saddens my soul with its chill.

Gibing of spirits in scorn
Shakes every leaf of the grove,
Mars the benignant repose
Of this amiable home of the dead.

Smollett.

WHENCE could rise the mighty critic spleen.
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at this name,
And hailed the honors of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound;

From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thy own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and underplots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all !

—*John Churchill.*

Rousseau and Cowper.

(From "The Religion of Taste.")

ROUSSSEAU could weep; yes, with a heart of stone,
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at eventide—
On its small running waves, in purple dyed,
Beneath bright clouds on all the glowing sky,
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gushed from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine,
Of grief or love; at fancy's flash they flowed,
Like burning drops from some proud lonely pine
By lightning fired; his heart with passion glowed
Till it consumed his life, and yet he showed
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe;
As Etna, with its center an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Dante.

PEACE dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mein when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine—
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

O time ! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

—*Thomas William Parsons.*

To Victor Hugo.

VICTOR in poesy! Victor in romance!
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears!
French of the French, and lord of human tears!
Child lover, bard, whose fame-lit laurels glance,
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!
Wierd Titan, by thy wintry weight of years
As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
Who does not love our England, so they say;
I know not! England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people, ere man's race be run;
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy, my son.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

On a Portrait of Wordsworth.

BY R. B. HAYDON.

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud—
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and praise
To the higher heavens. A noble vision free,
Our Haydon's hand hath flung out from the mist!
No portrait this, with Academic air—
This is the poet, and his poetry.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Byron.

(From "The Course of Time.")

TAKE one example—to our purpose quite.
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had and fame, beyond desire,
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life:
Yet, not content with ancestral name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed,
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first, in rambling schoolboy days,
Britannia's mountain walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dewdrops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished:
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows;
And mused on battlefields, where valor fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells,
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste;
The heavens and earth of every country saw;
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,

And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling; whilst
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist,—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane,
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,—
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up,
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much and praised.
Critics before him fell in humble plight;
Confounded fell; and made debasing signs
To catch his eye; and stretched and swelled themselves
To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
Of admiration vast; and many too,
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full—
He died—he died of what—of wretchedness;
Drank every joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank deeply, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst because there was no more to drink.
His goddess nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms abhorred; his passions died,
Died all but dreary, solitary pride.

—*Robert Pollock*

Robert Burns.

[From a "Memorial Ode."]

BUT not frae life's rough work was bought,
For him, the least exemption:
At his ain task he painfu' wrought:
He strugglit, suff 'rit, felt and thought,
Eschewin' nane, and shrinkin' naught,
Till death brought him redemption.
Nae thornless road through life he sought,
Just where he was he entered
He dealt his blows where ithers fought,
There where the battle centered!
Frae early dawn, behint the plew,
Until the sun was settin';
The mornin' an' the e'enin' dew
His fit right manly wettin'.

* * * * *

A thoughtfu', stoopin' lad he grew

As though beneath some burden;
A lad o' moods, wha hardly knew
His life a bane or guerdon!
Though now an' then, when sairly prest,
He spak' in sic het fashion;
Some wrang to man or beast redrest,
Kindlit to burnin' passion.
A swarthy, well-knit chiel he leuked,
Wi' black een coal-like burnin';
Wha never slight nor insult brooked,
Nor true man's lo'e was spurnin':

* * * * * *

To him denied the scholar's leuk,
To ken the rede o' sage;
But partial nature spread her beuk
The wider, wi' bright page:
A' sights and soun's that came frae her
To him had halie meanin';
He was her daily worshiper,
Aboon the furrow leanin';
He saw her i' the wimplin' burn,
And i' the blue e'e'd woman:
Frae mouse and lark had tact to learn
Su'thin' 'twas a'maist human.

* * * * * *

In him, the puir dumb beasties fan'
A judge an' a defender!
Their wrangs to right, his was the han',
To state, his voice sae tender!
An' when he tauld his ain true lo'e
The sternies seem'd to listen;
The flowers aroun' him seemed to know,
An' wad wi' teardraps glisten:
The very birdies stilled their sangs,
As 'neath them he walked croonin';
An' seemed to catch his waes and wrangs,
Their notes to his attunin';
Sae that, although his sun went doun,
Before he reached twascore,
His name in ilke tongue is foun',
His sangs on ilka shore:
"Sweet Afton" glides where waters curl,
An' "Bonnie Doon" rins roun' the warl'.

'Tis true, he aft forgot himsel',
An' soiled Gude's robes aroun' him;
Alas! he kenn'd his weakness well;
Nor lo'ed the chains that bound him.
Could he ha'e held his purpose true,
Nor on fause currents drifted,
His sky had been serener blue,
Nor wad its win's sae shifted.
His nobler uses, had he kenned
Or lived man's years allotted,
There's mony a line in passion penned,
Aiblins, he might have blotted.

* * * * * *

But, ah, we'll plead nae mair his cause;
We lo'e him still for what he was:
He was but man, man born o' woman,
Had he been mair, he'd na been human.
An' till we see his like agen,
We'll drap but flowers, and cast nae stane.

—*J. E. Rankin.*

Burns.

[A Poet's Epitaph.]

STOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies,—
The poet of the poor.
His books were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt and care
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honoring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

To Thomas Moore.

MY boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me
And a smile to those who hate:
And whatever skies above me,
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Would be—peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

—*Byron*

A Bard's Epitaph.

IS THERE a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool;
Let him draw near,
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowd among,
That weekly this area throng;
O, pass not by;
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh!

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause, and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And sober flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!

Reader, attend,—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

—*Robert Burns.*

To the Duke of Wellington.--The Warden of the Cinque Ports

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window panes, and floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships,
And from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war steamers speeding over
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The sea-coast opposite;

And now they roared, at drum-beat, from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts—
As if to summon from his sleep the warden
And lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall
No morning gun from the black forts' embrasure,
Awaken with their ca'l!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In somber harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,—
The dark and silent room;
And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,
But smote the warden hoar—
Ah, what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead,—
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

To the Lord-General Cromwell.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed;
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Derwent stream, with blood of Scots imbued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still. Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War; new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

—*Milton.*

Napoleon.

THERE sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixed
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixed.
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the thunderer of the scene;

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of fame,
Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

O more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor
However deeply in men's spirit skilled,

Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all enduring eye—
When fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turned unto thine overthrow;
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lots who choose

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptered cynics earth were far too wide a den.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madman who have made men mad
By their contagion! Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel o'ercast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
E'en as a flame, unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him on icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led

—*Lord Byron.*

Emmet's Epitaph.

[Robert Emmet, the celebrated Irish revolutionist, at his trial for high treason, which resulted in his conviction and execution, September 20, 1803, made an eloquent and pathetic defence concluding with these words. "Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. Let my character and my motives repose in security and peace till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written. I have done." It was immediately upon reading this speech that the following lines were written:]

"LET no man write my epitaph; let my grave
Be uninscribed, and let my memory rest
Till other times are come, and other men,
Who then may do me justice."

Emmet, no!
No withering curse hath dried my spirit up,
That I should now be silent—that my soul
Should from the stirring inspiration shrink,

Now when it shakes her, and withhold her voice,
Of that divinest impulse nevermore,
Worthy and impious I withhold it now,
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this free Isle,
To which in thy young virtue's erring zeal
Thou wert so perilous an enemy,
Here in free England shall an English hand
Build thy imperishable monument,
Both to thine own misfortune and to ours,
By thine own deadly error so beguiled
Here in free England shall an English voice
Raise up thy mourning song. For thou hast paid
The bitter penalty of that misdeed;
Justice hath done her unrelenting part,
If she in truth be Justice who drives on,
Bloody and blind, the chariot-wheels of death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,
O, what a lovely manhood had been thine,
When all the violent workings of thy youth
Had passed away, hadst thou been wisely spared,
Left to the slow and certain influences
Of silent feeling, and maturing thought!
How had the heart—that noble heart of thine,
Which even now had snapped one spell, which beat
With such brave indignation at the shame
And guilt of France, and of her miscreant lord,—
How had it clung to England! With what love,
What pure and perfect love, returned to her,
Now worthy of thy love, the champion now
For freedom,—yea, the only champion now,
And soon to be the avenger. But the blow
Hath fallen, the undiscriminating blow,
That for its portion to the grave consigned
Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. O, grief, grief!
O, sorrow and reproach! Have ye to learn,
Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,
Ye who thus irremissibly exact
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,
When in distempered times the feverish mind
To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn
With what a deep and spirit stirring voice
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts
To feel and understand how mercy tames
The rebel nature maddened by old wrongs,
And binds it in the gentle bands of love,
When steel and adamant were weak to hold
That Samson strength subdued!

Let no man write
Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou shalt not go
Without thy funeral strain! O, young and good
And true, though erring here, thou shalt not go
Unhonored or unsung. And better thus
Beneath that undiscriminating stroke
Better to fall, than to have lived to mourn,
As sure thou wouldst in misery and remorse,
Thine own disastrous triumph; to have seen,
If the Almighty at that awful hour
Had turned away his face, wild Ignorance
Let loose and frantic Vengeance, and dark zeal
And all bad passions tyrannous, and the fires
Of persecution once again ablaze.
How had it sunk into thy soul to see
Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of France
In thy dear country lording it!
How happier thus in that heroic mood
That takes away the sting of death, to die,
By all the good and all the wise forgiven!
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good
To be remembered, mourned and honored still!

—*Robert Southey.*

Sonnets to George Sands, a Desire.

THOU large-brained woman and large-hearted man,
Self-called George Sand! whose soul amid the lions
Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance,
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can,
I would some mild miraculous thunder ran
Above the applauded circus, in appliance
Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,
Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,
From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place
With holier light! that thou to woman's claim,
And man's, might join beside the angel's grace
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame;
Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace,
To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

SHORT SKETCHES OF GREAT WRITERS

Whose Productions Enrich these Pages.

Adams, Charles Follen.—Known as a humorous writer, particularly of poems in German dialect. Mr. Adams is a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts, where he was born April 21st, 1842. He served in the civil war, and began his literary pursuits in 1870.

Adams, John Quincy.—The sixth President of the United States, was the son of John Adams, the second President, and was born in Massachusetts in 1767. He was elected to the presidency in 1825. At the expiration of his term of office he retired to Quincy, Massachusetts, but was elected Representative to Congress in 1830. His first literary productions were letters from abroad, and were published in the *Portfolio*, a Philadelphia journal. Died in 1848.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.—Mr. Aldrich holds high rank among American authors, having been a frequent and popular contributor to leading periodicals. He was born November 11th, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. During the three years of his connection with the mercantile house of his uncle in New York, he began his literary career. His writings comprise both prose and poetry.

Alexander, Cecil Frances.—Wife of William Alexander, Bishop of Derry, Ireland. She was born near Strathbane in 1823, and distinguished herself by her poems, many of which are of a religious character.

Alford, Henry, D. D.—Born in London 1810; died in 1871. In addition to his ecclesiastical position as Dean of Canterbury, he was a Biblical scholar of wide repute. His Greek Testament, completed in 1861, is a standard work. His poems are marked by scholarly refinement, and earnest Christian spirit.

Alger, Horatio.—A native of North Chelsea, Massachusetts, where he was born on January 13th, 1834. He graduated at Harvard College in 1851, and became pastor of a Unitarian congregation in 1864. Mr. Alger is the author of several volumes of poems, and has also been a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

Allen, Elizabeth Akers.—Born in Maine, 1832. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Chase, and her first husband was Paul Akers, the sculptor. Her most famous production is "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Allingham, William.—Born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, 1828. Published poems in 1850, again in 1854, and received an author's pension in 1864.

Allston, Washington.—Distinguished as an artist and author. He was born at Georgetown, South Carolina, 1779, resided at Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the latter part of his life, and died in 1843.

Ames, Fisher, LL. D.—A distinguished orator and statesman during the American Revolution and the period immediately preceding. His brilliant eulogy on Washington was pronounced in 1799. Mr. Ames was born in the ancient town of Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758, and died on the 4th of July, 1808, four years after he had declined, on account of failing health, the presidency of Harvard College.

Andersen, Hans Christian.—A gifted writer, born in Denmark, 1805. Having failed in his early efforts as actor and singer, he was placed at an advanced school through royal favor, and soon developed those remarkable gifts which have made his name known throughout the world, especially among the children for whom his fairy tales have a singular charm. On his seventieth birthday he was presented with a book containing one of his tales in fifteen languages. Died in 1875.

Arnold, Dr. Thomas.—Was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight, on the 13th of June, 1795. He received his preparatory education at Winchester School, and went thence, in 1811, to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1814 his name was placed in the first class in classical

literature, and in the next year he was elected fellow of Oriel College, where he gained the chancellor's prize for the two university essays, Latin and English, for the years 1815 and 1817. In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon at Oxford. In 1819 he settled at Laleham, where he remained for the next nine years, taking seven or eight young men as private pupils in preparation for the universities. In 1827 he was elected head master of the school at Rugby. On the 12th of June, 1842, he died, on the day that completed his forty-seventh year.

It is impossible, in the limits necessarily assigned to these biographical notices, to do justice to the intellectual, moral and religious character of this eminently great and good man. No other English scholar of the present century has exerted a wider or more happy influence on the literary and religious world. In whatever light we view him, either as a scholar, an historian, a schoolmaster, a theologian, or as a man, he commands our highest respect and warmest admiration.

Arnold, Matthew.—A well-known English poet and essayist, the eldest son of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He was born in 1822, was appointed Inspector of Schools in 1851, and elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857. As a thinker and author his rank is high.

Bailey, Philip James.—Author of "Festus," "The Angel World," and other poems, was born in England 1816. "Festus" was published when he was twenty-three years old, and was received with unusual favor.

Barton, Bernard.—A member of the Society of Friends, and author of "Bruce and the Spider," and other poems, was born in London, 1784, and died in 1849.

James Beattie, a much admired poet and a distinguished moral philosopher, was born in Lawrence Kirk, Kincardineshire, in the northeast of Scotland, on the 20th of October, 1735. His father, who was poor, died when the poet was only ten years old; but his elder brother kept him at school till he obtained a "bursary" (a kind of benefaction for poor scholars) at the Mareschal College, Aberdeen, where he remained four years. Having received his degree of A. M. in 1753, he took a small school at Fordoun, near his native village. Here he employed his time chiefly in studying the classics, and in composing various poetical pieces. Died 1803.

Beecher, Henry Ward.—The foremost pulpit orator of America, and an author of remarkable versatility. A number of volumes have been issued, comprising Mr. Beecher's Sermons, Lectures to Young Men, Star Papers, one work of fiction, the Life of Christ, and Miscellanies. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut 1813, graduated at Amherst College in 1834, became pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in 1847, and died in 1887.

Bayley, Thomas Haynes.—Composer of popular songs; born in England 1799; died 1839.

Barbauld, Anna Letitia.—A distinguished English authoress, born in Leicestershire, 1743. She was the first to publish works especially adapted to children. Died in 1845.

Barham, Richard Harris.—Wrote under the *nom de plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., and by his fine humorous productions gained a wide circle of readers. Born in England 1788, and died 1845.

Bennett, William Cox.—Born at Greenwich, England, 1820. His poetry is characterized by deep feeling, and relates particularly to domestic life.

Blaine, James Gillespie.—Was born in Pennsylvania 1830, graduated at Washington and Jefferson College, 1847; was representative in Congress from Maine 1863-1875, filling the office of Speaker of the House from 1869. Elected to the United States Senate 1876; became Secretary of State in President Garfield's cabinet 1881, and in 1884 was defeated as the candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket. Mr. Blaine's most celebrated oration is that on President Garfield.

Bonar, Horatius.—The author of many beautiful hymns, the fame of which is world-wide, is a native of Scotland, and was born in Edinburgh, 1808. He had been for many years a minister of the Free Church, and has published several religious works which have had an enormous circulation. One of his best known pieces is entitled "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping."

Bowles, William Lisle.—He may be regarded as the forerunner of that school of modern poets, such as Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, who have adopted a charming, easy manner, in contrast with the stilted, unnatural measures of many who went before them. Bowles was born in 1762, died in 1850, and was by profession a clergyman.

Brainard, John Gardiner Calkins.—A descriptive poet, born at New London, Connecticut, 1796; died 1828. His poem on "Niagara" is considered the best on that subject yet produced.

Brooks, Charles Timothy.—A Unitarian minister, born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1813; graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and settled as pastor at Newport, Rhode Island. He has published a number of translations from the German.

Brooks, James Gordon.—The son of an officer in the Revolutionary Army, was born at Red Hook, near New York, September 3, 1801. After graduating at Union College he studied law, but in 1823 became editor of the *Morning Courier*, New York. In connection with his wife he published a volume of poems in 1829. Died at Albany, 1841.

Brooks, Maria Gowen.—A native of Medford, Massachusetts, where she was born in 1795. Southey pronounced her "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." Much of the latter part of her life was passed in Cuba, where she died in 1845.

Brown, Frances.—The author of "Ah, the Pleasant Days of Old," and other popular pieces, was born in Ireland in 1818, and died in 1864.

Browne, Francis F.—Editor and author, was connected several years with the *Lakeside Monthly*, Chicago, and later with the Chicago *Dial*. Born in Vermont in 1843.

Browning, Robert.—In 1835 Mr. Browning wrote his first poem, "Paracelsus," which immediately brought him into notice. His collected poems were published in 1849, 1855 and 1864. Of late years numerous editions have been issued. Born in London, 1812.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.—An authoress of wide celebrity, born in London 1809, died 1861. Her works are distinguished by depth of thought and feeling, and are better appreciated by cultivated readers than by the general public.

Bryant, William Cullen.—One of the most distinguished of our American poets and men of letters In early life Mr. Bryant gave promise of his coming fame, having written his "Thanatopsis," perhaps the finest of all his productions, at the age of eighteen. For many years as author, journalist and honored citizen, he lived in the eye of the public, enjoying an enviable distinction. Born in Hampshire, Massachusetts, 1794; died June 12, 1878. D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers of Bryant's works.

Buchanan, Robert.—Born in Scotland 1841, and educated at the University of Glasgow. His versatility embraces tragedy and comedy as well as ordinary poems.

Buckingham, Joseph T.—The gifted editor of the *New England Galaxy*, *Boston Courier*, and *New England Magazine*, was born in 1779, and died in 1861.

Burger, Gottfried August.—One of the most popular German poets, was born near Halberstadt, Prussian Saxony, in 1748. As a versifier and writer of ballads he gained wide fame. Died 1794.

Burns, Robert.—The genius of Burns is recognized by all readers of English literature. It gave him the name of "The National Poet of Scotland." His writings are notable for genuine feeling, homely simplicity, and occasional gleams of humor. The poet was the son of a poor peasant, and was born at Ayr, January 25, 1759. Through poverty and many adverse circumstances he struggled upward until his name became a household word in his own and other lands. His writings touched the tenderest chords of human feeling, and although he was not without his failings, these were kindly dealt with by his many friends and admirers. Died in 1796.

Butler, Samuel.—The famous author of "Hudibras," was born at Strensham, England, in 1612, and by his writings made a marked sensation at the royal court and elsewhere in 1663. Died in abject poverty in London, 1680.

Byron, George Gordon Noel, Lord.—One of the most celebrated of English poets, whose writings have attracted universal attention, while their merits, as well as the character of their author, have been widely discussed. Byron was born in London in 1788, and in his eleventh year succeeded to the title and estate, Newstead Abbey, of his uncle, Lord William Byron. In 1807 his first volume of verse, entitled "Hours of Idleness," was published, and was severely handled by the critics. Byron replied with great spirit, and soon published other productions which displayed his remarkable genius. He assumed the cause of Greece in her struggle for liberty, and died in 1824, after passing through many domestic quarrels, which, it must be admitted, were the occasion of some of his tenderest, most pathetic effusions. Whatever judgment is rendered upon the moral quality of some of his writings, there can be but one opinion respecting the brilliance of his genius and the magnificence of his poetical gifts.

Campbell, Thomas.—Author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and many other poems marked by true poetic genius, was a native of Scotland and was born at Glasgow in 1777 After a brilliant literary career, he died at Boulogne in 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, Lord Macaulay, Dean Milman, and other celebrities acting as pall bearers. Few poems of any author have become more generally known, or have been received with greater favor.

Cary, Alice.—This well-known American authoress first came into notice by her contributions to the *National Era*, for which she wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Patty Lee." Her "Clovernook," comprising sketches of Western life, was popular both in America

and England. Several works of fiction, and various poems, have also met with marked favor. Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1820, died in New York, where she resided during the latter part of her life, in 1871. The writings of the Cary Sisters are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Cary, Phoebe.—The younger sister of Alice Cary, and equally gifted, was born in the Miami Valley in 1824, and died in 1871. Her religious writings are marked by great beauty and deep feeling, and have gained wide popularity.

Carey, Henry.—An English author of essays, poems and dramas, was born in 1700, and committed suicide in 1743.

Carleton, Will M.—Author of the popular "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends," was born at Hudson, Michigan, 1845. The above volumes, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, have gained for Mr. Carleton a high rank in contemporaneous literature.

Procter, Bryan Waller—Was an English poet, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall." He was born about 1790. He first studied law and began its practice about 1831. He acquired some literary distinction by his volume "Dramatic Scenes and other Poems," issued in 1819. Among his other works are "The Flood of Thessaly," "English Songs and other Small Poems," "Essays and Tales in Prose," and "Charles Lamb: a Memoir." His songs have obtained much popularity. The poetess, Adelaide Anne Procter, is a daughter of this eminent writer. He died in 1874.

Cary, Lucius, Lord Falkland.—Born in England in 1610; died in 1643. An admirable critic, and genial companion.

Channing, William Ellery.—A celebrated Unitarian preacher and author. Born at Newport, Rhode Island, 1780, and died in 1842. He held a foremost position among religious authors, was bold and acute in controversy, and left behind him an honored name.

Chatterton, Thomas.—"The marvelous boy who pershed in his pride," although dying by his own hand at the age of seventeen, had already astonished the world by his precocious genius. He was born at Bristol, England, in 1752, removed to London, and suffered extreme poverty during the latter part of his brief, distinguished career.

Cherry, Andrew—Born in England 1762, distinguished himself by the composition of popular ballads, and died in 1812.

Child. Lydia Maria.—American writer and editor, author of a "History of Rome," "The Oasis," etc. born in 1802, died in 1880.

Clare, John.—The peasant poet, whose pastoral writings have decided merit, was born in Northamptonshire, England, in 1793, and died in 1864.

Clarke, James Freeman.—Clergyman, author, and editor, is a native of Boston, where he was born in 1810. He has always been forward in reformatory movements, and has aided them by his versatile pen.

Coates, Dr. Reynell.—Known as the author of "The Gambler's Wife," was born in 1802, and for many years resided in Camden, New Jersey. He has frequently made contributions to medical literature.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.—One of the most famous of English authors. Of magnificent intellectual endowment, he was equally distinguished for his controversial power and imaginary creations. His most remarkable poem is the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This, with a number of fragmentary pieces, gave him first rank in the literary world, while it is conceded that his splendid genius was used but fitfully, and without the effect of which it was really capable. Born in Devonshire, 1752; died in London, 1834.

Coleridge, Hartley.—The eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and possessed of talents scarcely less brilliant than those of his distinguished father. Born in England 1796, died, 1849.

Coleman, George (The Younger).—Born in England 1762; died in 1836. A theatrical manager, and author of poetical pieces well received by the public.

Cook, Eliza.—The popular authoress of "The Old Arm Chair" began her contributions to periodical literature at an early age. A volume of poems issued in 1840 was well received. Born in 1817, and received a literary pension in 1864.

Cooke, Rose Terry.—Born in Connecticut in 1827. Her prose and poetical works are of a high order, the prose consisting mainly of brief sketches contributed to current periodicals.

Cowper, William.—This celebrated English poet, the most popular in his generation, infused an earnest, even a religious spirit, into nearly all his writings, yet his ballad on "John Gilpin" is marked by an exquisite humor. Cowper was constitutionally melancholy, and this threw a shadow over some of his writings. Several of his hymns must be ranked among English classics. Born in 1731; died in 1800.

Crabbe, George.—The people's poet and celebrated delineator of lowly life; also a well-known divine. Born in 1754 and died in 1832.

Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock.—The gifted author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" also a volume of popular poems. Born in England, 1826.

Croly, George.—Born at Dublin, Ireland, 1785, died in 1860. A writer of poetry and romances, and a pulpit orator of great reputation.

Cross, Marian Evans Lewes (George Eliot).—The celebrated authoress, who wrote over the signature of "George Eliot," displays in her works of fiction talents of the highest order. These are sought by readers of cultivated taste, and some of them have met with great favor. Their originality, profound thought and masterly diction, are universally admitted. Born in 1820; died in 1881.

Cunningham, Allen.—A Scotch poet and miscellaneous writer. His works have been popular, especially his biographies. Born in Dumfrieshire in 1781, apprenticed to a stone mason at the age of eleven, and devoted his evenings to song and history. Died in 1841.

Dana, Richard Henry.—Poet and essayist, was born November 17, 1787, at Cambridge, Mass. He was educated at Harvard College, and devoted himself to the law. He abandoned this pursuit, however, and applied himself wholly to literature. His first poem was "The Dying Raven," followed quickly by "The Buccaneer and other Poems." He also wrote numerous tales and essays. "The Pleasure Boat," selected for "Gems," from this author's poems is beautiful in the extreme. He died in 1879, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was the brother of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., of wide reputation as an author.

George W. Cutter.—The author of many spirited poems, some of them relating to the Mexican War, and others descriptive of steam power, the telegraph, etc., was born in Kentucky in 1814, and died in 1865.

De Lisle, Rouget.—Born in France, wrote at Strasburg the famous "Marseillaise Hymn."

Dibdin, Charles.—Born in England, 1745; died in 1814. He was the author of numerous popular songs. His two sons, Charles and Thomas, composed songs and dramas.

Dickens, Charles.—The great novelist whose works of fiction are known and read throughout the civilized world, who gained a renown unequaled by that of any author in recent times, was born at Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. Becoming disgusted with law, for which his father intended him, he removed to London and became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* His first literary work was a series of sketches for this paper. With the publication of "Pickwick Papers," Dickens sprang into sudden popularity, and thereafter maintained it by his wonderful creations in the realm of fiction, and the charm of his transcendent genius. Died June 9, 1870, and was buried in "Poet's Corner," Westminster Abbey.

Dickinson, Charles M.—His poems are characterized by strong emotion, their pathos being especially marked. Born at Lowville, New York, 1842.

Dickson, David.—Author of "The New Jerusalem," was born in England, 1583; died 1663.

Dimond, William.—An English dramatist and poet, author of the popular "Mariner's Dream," was born in 1800; died in 1837.

Doane, George Washington.—Bishop Doane of New Jersey, a scholarly author, whose writings exhibit refinement and taste, was born in 1799, and died in 1859.

Dobell, Sydney.—A somewhat eccentric writer, composed verses when nine years old, and even then showed the strange mixture of the philosophical and poetical spirit seen in his later productions. Born near London, 1824; died in 1874

Doddridge, Philip.—Author of hymns universally in use, and various religious works, was born in England in 1702, and died in 1751.

Dodsley, Robert.—Author and publisher, born in Nottingham, England, 1703. Composed a volume of poems, a dramatic piece called "The Toy Shop," which, having been recommended by Pope, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, with marked success. Dodsley first gave employment to the afterward renowned Samuel Johnson. Died in 1764.

Drake, Joseph Rodman.—An American poet of unquestioned genius, whose popular poems, "The Culprit Fay," and "American Flag," met with universal favor, contributed to the press when sixteen years old, and at that age wrote humorous and satirical verses, over the signature of "Croaker," for the New York *Evening Post.* This precocious author was born in New York City, 1795, and died at the early age of twenty-five.

Drayton, Michael.—Known chiefly for his spirited ballad of "Agincourt," was born in England, 1563, was made poet-laureate in 1626, and died in 1631.

Dryden, John.—One of England's greatest poets, whose stately measures and lofty conceptions have commanded wide admiration. Dryden was born in 1631 and took his degrees at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1670 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of

two hundred pounds a year. His most famous production was a magnificent satire on the political commotions of the time. Died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dufferin, Lady.—Wrote "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," a poem which has become a household treasure. Her father was Thomas Sheridan, and her name was Helen Selina. Mrs Caroline Norton was her sister. Lady Dufferin was born in Ireland in 1807, and on account of her beauty, wit and accomplishments was a general favorite. Died June 13, 1867.

Duffy, Sir Charles Gavan.—A native of Ireland; born in 1816; known as poet and journalist; Colonial Prime Minister in Australia, 1871.

Dwight, John Sullivan.—A native of Boston, Massachusetts; born in 1813. His beautiful poem entitled "True Rest," shows the marked features of his writings.

Dwight, Timothy.—Theologian, pulpit orator, and president of Yale College, born at Northampton, Massachusetts, 1752; died in 1817. The literary style of President Dwight possesses a fine combination of strength and simplicity.

Elliott, Ebenezer.—Styled "The Corn-Law Rhymer," was by occupation an iron founder. During the agitation in England for the repeal of the "Corn-Laws" he became famous for his spirited verses. Born in Yorkshire, 1781; died in 1849.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo.—Poet and philosopher, highly distinguished for originality, profound thought and terseness of expression, holding the highest rank in American literature, and popularly styled "The Concord Philosopher." Born in Massachusetts, 1803; resided at Concord, New Hampshire, and died in 1882.

Embury, Emma C.—The daughter of James R. Manly, an eminent physician of New York. Mrs. Embury's published works exhibit sense and a hearty, natural feeling, united to true refinement.

Emmet, Robert.—Was a distinguished Irish revolutionist, born in Dublin in 1780. He was educated for the bar, and was a highly gifted and estimable man. He became actively involved in the revolutionary troubles of 1802-3, and was consequently arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, which he suffered on September 20, 1803. Emmet was engaged to be married to the daughter of Right Hon. J. P. Curran, who, after the untimely death of her affianced, died of a broken heart. This sad event suggested one of Moore's finest poems, "She is Far from the Land Where Her Young Hero Sleeps." Emmet's "Last Appeal," is one of the most patriotic, and yet pathetic, appeals, ever uttered.

English, Thomas Dunn.—Physician, humorous and dramatic author, born at Philadelphia 1819.

Everett, Edward.—One of America's most finished orators, whose scholarly, elaborate writings, together with his graceful, polished eloquence, gave him great celebrity. Mr. Everett was born at Dorchester, Mass., 1794; filled with honor a number of important positions, both educational and political, and died in 1865. He combined the scholar, gentleman, statesman and orator in an eminent degree.

Falconer, William.—His only remarkable poem was "The Shipwreck," and this has given him enduring fame. He was of poor parentage; born in Scotland 1732, and died in 1769.

Fenner, Cornelius George.—A native of Providence, Rhode Island, born in 1822; died in 1847.

Ferguson, Sir Samuel.—A native of Ireland, born in 1805. His fine genius is conspicuous in his spirited poem, "Forging the Anchor."

Fields, James Thomas.—In 1871 Mr. Fields retired from the publishing firm in Boston with which he was connected for twenty-five years. During this period he found time to follow his literary pursuits, and, as the author of quite a number of poems, and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he gained an enviable distinction, exerting a powerful influence on American literature. Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1817; died at Boston, 1881.

Finch, Francis Miles. Author of "The Blue and the Gray," one of the most popular of modern lyrics; lawyer and judge; was born in Ithaca, New York, in 1827. The above poem was suggested by the women of Columbus, Mississippi, decorating alike the graves of the Union and Confederate dead.

Fosdick, William Whiteman.—Born in Ohio, 1825; died in 1862.

Foster, Stephen Collins.—A very popular composer of negro melodies, born in Pennsylvania in 1826; died in 1864.

Gage, Frances Dana.—A poetess of ability, and also known as a public lecturer, was born at Marietta, Ohio, 1808.

Gallagher, William D.—Author of "Miami and Other Poems," was born in Philadelphia in 1808. His labors have mainly been devoted to journalism.

Garfield, James Abram.—By the sheer force of conspicuous ability and honest purposes, Mr. Garfield rose from humble life to the presidency of the United States, to which position he was elected in 1880. His

assassination a few months after his inauguration produced a profound shock, and plunged the nation into mourning. His published speeches and addresses are of a high order. Born in Ohio Sept. 19, 1831; died Nov. 19, 1881.

Gay, John.—This English dramatist and poet whose successes and failures were alike conspicuous, was a native of Devonshire. In early life the occupation of a silk-mercer was distasteful to him, and he began his career as composer of dramas and ballads. "The Beggar's Opera" and the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan" are his most popular productions. Born in 1716; died in 1779.

Gerhardt, Paul.– A German poet of rare merit, born in 1607; died in 1676.

Gilbert, William S.—Joint author with Sullivan of "Pinafore," and numerous other comic operas, which have been universally popular, was born in England in 1836.

Goldsmith, Oliver.—The genial spirit and sound sense of Goldsmith appear in all his prose and poetical writings. In humble life and straitened circumstances he yet left a rich legacy to English literature, and his works have gained high rank. His best known prose work is "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Deserted Village" is the sweetest of all his poems. His comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," has enjoyed a perennial popularity. Born in Ireland 1728; died in London, 1774.

Gough, John B.—Orator and reformer, whose lectures on temperance and other subjects, delivered throughout America and Great Britain, produced the highest oratorical and dramatic effects, was rescued when a young man from a life of dissipation, and soon rose to unparalleled fame as a platform speaker and temperance advocate. Born at Sandgate, Kent, England, 1817, he came to New York when but a boy, and had a hard struggle with poverty. His later life was marked by comfort and the most happy home influences. Stricken with apoplexy while lecturing at Frankford, near Philadelphia, and died 1886.

Grahame, James —The author of *The Sabbath*, was the son of a respectable attorney of Glasgow, and was born in that city on the 22d of April, 1765. He was educated at the excellent public schools of that city, and had a very early and strong desire to enter the clerical profession; but it was the long-cherished wish of his father that he should be bred to his own calling. Accordingly, our poet sacrificed his own wishes to those of his parent, and studied law. Many irksome years—the best years of his life—were wasted in this, to him. most uncongenial pursuit, and it was finally abandoned, For many years, however, he toiled on in it, and, from a sense of what he owed to his family, he gave to it all the attention of which a mind devoted to higher purposes was capable. Died 1811.

Gray, Thomas.—The author of the famous "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard," has gained a world-wide renown by this one poem. His other pieces suffer by comparison with this, although they have a high degree of merit. Gray was born in London in 1716, declined the honor of poet-laureate on the death of Colley Cibber, who held that position, and died in 1771.

Greene, Albert Gorton.—Was born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1802, and graduated at Brown University in 1820. Studied law, and became prominent in the municipal government of his native city. He has written many beautiful fugitive poems, but deserves special mention for his elegy on "Old Grimes." Died in 1868.

Hale, Sarah J.—This gifted American authoress was long connected with two periodicals well known in their day, *The Ladies' Magazine* and *The Ladies' Book*. Her writings are chaste, and their moral tone is beyond criticism. Born at Newport, New Hampshire 1795; died in 1879.

Haliburton, Thomas Chandler.—An American humorous writer, popularly known as "Sam Slick." Author of the "Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, of Slickville," and "Sam Slick in England." He gained great celebrity by his quaint and graphic delineations of Yankee character. Born in Nova Scotia in 1802; died in 1865.

Hall, Eugene J.—This popular poet, whose writings have enriched American literature, is a native of Vermont, where he was born in 1845.

Hallam, Arthur Henry.—Was a youth of uncommon promise, the son of the distinguished historian, Arthur Hallam, an intimate friend of the poet Tennyson, and the subject of Tennyson's exquisite poem, "In Memoriam." Born in Lond. . 1811; died in 1833.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene.—One of the most spirited and popular of American poets, the author of "Marco Bozarris," and other pieces of corresponding merit, was born in Guilford, Connecticut, 1790; died in 1867.

Harrington, Sir John.—Famous for his epigrams and sententious writings. Born in England, 1561; died in 1612.

Harris, Joel Chandler.—The well known "Uncle Remus," whose quaint delineations of negro character

and picturesque stories of Southern life have been so generally enjoyed, has cultivated his own peculiar field, and ranks among the first writers of his class.

Harte, Francis Bret.—In the realms of poetry and fiction, Mr. Harte has found a wide circle of readers. He is particularly happy in sketches of pioneer life, and delineations of Western character. Born in Albany, New York, 1839.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.—As a master of language and charming writer of fiction, no name in American literature holds a higher rank. Hawthorne's cultured talent shows itself in his chaste and finished style, the highly intellectual quality of his writings, and his fine analysis of character. "The Marble Faun," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The House of the Seven Gables," are among his most celebrated works. A melancholy spirit shadowed his life, yet this seemed only to lend greater force and earnestness to his remarkable genius. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804. Died suddenly at Plymouth, Mass., in 1864.

Hay, John.—Wrote "Castilian Day," "Pike County Ballads," etc., and is known as an enterprising journalist. Born at Salem, Illinois, 1839. He was President Lincoln's private secretary, and afterward filled several important diplomatic positions.

Hayne, Paul Hamilton.—Poet and journalist, editor of *Southern Literary Messenger*, *Russell's Magazine*, etc., was born in South Carolina in 1831.

Heber, Reginald.—An eminent divine and bishop of the English church, especially devoted to the cause of missions in India, where he died in 1825; was born in 1783. His celebrated hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has been sung throughout the world.

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea.—Many of Mrs. Hemans' poems are household friends and are characterized by rare beauty, loftiness of sentiment, and felicitous expression. Born at Liverpool, England, 1794; died in 1835. Her genius was exhibited in childhood, her first volume, "Early Blossoms," appearing when she was fourteen years old. Many editions of her collected writings have been issued from the press.

Hervey, Thomas Kibble.—Known chiefly for his satirical poem, "The Devil's Progress'.' Born in England 1804; Died in 1849.

Hobart, Mrs. Charles—Author of the well-known poem, "The Changed Cross," is a native of England. Her fame rests principally upon this one popular piece.

Hoffmann, Charles Fenno.—Editor, author, poet, of New York, whose name was connected with the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and other periodicals, was born in 1806.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert.—Dr. Holland was a scholarly, industrious author, whose works exhibit good sense, more than the average literary ability, and exert a healthful moral influence. As the author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," "Bitter Sweet," "Nicholas Minturn," and other popular works, and founder of *Scribner's Monthly*, he has long been favorably known to the reading public. Born at Belchertown, Massachusetts 1819; died in 1881.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell.—Our distinguished American author, whose writings in both prose and poetry have been the delight of his generation, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1809, graduated at Harvard College at the age of twenty, and studied medicine. His contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* have met with decided favor. His collected works have been issued by the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Hood, Thomas.—The genius, the poet, whose unrivaled productions by their pathos and humor awaken alternate tears and laughter, most of whose life was a sad struggle with adversity, was born in London in 1798. His name is associated with the periodical literature of his time, both as manager and author. His best known pathetic pieces are "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs;" while "Faithless Nellie Gray," and "Faithless Sally Brown," are happy specimens of his rollicking humor. He died in 1845.

Hogg, James.—Known by the appellation of "The Ettrick Shepherd," was descended from a family of shepherds, and born on the 25th of January, 1772 At the early age of seven he became a cowherd, and was afterward raised to the more dignified post of shepherd. During his progress in these callings he suffered many hardships, which he humorously describes in his published autobiography; but, like many other great men, he owed the nursing of the talent which God had given him to his mother, who saw his genius, and fed it by singing and repeating to him in his childhood many of the old ballads of Scotland. When eighteen years of age, he entered the service of a Mr. Laidlaw, in the capacity of a shepherd, with whom he lived nine years, and by whom he was treated with the kindness of a parent. This gentleman possessed many valuable books, which Hogg, who had but recently learned to read, almost literally devoured in the delight he felt in the exercise of this new acquisition. His first literary effort was song writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of poems, afterward encouraged by Sir Walter Scott, while still in the capacity of a shepherd, he published another volume of songs and poems

under the title of *The Mountain Bard*. Died Nov. 21, 1835.

Hopkinson, Francis.— A humorous, patriotic, American writer of colonial times, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Member of Congress for New Jersey. Born in 1737; died in 1791.

Hopkinson, Joseph.—Wrote "Hail Columbia," one of our most popular national ballads. Born in Pennsylvania 1770; died in 1842.

Howe, Julia Ward.—Noted for her philanthropic spirit and advanced views on the questions of the day; wife of Samuel G. Howe, a well-known Boston physician and philanthropist; author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" was born in New York in 1819.

Howitt, Mary. — Born at Uttoxeter, England, 1804; a member of the Society of Friends, married to William Howitt in 1823; her maiden name was Botham. In connection with her husband she wrote "The Forest Minstrel," and other poems, which exhibit fine literary taste. "Her language is chaste and simple, her feelings tender and pure, and her observation of nature accurate and intense."

Howitt, William.—Author of prose and poetical works, was born in Derbyshire, England, 1795. His writings are characterized by purity of diction, elevation of sentiment, and a high moral tone. Died in 1879.

Hugo, Victor.—Ranks among the world's greatest authors, displaying in his poems and works of fiction a genius whose brilliance stands almost unrivaled. As a word painter he has rarely, if ever, been excelled. Born in France 1802; died 1886.

Hunt, Leigh.—A distinguished name in English literature. He was born in London in 1784. At the age of twenty-four he became editor and part proprietor of the *Examiner*, and was a favorite of the literary men of the time. Toryism was his abomination, and he was not considered to be greatly in love with even royalty. For a sarcastic thrust at the Prince Regent he was fined five hundred pounds and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He covered the bars of his cell with flowers, and received visits from Byron, Shelley and Keats. His release was signalized by renewed successes in the field of literature, although a work on "Lord Byron and His Contemporaries" greatly displeased Byron's friends. Hunt died in 1859.

Ingelow, Jean.—Born in England in 1830. Her first volume of poems, published in 1863, met with prompt and universal favor. She is also a writer of fiction that possesses a high order of merit.

Irving, Washington. — An honored American author, almost the first of his countrymen to give fame and favor to American literature abroad. Irving was a genial writer, a capital story teller with the pen, and his works have been received with universal delight. Born in New York 1783; died in 1859.

Jackson, Helen Hunt.—She made frequent contributions in prose and poetry to various periodicals, usually writing over the signature of "H. H." Her literary accomplishments, including a vivid imagination and remarkable command of language, place her among the most distinguished of her countrywomen. Born in Massachusetts in 1831; died in 1886.

Jackson, Henry R.—Author of the poem, "My Wife and Child," was born at Savannah, Georgia, 1810. The poem was written while Mr. Jackson was a Colonel in the Mexican Army in 1846.

Jenks, Edward A. — Born at Newport, New Hampshire, 1835. His poem entitled "Going and Coming," shows the marked characteristics of his style.

Jerrold, Douglas.—Author of the celebrated "Caudle Lectures," which were contributed to London *Punch* in 1841; also of the comedy of "Black Eyed Susan," and other works which gave him great fame as a wit. Born in London, 1803; died in 1857.

Jonson, Ben.—"Rare Ben Jonson" was born in England 1574, and died in 1637. He was a man of marked ability and strong character, not displaying any finished style in his writings, yet infusing a rugged strength, and showing a masterly grasp of his subjects, which made him one of the famous authors of his time. His dramas and tragedies were popular, and he received a pension from the Crown, but on account of prodigal habits he died in poverty.

Keats, John.—A poetical genius who gave unusual promise, born in London 1796; died in Rome, Italy, 1821. Leigh Hunt welcomed him as a contributor to the *Examiner*, and he soon gained a wide celebrity. His "Endymion" appeared in 1817, and soon after he published a volume of miscellaneous poems. His untimely death quenched one of the brightest stars in the literary firmament.

Key, Francis Scott.—Famous as the writer of the patriotic ode, "The Star Spangled Banner," which was composed during the bombardment of Fort McHenry and published in Baltimore the following day. Few songs have ever had a popularity so general and emphatic. Key was born in Maryland 1799; died in 1843.

Kingsley, Charles.—An English divine, poet and writer of fiction, whose lyrics are popular on both sides

of the Atlantic, and whose efforts in behalf of the working people of his own country have endeared him to multitudes. Born in England in 1819; died in 1875.

Knowles, James Sheridan.—This celebrated dramatist, author of "William Tell," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," "Virginius," etc., was of Irish parentage. Born in 1794, and died in 1862.

Knox, William.—The poem beginning with the line, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" has become celebrated both from its inherent merit and the fact that it was the favorite of President Lincoln, who never seemed to weary of its stately yet easy rhythm. The author was born at Firth, Scotland, 1789. An occasional writer before the age of thirty, he afterward devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, but unfortunately became dissipated, shattered his brilliant powers, and died in 1825.

Lamb, Charles—Quaint, witty, popular socially, highly appreciated for his literary achievements, the rank of Charles Lamb in the world of letters is deservedly high, and his fame appears to be permanent. He was reared in humble life, and for many years was a clerk in the East India House, London, retiring when fifty years old on a pension granted by the board of directors. His "Essays on Elia" were originally published in the *London Magazine*. He never married, but lived with a maiden sister to whom he was devotedly attached. Born in the Temple, London, 1775; died in 1834, and buried in Edmonton, near London.

Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.—An English poetess, born in 1802; died in 1838.

Landor, Walter Savage.—Born in England, 1775; died in 1864. First became known as the author of "Count Julian," which was followed by a poem called "Gebir." His most celebrated work is "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen." His writings are admired for their originality and perfection of style.

Lanier, Sidney.—An author of rare accomplishments, who left a treatise upon "The Science of English Verse," and one upon "The Development of the English Novel," also several volumes of writings adapted to the young. He published a number of poems, the excellence of which is unquestioned. His early death was much lamented. Born in Georgia, 1842; died in 1881.

Larcom, Lucy.—An American factory girl, teacher and authoress of wide repute; born at Lowell, Mass., 1826.

Lawrence, Jonathan, Jr.—A poet of cultivated taste, born in New York in 1807, died in 1833.

Lewis, Matthew Gregory.—Wrote the well-known "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene" and "The Maniac." Born in England 1775; died in 1818.

Leyden, John.—A Scottish poet, also eminent as an Orientalist and Antiquarian. He was born in Denholm, Scotland, 1775; died at Java, 1811, and during his comparatively short life was a voluminous writer.

Lincoln, Abraham.—Twice elected President of the United States; born in Hardin County, Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809; assassinated April 14, 1865. As a writer Mr. Lincoln was distinguished for clear statement, a comprehensive grasp of his subject, a plain, direct style, and the expression of great truths in an epigrammatic form. His address at Gettysburg is one of the gems of American literature.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.—Our gifted poet whose works lend an unrivaled charm to American literature, gained a world-wide distinction, and is equally honored at home and abroad. Wherever the English language is the common tongue, Longfellow is read and admired. Surpassed only by Moore in ease and elegance of rhythm, some of his productions have so touched the popular heart that they have become familiar in almost every household. His style is pure and simple, his thought is clear and transparent, while there is an elevation of sentiment which captivates the most cultivated readers. The career of Longfellow began in early life, and was well sustained for a long period of time. He was born in Maine, 1807, was educated at Bowdoin College, was made Professor of Modern Languages in that institution when he was but nineteen years old, resided a considerable part of his life at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and died in 1882. Publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lovelace, Richard.—Born in England in 1618, and died in 1658. He was a royalist in politics, and after enduring imprisonment and many sufferings in the cause of his king, spent his last days in poverty. Among his poems is one entitled "To Althea from Prison."

Lover, Samuel.—Poet, artist, musician, novelist and dramatist. Many of his ballads, some of them of a humorous character, were great favorites. Lover was born in Ireland in 1797, and died in 1868

Lowell, James Russell.—Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1819. By his volumes of poems and contributions to periodical literature, he has gained distinction. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1857 to 1862; editor of the *North American Review* from 1863 to 1872; published "Under the Willows and Other Poems" in 1869; and a volume of essays in 1870. In 1879 he became United States Minister to the

Court of St. James. Some of his writings are enlivened by a broad humor, and have met with a high degree of popular favor.

Lowell, Robert T. S.—Wrote "The Relief of Lucknow." Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1816. His novel, "The New Priest," is said to be the most perfect specimen of pure Saxon of the present century.

Lyte, Henry Francis.—Widely known as the author of the beautiful hymn, "Abide With Me;" a Scottish poet and divine, born in 1793; died in 1847. The above hymn receives additional interest from having been written during the last hours of his life.

Lytton, Edward Bulwer, Lord.—Novelist and dramatist, born in England in 1805, died in 1873. His dramas "Richelieu," "Money," and "Lady of Lyons," have been received with marked favor, and his works of fiction have met with that appreciation always accorded to a high order of talent, combined with painstaking labor. He has been classed with Dickens and other novelists of the foremost rank.

Lytton, Robert Bulwer (Owen Meredith.)—Was the only son of Lord Lytton. His poem entitled "Lucile," has given him high distinction. Born in 1831, and was a Viceroy of India from 1876 to 1880.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord.—Famous for his historical, poetical and miscellaneous works, a fine master of English diction, member of Parliament and the House of Peers, whose productions hold high rank in English classics. Born in 1808; died in 1859. and buried in Westminster Abbey.

McCarthy, Dennis Florence.—An Irish poet, born in 1817. His writings exhibit the strong national feeling so characteristic of his countrymen.

Macdonald, George.—Novelist and poet. His writings are moral in tone, and show the marks of the scholar and man of culture. Born in England in 1825.

Mace, Frances Laughton.—An American poetess who has made popular contributions, especially of a religious character, to current periodicals. Born in Maine in 1836.

Macleod, Norman.—An eminent Scottish divine, author, and chaplain to Queen Victoria, was born in Argyleshire, 1812. His name is associated with those popular periodicals, the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* and *Good Works*. He died at Glasgow, 1872.

Macpherson, James.—Born in Scotland, 1738. He obtained great notoriety in the literary world on account of his discovery of famous manuscripts. He published the "Poems of Ossian," and occasioned thereby great controversy. Died in 1796, and buried, at his own request and expense, in Westminster Abbey.

Marvell, Andrew.—An English author of works in both prose and poetry. Born in 1620; did in 1678.

Massey, Gerald.—An English poet whose hard lot in boyhood, as a factory operative, undoubtedly qualified him for writing poems characterized by deep feeling and a tender sympathy with humble life. Born in 1828.

Maturin, Charles Robert—Born in England in 1782; died in 1824. As a dramatist he possessed remarkable power.

McLellan, Isaac.—For many years a prominent merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, yet gracing American literature with occasional poems of more than ordinary merit. Born at Portland, Maine, 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin College, 1826. His later residence was in New York.

Meagher, Thomas Francis—An Irish patriot, sentenced to death during the sedition in Ireland in 1848, but was transported to Tasmania, whence he escaped to New York in 1852, and on the outbreak of the civil war became commander of the Irish brigade. Born in 1823; drowned in Missouri in 1867.

Meek, Alexander Beaufort.—A native of Columbia, South Carolina, where he was born in 1814. His most celebrated poem is "Balaklava." Died in Georgia in 1865.

Miller, Joaquin.—An American poet and writer of fiction. His early life was spent on our Western frontiers, and the scenes of many of his writings are laid in the West. He is gifted with a high order of imagination. Born in Indiana in 1841.

Millman, Henry Hart.—An English poet and ecclesiastical historian. Born in London in 1791. His sacred lyrics have been widely read and appreciated. Died in 1868.

Milton, John.—The name of Milton ranks among the greatest in English literature. His prose works gained wide celebrity, but he is chiefly distinguished for his marvelous creation, "Paradise Lost." His blindness seemed only to quicken his inward vision. His poetical works brought little pecuniary profit, the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" having been sold for twenty-five dollars. Milton's conceptions were of the loftiest character, and his style evinces the strength and stateliness peculiar to the literature of his age. Born in London 1608; died in 1674.

Milnes, Richard Monckton.—Poetic beauties from the pen of this author adorn these pages. Milnes was born in Yorkshire, England, June 19, 1809.

Montgomery, James.—A Scotch poet distin-

guished for his religious poems; many of which have found their way into the hymnology of all Christian denominations. Born in Ayrshire 1771; died in 1854.

Moore, Edward.—An English poet, born in 1712; died in 1757.

Moore, Thomas.—This celebrated Irish poet, distinguished for true genius, easy versification, and charming fancy, was born in 1799, and died in 1852. His Irish melodies have a universal popularity. Moore was a great social favorite, enjoying the friendship of Byron and other celebrities. "Lalla Rookh" is his most elaborate work, and few poems have ever been so pecuniarily profitable.

More, Hannah—One of England's most gifted women. Her first ambition was to shine as a poetess; next she aspired to the stage, and later developed a highly religious character, which appeared in her well-known practical writings. Born in 1745; died in 1833.

Morris, George P.—Author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," "My Mother's Bible," etc., productions evincing fine poetic talent; born in Pennsylvania 1802; died in 1864.

Motherwell, William.—A Scottish poet and antiquary; author of "Jeannie Morrison," and other popular ballads. Was born in Glasgow 1797, and died in 1835.

Motley, John Lothrop.—The distinguished historian, whose scholarly works have given him a high rank in American literature, was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1814. His first work of importance, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was published in 1856. He died in 1877.

Moultrie, John.—An English poet who first became known through his published writings in 1830.

Mulock, Dinah Maria.—This estimable lady, the writer of many novels, tales and sketches, was the daughter of a clergyman, and was born in England, in 1825. In 1865 she married Mr. George Lillie Craik. Her "Buried To-day" (p. 243) is sad, but beautiful.

Nicoll, Robert.—A Scottish poet, born in 1814; died in 1837.

Noel, Thomas.—Author of "The Pauper's Drive," and other "Rhymes and Roundelays," which were published in England in 1841.

Norton, Caroline Elizabeth S., Hon.—An English lady of some reputation. She was the daughter of Thomas, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, possessed great personal beauty, and was a social favorite. Born in 1808, died in 1877.

O'Brien, Fitzjames.—A native of Ireland; born in 1829; was wounded in the American civil war, and died in Virginia 1862.

O'Hara, Theodore.—A Kentuckian, who achieved a lasting fame by his "Bivouac of the Dead," a poem composed on the occasion of the interment at Frankford of the Kentucky soldiers who fell in the battle of Buena Vista. He was born in 1820, and died in 1867.

Osgood, Frances Sargent.—Published "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," and other volumes of poems. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, 1812; died in 1850.

Osgood, Kate Putnam.—Born at Fryeburg, Maine, 1843. She is the author of several fine pastoral poems.

Paine, Robert Treat.—Son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Taunton, Massachusetts, 1773, and graduated with high honors at Harvard College in 1792. For a time he engaged in literary pursuits, attracting wide attention by his writings, and after being admitted to the bar in 1802, and relapsing into irregular habits, he died in 1811. Several of his poems on "Liberty" show traces of a masterly hand.

Palmer, William Pitt.—Author of "The Smack in School," was a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and born in 1805.

Pardoe, Julia.—An English writer, distinguished for her works of fiction and historical sketches. She was born in 1806, and died in 1862.

Patmore, Coventry.—An English poet, whose verses have found many appreciative readers. Born in 1823.

Payne, John Howard.—Author of "Home, Sweet Home," which was written while he was United States Consul at Tunis, where he died in 1852. He was born in New York in 1792, and in early life was an actor in American cities and in London. His remains now repose at Washington, D. C., where a splendid monument, the gift of Mr. Corcoran, the banker, has been erected to the memory of the author of our sweetest American song.

Peale, Rembrandt.—A noted painter, and author of some celebrity, born near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1778; died in 1860.

Percival, James Gates—Poet, editor, and geologist, a gentleman of many scholarly attainments and of fine literary taste, was born in Connecticut 1795, and died in Wisconsin in 1857.

Perry, Nora.—Born in Rhode Island, a poetical authoress whose songs have gained celebrity

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart.—Miss Phelps published

her first and withal most popular work, "Gates Ajar," in 1869, and from that time has been prominent as a writer of fiction and poetry. Her conceptions are original, the intellectual quality of her works is pronounced, and her career has been highly successful. She was born in Massachusetts in 1844.

Pierpont, John,—Unitarian divine and poet, prominent in the great reforms of the present century, and author of several excellent hymns, and more elaborate poems He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1785, and died in 1866.

Pinkney, Edward Coate.—The son of William Pinkney of Maryland, born in London while his father was minister to the Court of St. James, 1802. His writings were few, yet meritorious. Died in 1828.

Pitt William.—An amusing writer, author of "The Sailor's Consolation;" died at Malta 1840.

Poe, Edgar Allan.—An American poet whose most celebrated poem, "The Raven," holds first rank in our poetical literature. Poe's genius is universally acknowledged. His writings bear in every line the stamp of originality, his conceptions are unique, and his style of versification is peculiarly his own. He was of nervous temperament, unfortunate in some of his habits, the victim of adversity, and his life has been the subject of much criticism while his works have been universally admired. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, 1809; died in 1849.

Pollock, Robert.—Celebrated for his poem, "The Course of Time." He was born in Renfrew, Scotland, in 1799; licensed to preach in 1827, the year that gave birth to his poem, and in which he died.

Priest, Nancy Amelia Woodbury.—Few poems have ever touched the heart as "Over the River" has, and few have ever been so phenomenally popular. The authoress was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1837. "Over the River" was published in the *Springfield Republican* in August, 1857, and appears to be the only production, with one exception, by which the writer is known, although confessedly possessed of the highest order of talent. Died in 1870.

Pringle, Thomas.—A Scotch poet, born in 1789, died in 1834.

Pryor, Matthew.—A poet of eminence in his day, born in England in 1664, and died in 1721.

Procter, Bryan Waller (Barry Cornwall.)—A popular ballad writer, whose effusions met with decided favor when published, and possess the charm which assures enduring fame. Procter was born in England in 1790, was a barrister-at-law by profession, and died in 1864.

Procter, Adelaide Anne—Was born in London, October 30th, 1825, and was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, best known as Barry Cornwall. She showed decided literary ability when quite young, and under the *nom de plume* of Mary Berwick, wrote for Dickens' "Household Words." She published several volumes of poems, all of which were very well received. Charles Dickens was her special friend and admirer. She died in London, February 2d, 1864.

Father Prout (Francis Mahoney)—Who is known in literature chiefly as Father Prout, was born in Ireland about 1805. He took orders in the Catholic Church, but abandoned them for literary pursuits. In "Fraser's Magazine" he published an amusing series of articles, collected finally as the "Reliques of Father Prout." He did much as a newspaper correspondent, but finally retired to a monastery, and died May 19th, 1866. His "Bells of Shandon" (p. 573), is a genuine gem.

Ramsay, Allen.—One of the minor Scottish poets. Born in 1685; died in 1758.

Read, Thomas Buchanan.—The lyric entitled "Sheridan's Ride," commemorating one of the exploits of the great cavalry General, has had a more general reading than anything of the kind ever published in this country. The author excelled in this style of poetry. His genius is unquestioned. The poem entitled "The Closing Scene," is said by the *Westminster Review* to be the finest written in the present generation. Mr. Read was born at Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1822, and died in 1872. The J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia are the publishers of his works.

Redden, Laura C. (Howard Glyndon).—Born in Maryland in 1840; lost hearing at the age of twelve; has contributed some excellent articles to the periodical press.

Richter, Jean Paul.—A German humorist and sentimentalist, who ranks high in the literature of his native land. Many of his writings have been translated, and have found ardent admirers in other countries. There was a singular lack of appreciation of "Jean Paul" for many years; slowly his works, grotesque, humorous, stamped with undoubted genius, have made their way to popular favor. Born in Bavaria in 1763; died in 1825.

Rogers, Samuel.—Author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and a poem on "Italy" He was a banker in London, of high social position, and eminent in literary circles. Born in London in 1763; died in 1855.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.—A painter and poet born in England in 1828; died in 1882.

Ruskin, John.—The distinguished prose author and critic, whose masterly works have made a place for themselves in the literature of our day, was born in London, England, in 1819. His writings on art, including "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice," are brilliant in thought and exceedingly forcible in style. Elected Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, 1869; received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge in 1871.

Sands, Robert C.—Was born in New York City, 1799; studied law, but left his profession for literary pursuits, and became distinguished as poet and journalist. Died in 1832.

Sargent, Epes.—Poet and journalist, author of educational works, etc., born in Boston, Massachusetts, 1812; died in 1880. He is widely known as the author of the famous ballad, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Saxe, John Godfrey.—A poet who excels all other American versifiers in genuine humor, whose writings have gained extensive popularity; born at Highgate, Vermont, 1816; died in 1886. His works are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Schiller, Friedrich.—A renowned German author, born at Wurtemberg, in 1759; died in 1805. Many of his poems are rarities, and have been translated into other tongues, and widely read.

Scott, Sir Walter.—The renowned Scottish novelist and poet, whose immortal works, celebrating the history and romance of his native country, have had a phenomenal popularity, was born in Edinburgh, 1771. Of delicate health in early life, he slowly advanced to a sturdy manhood, and became distinguished as an author at a period comparatively late. His works are voluminous, the "Waverly Novels" being among the famous works of fiction, while "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "The Lady of the Lake," hold high rank in the realm of poetry. Died in 1832.

Shakespeare, William.—He lives in a kingdom by himself. Few of the works of other authors have ever approached his sublime creations. Born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 23, 1564; an actor in London, 1589; author of dramas to the number of thirty-seven; retired to his native town in 1610; died in 1616, and was buried in the church vaults at Stratford. A drinking fountain, presented to his town by Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, in 1887, was a fitting testimonial of the admiration felt by Americans for the works of the greatest of all dramatists.

Sharpe, R. S.—Author of "The Minute Gun," born in England 1759; died in 1835.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.—A brilliant young English poet, who died at the age of twenty-eight, in 1822. His liberal opinions upon social and religious questions prejudiced the minds of many, yet in the later review of his poems the world has been forced to concede to him the highest order of genius. His poem on "The Cloud" is not surpassed by anything of its kind in the English language.

Shenstone, William.—A pastoral poet of England; born in 1714; died in 1763.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley.—Famous for his wit, dramatic and oratorical talent, as well as for his reckless habits, was born in Ireland in 1751, and died in 1816.

Shillaber, Benjamin P.—Born in New Hampshire, 1814; connected for many years with the *Boston Post*, and other periodicals, and famous as the author of the sayings of "Mrs. Partington."

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley.—A name honorably associated with our country's literature, and representing abilities of a high order. Mrs. Sigourney was a poetess from childhood, and although never reaching the lofty flights of some of her contemporaries, her writings have the charm of deep feeling, elevation of sentiment and graceful expression. She was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791, and died in 1865.

Sims, George R.—An Australian poet; is best known by his celebrated poem of "Ostler Joe," the recitation of which brought Mrs. Brown Potter into public notice, and which will be found in these pages. It is characterized by intense feeling and energy.

Simmons, Bartholomew.—An Irish poet whose works were published in 1843. He died in 1850.

Smith, Alexander.—Author of "A Life Drama," and several other poems, made a decided sensation in Scotland when his poems first appeared. He was born at Kilmarnock in 1830; made secretary of the University of Edinburgh in 1854, and died in 1867.

Smith, Horace.—Famous for his wit; was the author, with his brother James, of "The Rejected Addresses," and other popular works. Born in England, 1779; died in 1849.

Somerville, William.—An English poet, author of "The Chase," etc., born in 1677; died in 1742.

Southey, Caroline Bowles.—Second wife of the poet Southey, an authoress of wide repute, born in England 1787; died in 1854.

Southey, Robert.—He gained an enviable position as writer of prose and poetry, and like Wordsworth, may be called a "poet of nature." Born at Bristol,

England 1774; made poet laureate 1813, and died in 1843.

Spencer, William Robert.—A writer of "Society Verses" also of what may be termed domestic poems, was born in England in 1770, and died in 1834.

Spenser, Edmund.—One of the fathers of English literature. His most renowned poem is the "Faerie Queene." Born in England 1553; died 1599.

Spofford, Harriet Prescott.—Born at Calais, Maine, 1835. She is the author of several volumes of prose writings, and has written poems which have met with marked favor.

Sprague, Charles—"The banker-poet," born in Boston, Massachusetts, 1791; died in 1875.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence.—Journalist, poet, and critic, was connected with newspapers in Norwich and Winsted, Connecticut, before devoting himself wholly to authorship. Few of the younger poets of America have gained the favor granted to his writings, which are marked by severe taste and scholarly culture. Born at Hartford in 1833.

Sterling, John.—A meritorious poet, born in Scotland, 1806; died in 1844.

Stevens, George Alexander.— An English poet, born in 1720; died in 1784.

Stoddard, Richard Henry.—Our American poet, whose chaste and elegant writings have graced the literature of his native land, published his first volume in 1842, and a complete edition of his works in 1880. Most of his life has been devoted to journalism in New York; he was at one time editor of *The Aldine*, an illustrated journal of first rank. Born at Hingham, Massachusetts, 1826.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher.—A name which holds highest rank in American literature. As the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she gained a world-wide celebrity. Her subsequent writings have met with very high appreciation, and few authors in modern times have had so large a circle of readers and admirers. Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1812.

Swain, Charles.—An engraver by occupation, and possessed of natural genius which distinguished him as a poet. Born in England 1803, died in 1874.

Swift, Jonathan.—An acknowledged genius, whose humorous and satirical writings gave him great fame. He was born of English parents in Dublin, Ireland, in 1667; author of "The Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," and other works which have gained celebrity. Died in 1745.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles.—An English poet, whose works have been admired for their genius, and severely criticised for their lack of moral sentiment. They show a strange obscurity in style, combined with a remarkable variety of unusual measures. Born in 1837.

Tappan, William Bingham.—Especially distinguished as a hymn writer. "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," and "'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow," are among his favorite pieces. Born in Massachusetts, 1795; died in 1849.

Taylor, Bayard.—Renowned as author of works of travel, eminent also as poet and miscellaneous writer. For many years he was a journalist, and was connected with the *New York Tribune*. Born at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, 1825; died while United States Minister, at Berlin, Germany, in 1878.

Tennyson, Alfred.—England's poet-laureate, born in 1809. His splendid genius has given him the first place among English poets. His works are marvels of beauty, profound thought, ardent feeling and felicitous style. Tennyson is perhaps even more popular in America than in his own country.

Thomson, James.—The distinguished author of "The Seasons," in which word-painting is carried to a high degree of perfection. His writings are rich in thought and expression, and are remarkable alike for simplicity and luxuriance of language. Born in 1700; died in 1748.

Thorpe, Rose Hartwick.—Author of the well-known poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To night," was born at Litchfield, Michigan, 1840.

Timrod, Henry.—An American poet of fine endowments. His poems are remarkable for pathos and beautiful description. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1829; died in 1867.

Tilton, Theodore.—Formerly editor of *The New York Independent;* a journalist and poet of versatile talents, and writer of fiction. Born in New York in 1835.

Trowbridge, John Townsend.—The popular author of character poems, also of juvenile works, was born in Ogden, New York, in 1827. Few writers are more entertaining, or more deservedly popular. In wholesome humor he particularly excels. Harper Brothers, New York, are the publishers of most of his works.

Tuckerman, Henry Theodore.—Editor, essaying journalist, author, excelling in each department of literary labor; born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1813; died in 1871.

Upton, James.—Author of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," born in England in 1670: died in 1749.

Waller, Edmund.—Popular as a poet in his day, but not celebrated subsequently. Many of his poems, however, are well worth reproducing, and have unquestioned merit. He was born in England in 1605, and died in 1687.

Watts, Isaac.—For generations Watts' hymns have been known and sung. Their number and excellence have never been surpassed. Watts was a poet from his childhood, and expressed himself in verse almost as easily as in prose. Apart from his sacred lyrics, he was a well known author, his works being especially valuable for their practical and moral character. Born in 1674; died in 1748.

Webster, Daniel.—One of America's most distinguished statesmen and orators, whose intellectual and oratorical triumphs at the bar and in the forum were long the pride of his country. He had warm political friends and bitter enemies. The latter accused him of a time serving spirit, and an unscrupulous ambition to obtain the Presidency. His literary style is pure and elevated, and all his writings, including his political speeches, bear the stamp of the highest order of genius. Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782; died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, 1852.

Welby, Amelia B. Coppuck.—Her poetry is held in high esteem for its power of description. Born at St. Michaels, Maryland, 1821; died in 1852.

Wheeler, Ella.—The latest addition to American poets; a resident of Michigan, and subsequently of Connecticut. She has been a contributor to the press, and has also issued a volume of poems.

Whitcher, Frances Miriam.—Author of the famous "Widow Bedott Papers," which were first issued in *Goodey's Lady's Book*, Philadelphia, and sent a ripple of laughter throughout the country. The humor is perennial, and "Elder Sniffles" and "Widow Bedott" are characters known not only on the stage, but in almost every household of the land. Born at Whitesborough, New York, in 1812; died in 1852.

White, Henry Kirke.—One of England's gifted young poets, whose early death was much lamented. He had already given signs of unusual distinction as a poet, and his works are still treasured by the lovers of pure sentiment and vivid coloring. Born in 1785; died in 1806.

Whittier, John Greenleaf.—"The Quaker Poet" His poems are models of spiritual, benevolent and patriotic sentiment. Having a warm sympathy with the poor and oppressed, he has employed his graceful pen with fine effect in the cause of humanity, and no author of our time is more beloved. Born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1807. The publishers of Whittier's works are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

Willis, Nathaniel Parker.—A poet of distinction, whose "Sacred Poems" especially, have had a large circle of admirers. His versification is easy, and his descriptions abound in word painting of a high order. Willis was also successful as a journalist, and a favorite in general society. Born in Portland, Maine, 1807; died in 1867.

Wilson, Arabella M.—Author of the highly humorous poem, "To the 'Sextant.'" Born at Canandaigua, New York.

Wilson, Byron Forsythe.—An American poet of great promise, already distinguished by his original and masterly productions, when his successful career was terminated by death. "The Old Sergeant," published in 1863 as the "Carrier's Address" of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, ranks among the best of its kind. Born in New York 1837; died in 1867.

Wilson, John.—One of the ornaments of Scottish literary circles, a man of high attainments, fine taste, and extensive popularity. He was born in 1785; died in 1834.

Wolfe, Charles.—Lord Byron pronounced his ode on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," the most perfect in the language. His poems are few, his life having been devoted to clerical pursuits. Born in Ireland, 1791; died in 1823.

Wordsworth, William.—A great name in the literature of England. Wordsworth has been called "the poet of nature," his vivid descriptions of the external world being among the finest products of his pen. His writings show a certain gravity and thoughtfulness which render them enduring monuments of literary genius, although hindering the sudden appreciation of their transcendent excellence. Born in 1770; made poet laureate in 1843; died in 1850.